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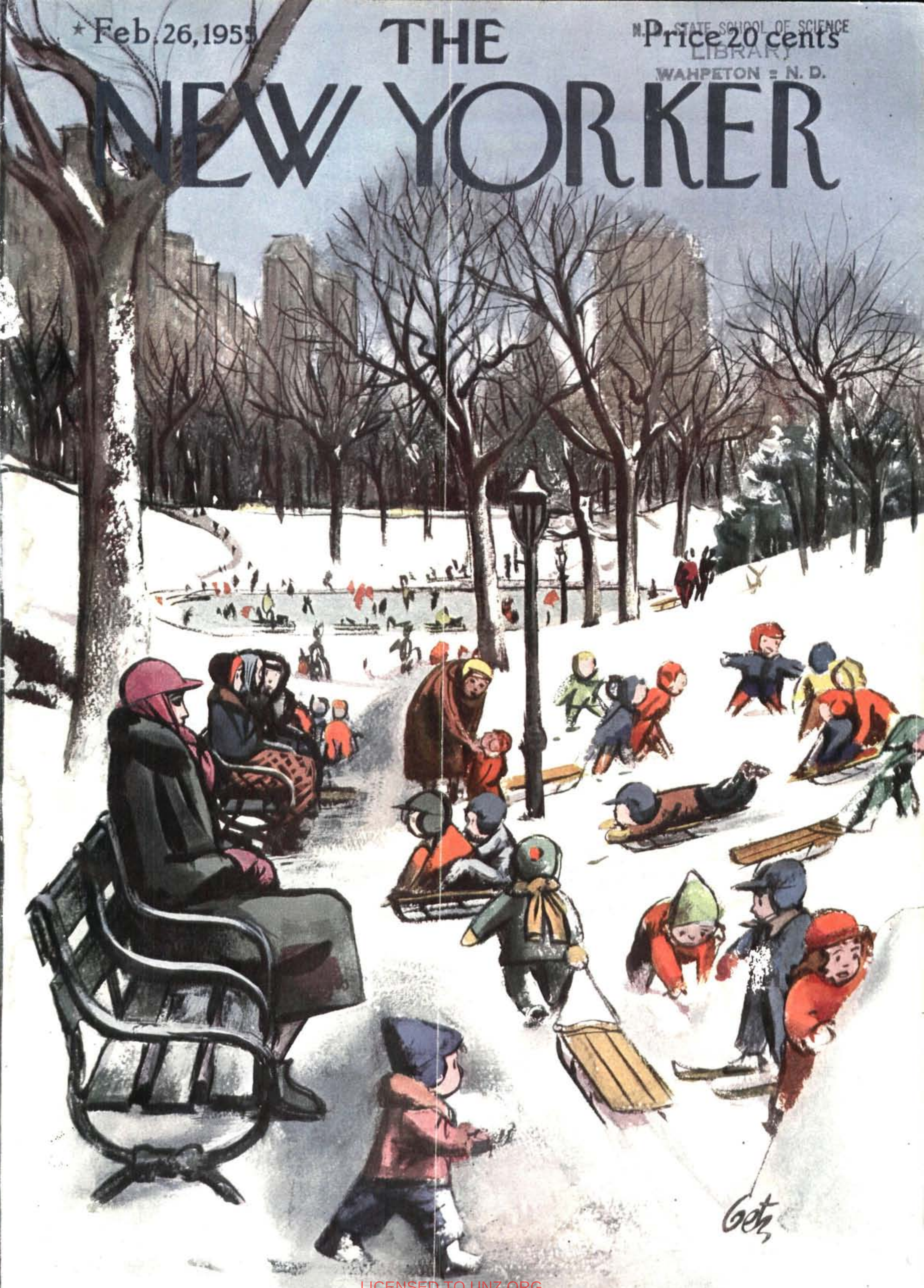

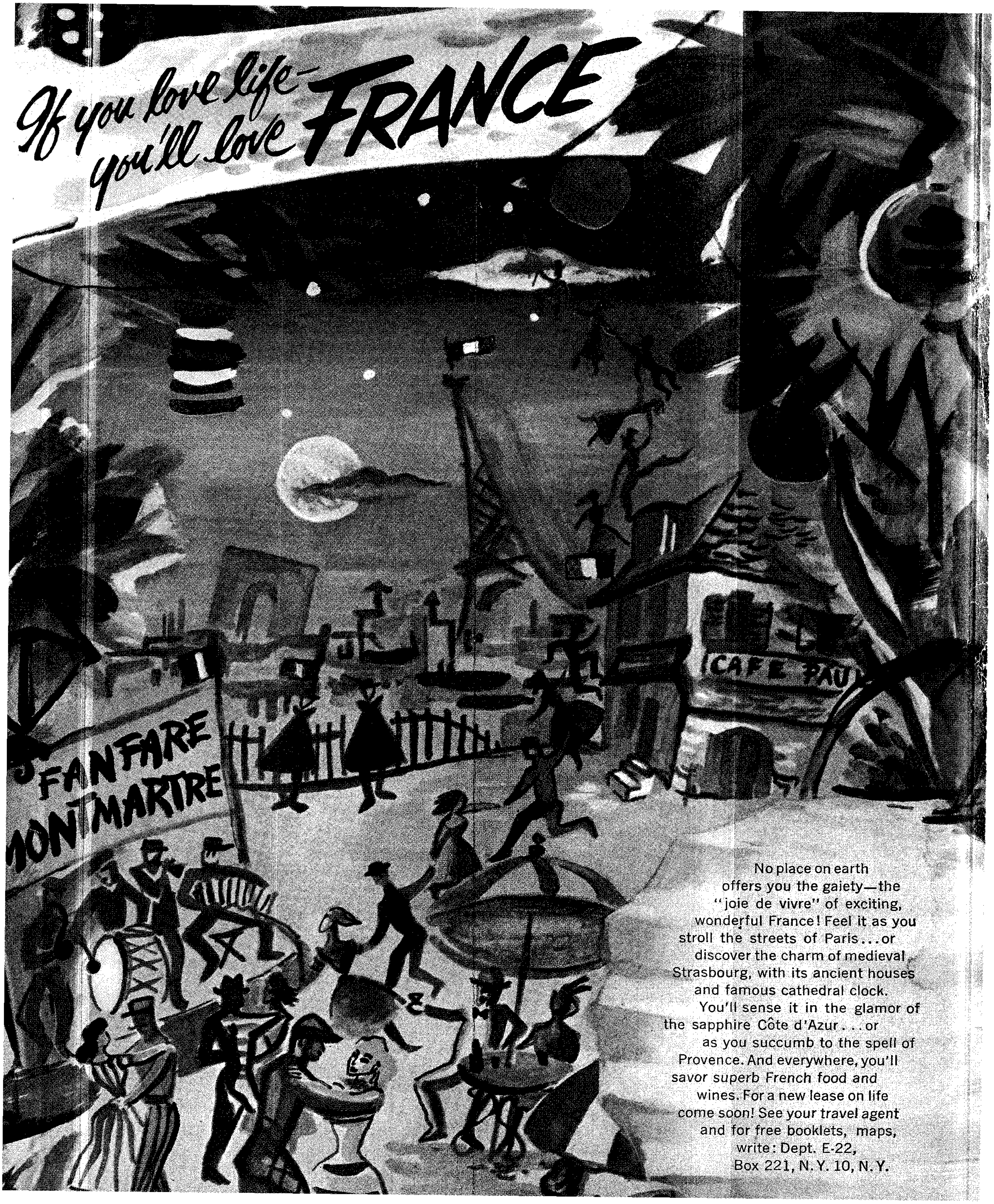
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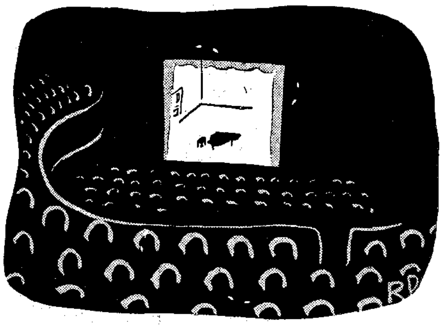

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anastasia—Two brilliant performances, by Viveca Lindfors and Eugenie Leontovich, stand out in Guy Bolton's pleasant but unlikely play about a girl who may or may not have been the Czar's surviving daughter. With Joseph Anthony, Hurd Hatfield, and David J. Stewart. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Bad Seed—Nancy Kelly is superb as the tortured mother of a nine-year-old murderess in Maxwell Anderson's adaptation of William March's novel. Patty McCormack, Henry Jones, Evelyn Varden, and Thomas Chalmers are also prominent in the grisly proceedings. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Desperate Hours—Joseph Hayes' dramatization of his own novel about a criminal gang and its innocent victims is the best melodrama of several seasons. Karl Malden, Nancy Coleman, James Gregory, George Mathews, Paul Newman, and Patricia Peardon are splendid in important roles; Robert Montgomery's direction is highly resourceful; and Howard Bay has designed a remarkably effective set. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Flowering Peach—Menasha Skulnik makes a funny and touching Noah, and he is ably assisted by a cast that includes Berta Gersten, Leon Janney, Janice Rule, and Barbara Baxley. But Clifford Odets' folk play is a little on the wearing side. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lunatics and Lovers—Though Sidney Kingsley's farce about night life in a Times Square flea bag is sometimes labored, it is pretty comic just the same. The extremely able cast includes Dennis King, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Mary Anderson, Nat Cantor, and Arthur O'Connell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mrs. Patterson—The presence of Eartha Kitt in the principal role is the chief asset of this otherwise threadbare fantasy. Among those who give Miss Kitt a hand are Estelle Winwood, Avon Long, Ruth Attaway, and Estelle Hemsley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

Quadrille—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne near the top of their form, as usual, in a Noel Coward comedy that is substantially below Mr. Coward's best form but amusing in a long-winded way. Also with Edna Best and Brian Aherne. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Feb. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 12.)

The Southwest Corner—John Cecil Holm's adaptation of a novel by Mildred Walker dealing with an old lady who has a terrible time with a guest in her New England home. Eva Le Gallienne, Enid Markey, and Parker Fennelly are most conspicuously evident in this capably constructed, though somewhat unexciting, drama. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tonight in Samarkand—This play, by Jacques Deval and Lorenzo Semple, Jr., demonstrates that nobody can escape his fate, but the proof isn't especially stimulating. Louis Jourdan, as a crystal-gazer, and Jan Farrand, as an animal trainer, are picturesque, if a little overemphatic. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wayward Saint—A comedy by Paul Vincent Carroll, with Paul Lukas, Liam Redmond, and William Harrigan in a cast directed by John Gerstad. The producers are Courtney Burr and John Byram. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Wedding Breakfast—A comedy about impoverished young love. Rather frail, in spite of some fine performances by Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Virginia Vincent, and Lee Philips. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

Witness for the Prosecution—This Agatha Christie mystery is a little old-fashioned, but it contains some of the most ingenious plot twists imaginable. Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, Ernest Clark, Horace Braham, and Robin Craven are featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except Feb. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIVERSARY WALTZ:** Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields concocted this comedy about two people (Marjorie Lord and Macdonald Carey) who lived together before they were married. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** A middle-aged man gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell plays the man in George Axelrod's comedy, and Louise King is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Mary Fickett and Anthony Perkins are currently in the central roles of Robert Anderson's play. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, with John Forsythe, Eli Wallach, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Dark Is Light Enough—A play by Christopher Fry, starring Katharine Cornell and Tyrone Power and also with Arnold Moss, John Williams, and Marian Winters. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and presented by Miss Cornell and Roger L. Stevens. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—Whether you lived through the twenties or are too young to remember those frivolous times, you ought to like this British parody of the sort of musical that was then prevalent. The book was written by Sandy Wilson, who is also responsible for the lyrics and music, and Julie Andrews is completely irresistible in the role of a charmer as empty-headed as a Toby mug. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fanny—Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and other talented people in one of those big, colorful, plot-and-character musical shows, which is based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille. Book by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan; score by Harold Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 27.)

House of Flowers—Oliver Messel has designed some astonishingly beautiful sets and costumes, and Herbert Ross's dances are mostly admirable, but Truman Capote's book and Harold Arlen's music are considerably less inspired. In spite of her material, however, Pearl Bailey is a delight, and Diahann Carroll, Juanita Hall, and Frederick O'Neal are very agreeable, too. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard, and some spectacular bits of stagecraft combine to make this revival of the Barrie fairy story perhaps the best you've ever seen. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Thursday, Feb. 24. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

Plain and Fancy—This account of manners and morals among the Pennsylvania Dutch is generally charming, though its plain people may get just a little too plain from time to time. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book; Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt provided the songs and lyrics, respectively; Helen Tamiris arranged the dances; and Raoul Pène duBois designed the sets and costumes. The cast includes Shirl Conway, Gloria Marlowe, Barbara Cook, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Moves on Monday, Feb. 28, to the Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Saint of Bleecker Street—Gian-Carlo Menotti's arresting music drama about sin and

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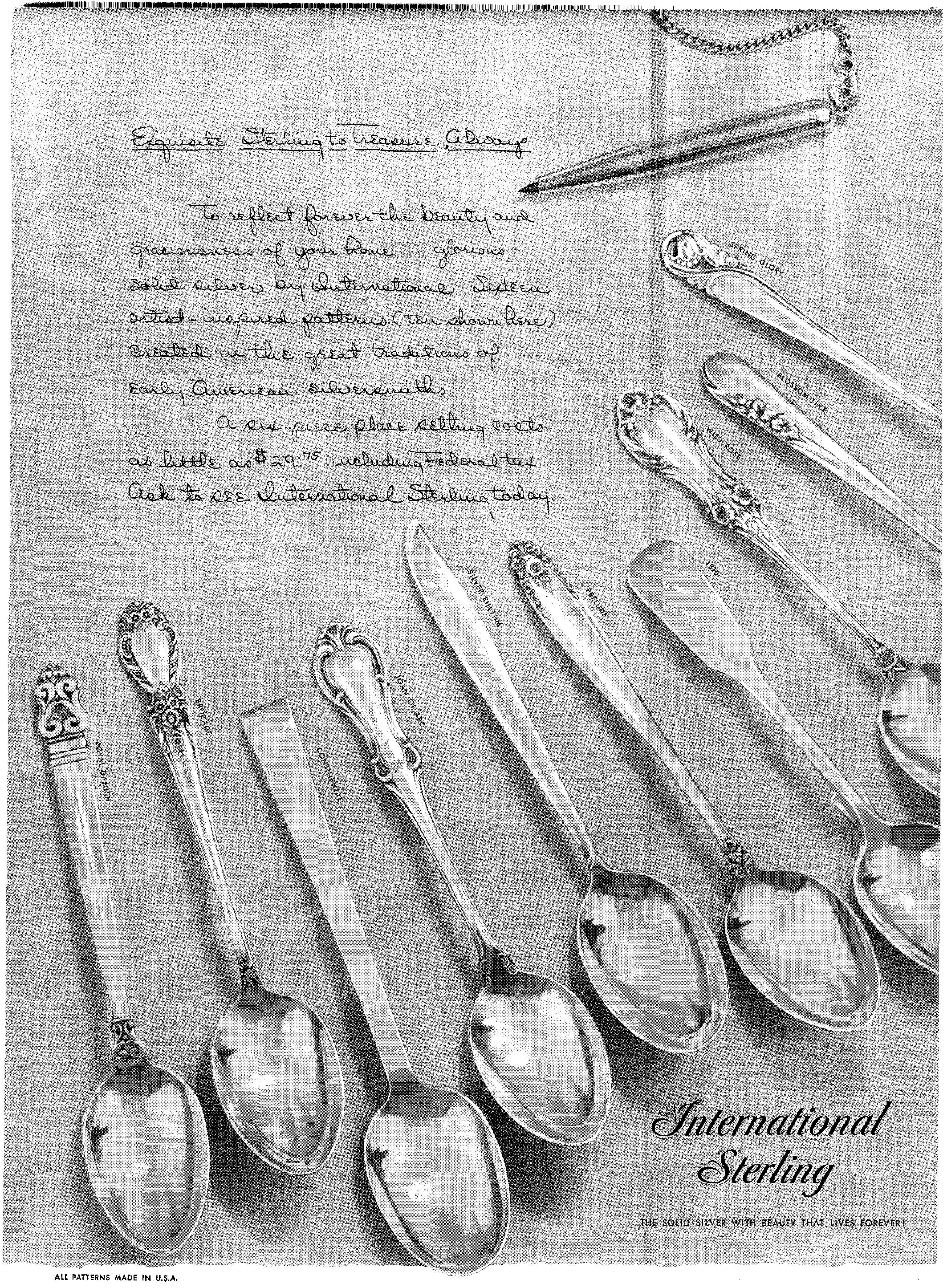
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sanctity in the depressed byways of lower Manhattan contains a good deal of cloudy motivation, which might lead some of its listeners to prefer sin. It is, however, beautifully produced under the composer's direction, and its youthful cast, including Gloria Lane as the extremely attractive villainess, sings its lush melodies with great spirit. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CAN-CAN: Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter did the score, and Lilo and Norwood Smith are among the inhabitants. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **KISMET:** An adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama, with a score pieced together from the music of Alexander Borodin. William Johnson and Elaine Malbin are now the vagabond poet and his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Labor relations in a pajama factory is the theme of this musical. In the cast are Janis Paige, John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, and Reta Shaw. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

SILK STOCKINGS—Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche in a Cole Porter musical. The book, by George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows, is based on the film "Ninotchka." Staged by Cy Feuer and produced by Feuer & Martin. Opens Thursday, Feb. 24. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BUS STOP—A play by William Inge, with Kim Stanley, Anthony Ross, Elaine Stritch, and Albert Salmi. Harold Clurman is the director, and the producers are Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens. Opens Wednesday, March 2. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, Feb. 25-27: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."... ¶ Starting Friday, March 4: "La Forza del Destino." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—A translation of Jean Anouilh's comedy "Thieves' Carnival" that has enough grace and wit to overcome the hazards of a trip to the darkest Village. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—An adaptation by Max Faber of Ibsen's "The Master Builder," with Oscar Homolka (who also directed it) and Joan Tetzel. Opens Tuesday, March 1. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

PRESIDENT THEATRE—"The Shoestring Revue," a musical, with a cast that includes Dorothy Greener and Arte Johnson. The sketches are by, among others, Mike Stewart, Sheldon Harnick, and Richard F. Maury; Bud McCreery, Mr. Stewart, and Ronny Graham wrote most of the lyrics; and the music was turned out principally by Arthur Siegel, Charles Strouse, and Ken Welch. Opens Monday, Feb. 28. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—A three-week Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, presented by the Light Opera Theatre. Thursday, Feb. 24: "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Friday through Sunday, Feb. 25-27: "The Yeomen of the Guard."... ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, March 1-3: "Patience."... ¶ Friday through Sunday, March 4-6: "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Evenings at 8:40. Through Sunday, March 6.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"The Merchant of Venice," directed by Marjorie Hildreth. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—"The Immortal Husband," a comedy written by James Merrill and directed by Herbert Machiz. Anne Meacham and William Sheidy head the cast. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Feb. 24: "Swan Lake," "Orpheus," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 25: "Serenade," "Interplay," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 26: "The Duel," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois I," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 26: "Con Amore," "The Cage," "La Valse," and "The Pied Piper." ... ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 27: "Interplay," "Roma," "The Duel," and "The Pied Piper." ... ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 27: "Four Temperaments," "Orpheus," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Trois II" (première), "Illuminations," and "La Valse."... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 2: "Swan Lake," "Ivesiana," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday evening, March 3: "Cakewalk," "Illuminations," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Roma."... ¶ Friday evening, March 4: "The Duel," "Scotch Symphony," "Pas de Trois II," and "The Pied Piper."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 5: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois I," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 5: "Four Temperaments," "La Valse," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 13.)

VICENTE ESCUDERO—Spanish gypsy dancer, with his company of thirteen flamenco singers, dancers, and musicians. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 5.)

DANCE WORKS BY ANNA SOKOLOW—Two identical programs to be performed by Beatrice Seckler, Donald McKayle, and others. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Feb. 24, and Monday, Feb. 28, at 8:40.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN—With his company in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:15.)

BALLETS ESPAGNOLS TERESA AND LUISILLO—Classical ballet and traditional and flamenco dances by a Spanish company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

"THREE BY THURBER"—Edward Andrews and Roberta Jonay in a dramatization by Paul Ellwood and St. John Terrell of a trio of Thurber stories ("The Imperturbable Spirit," "Mr. Monroe Holds the Fort," and "The Middle Years") that originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. The first of three performances to be presented by Mr. Terrell on consecutive Monday evenings. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a jewel box that bears the mark of expert workmanship, has Blue Danube dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until ten, and dance music after that by Quintero's rumba men and Chauncey Gray's orchestra. Closed Mondays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The lounge "under the clock" is a cocktail-hour crossroads for commuters, commuters' wives, commuters' children, commuters' children's dates, and just plain New Yorkers. There's sweet music every day but Sunday, partly by Gleb Yellin's trio and partly by many cagefuls of lively canaries. The trio also plays from seven to nine in the Madison Room, Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The brass rings of this perpetual merry-go-round are, of course, platinum-plated. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

NINO'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (PL 5-6644)—Through these portals pass some of the most beautiful evening dresses in the world. There's décor and dance music (after nine) to match. Hugo Pedell's orchestra, perked up by Jud Woldin's airy piano, takes turns with Horace Diaz's rumba band. The cocktail and dinner murmurings emanate from Nick D'Amico's duo. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Marion Marlowe, late of TV, gives good voice to a vast variety of songs, one or two of which are not quite worthy of her. She appears at dinner and supper in the Cotillion Room. Dancing to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band. Only a dinner show on Sundays, and closed on Mondays.... ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing every evening from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The art of injecting visual comedy into the *pas de deux* is brought to perfection by the deadpan Mata and Hari. Ann Crowley takes the soprano part and Ted Straeter, pianist, fashion plate, and leader of a virtuoso dance band, takes the tenor part. They're all in the Persian Room, along with Mark Monte's musicians. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The serenity of the Rendez-Vous Room, one of the best of all possible worlds, is broken only by the rocket's red glare of an arriving swordful of flaming *shashlik*. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

group does muted melodies for cocktails in the Palm Court every afternoon. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's dance music, which was slow as molasses in January, is no racier now, which makes the Grill a safe place for beginners of all ages. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, the débutantes' delight, goes right on entertaining in the grand manner. There's dancing all evening to Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's perpetual-motion bands, and Frances Bergen, a pretty girl, new at the game, is singing at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in the mood for calisthenics, from cocktails to dinner to supper.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Woody Herman and his Third Herd, to whom most of us would rather listen than dance, are bowing out of the Café Rouge on Thursday, Feb. 24. Next evening, the Dick Jurgens band moves in. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The rule about wearing a tie at the table or bar is rigidly enforced, but you'll still see plenty of your cousins from Great Guns at play. Dancing in an alcove to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Paul Gray is one of the brightest Broadway clowns, Louise Hoff is a sardonic humorist, and Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow are nimble dancers, but the extravaganza they're trapped in has been put together with Scotch tape. Among the others involved is Hope Hampton, the well-known fur trapper. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine and between shows.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Line Renaud, transplanted from Paris to the Empire Room, has been educated in the American way, so her song recital has more than the standard French zip. The ingredients are still standard—lovers, the Seine, horse chestnuts. She performs at dinner and supper, and Nat Brandwynne's fine big dance band is on most of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The huge maze called Peacock Alley affords Alex Fogarty's decorous piano from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra does a solo flight from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds for so long, offers cocktails—thus beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Norbert Faconi and his perambulatory violin have the perfect tableside manner for this guys-and-dolls pump room. Except Sundays, he promenades from suppertime on, and there is piano all evening by Rudy Timfield. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg does piano in an American vernacular. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter gives his final pianoforte recital on Saturday, Feb. 26. On Monday, Feb. 28, Tina Prescott will start playing cocktail piano, and Forest Perrin will start playing dinner and supper piano. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence, with Addison Bailey at the piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis was out of town when Rome burned, but he's fiddled at most of the important social occasions since then. His tiny dance band is around after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to do a little footwork, too.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	1	2	3	4	5

Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The latest edition of this par-excellence restaurant is a five-star one. George Kent plays cocktail, dinner, and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): No fuss, no feathers, but plenty of hail-fellow-well-met talk. Louis Hawkins, the energetic host of the place, and Bob Printz, whose deft phrasing is mostly moonlight and roses, go to work at the pianos at seven, and late at night other prominent performers are apt to sit in. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): This Mittel-europa school of cookery is placid, happy, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of the sort of music you'd expect.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Billy Daniels, long celebrated for cakewalking (rather than singing) his songs, is back in the forest primeval, along with a usual Copa show and the usual set of beautiful ballerinas. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

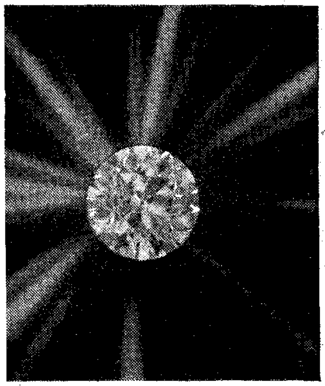
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Charlotte Rae, a puissant parodist, is no respecter of American songbirds; Paul Killiam, who comes equipped with several miles of silent movies, is no respecter of Hollywood stars. A radiant child named Trude Adams sings with artless style and finesse; the Foursome sings with enthusiasm. The background is Bart Howard's and Otis Clements' piano and the restrained jazz of Jimmy Lyons' trio. On Thursday, March 3, Patti Moore and Ben Lessey, a new comedy team, will replace Miss Rae and Mr. Killiam. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The comic Irwin Corey, that eminent medieval scholar, plays Waterloo to Shakespeare's Hamlet, and does it resoundingly well. Also visible and audible are Dorothy Loudon, a wild and woolly wit, and the mellow-voiced quartet called the Turtlenecks. On Wednesday, March 2, the Three Riffs, who are a mass of undisciplined humor, will replace Mr. Corey and the quartet. Julius Monk, mentor of this unruly brood, plays piano, and the music of the unique Norman Paris Trio is a show in itself. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sister Rosetta Tharpe, the brass-bound evangelist, could level the walls of Jericho all by herself, but she has the valiant Marie Knight shouting hallelujah along with her for good measure. Lucille Reed does nice tricks with her sad songs, and Charles Manna, a novice at comedy, nevertheless has some funny ideas. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): There's plenty of piano all week long by Bob Downey, Harold Fonville, and Hazel Webster. Clara Cedrone, an irrepressible madcap, and her partner, Damian Mitchell, will arrive on Tuesday, March 1. Antique silent movies are added on Sundays; Mondays are audition nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The course of untrue love doesn't run very smooth, either, but Mabel Mercer's songs offer a few helpful household hints on what to do about it until the analyst comes. From eleven o'clock on, she presides over a small upstairs salon where the knowledgeable Sam Hamilton is almost constantly at the piano. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A community sing that becomes quite free and easy after midnight. Mae Barnes, who declaims her strophes in a voice heard round the world, is the ringleader. The comedy of Tony and Eddie, who do pantomime to other people's recordings, is sometimes on the beam, sometimes way over the river and into the trees. There are also Jimmie Daniels' *bon-vivant* ballads, the stream-of-unconsciousness musings of Lee Goodman (who will give way to Phil Leeds, the pint-sized comic of "Can-Can," on Tuesday, March 1), the Three Flames' Existentialist words and music, and Bruce Kirby's blank-faced horseplay. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A homey little cellar populated principally by Jorie Remes, an offbeat humorist who explains, in rather well-chosen phrases, why life is just a necessary evil. Closed Sundays.

vanderPoel

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A museum devoted to loud and pungent Early American music. The artifacts, all of them alive and kicking, are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ted Roy does the interlude piano. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are often mass dementia. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The weekday noise is the work of the trios belonging to Dorothy Donegan and Alex Kallao, and their favorite word is *fortissimo.* They set to at nine. Sunday nights, Jack Elliot's brisk and bright modern trio has the place to itself. Cocktail and dinner piano every livelong day. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): An off-campus activity for many a stripling. The music, all of it old-line, is by Pee Wee Erwin's veterans. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jazz as it was in the beginning, played by Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, George Foster, and Sonny White, all experts at total recall. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): An excellent listening post, comfortable and leisurely. Billy Taylor plays pin-wheel progressive piano at the head of his trio. Herman Chittison's trio sticks to the old-fashioned way of jazz without sounding old-fashioned. The music, on tap every night but Sunday, starts at ten. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): No rest for the weary when Joe Loco's quintet offers his possibly mistaken version of Latin rhythm. The quintet headed by Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson is, on the whole, modern American. Visitors on Mondays, which are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Grill has jazz in the barrel-house mood. It starts at six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at five-thirty on Sundays. Dancing after nine-thirty. Sharkey Bonano's jamsters keep the dancers well above room temperature. On Sunday, Feb. 27, Max Kaminsky and his boys will be the afternoon guests. No music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A cheerful point of view prevails inside the circular bar, where, after nine, Marian McPartland, a current-idiom pianist with lots of good ideas, and her two-man rhythm section play a lot of up-to-date harmonics. While they're off duty, Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude,* lets loose his own introspective modernist piano. No music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th



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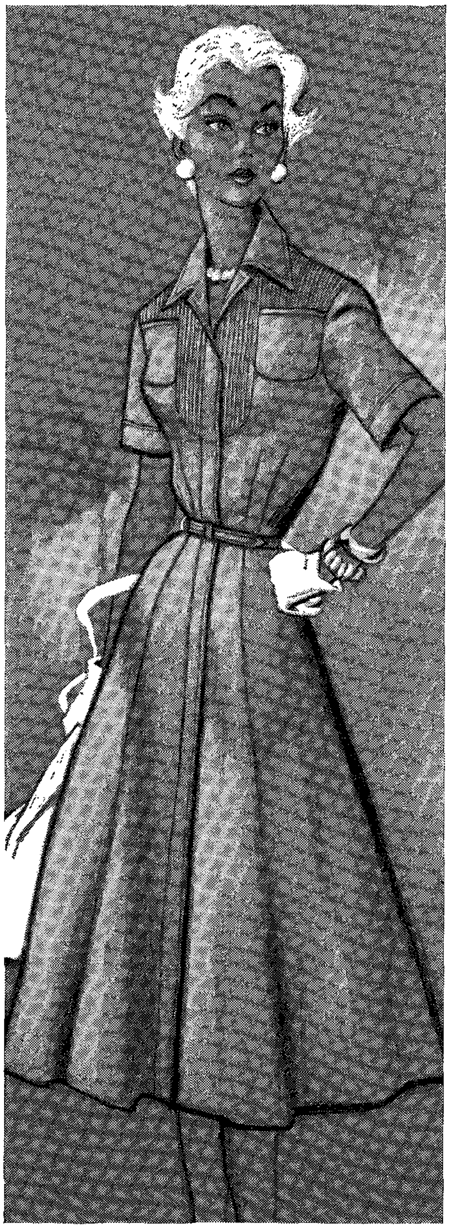

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie was never really like this, but the rumpled version on view here does sound great. A constant stream of musicians (among whom you are apt to see Charlie Shavers, Charlie Queener, Ken Kersey, Leonard Gaskin, Steven Lacy, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Arthur Magyar, and Buster Bailey) amble on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., all huffing and puffing like mad. Closed Mondays. . . . BASIN STREET, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, Benny Goodman's sextet and trio will be reviving the fondest memories and the more jubilant echoes. The zero hour is nine-thirty. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Promised for Friday, Feb. 25, is a beer-garden brawl involving Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Jimmy McPartland, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Russell, Hank D'Amico, Miff Mole, Vic Dickenson, Joe Sullivan, Cliff Jackson, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing, too, as if anyone would bother. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, the fire brigade at this children's playground should include Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Henry Goodwin, George Stevenson, Sol Yaged, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, R. C. H. Smith, and Gene Sedric.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Josef Albers—A new set of his geometric abstractions, rich in color and strict in pattern, as always; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Beck—Seven abstract canvases, along with a selection of water colors; through Saturday, March 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Renato Birolli—New paintings, strong and handsome in both design and color, by an eminent Italian modernist; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Morris Davidson—"Mexican Hat," "The Night Machines," and "The Blue Generals" are a few of the titles of these oils and caseins; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Georges Dayez—The first one-man exhibition here of works by a modern Frenchman with a considerable reputation abroad; through Wednesday, March 2. (Galerie Moderne, 49 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Raoul Dufy—A retrospective showing of his work, consisting of oils, gouaches, and water colors and ranging in date from 1903 to 1951; through March 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Maurice Fromkes—A show entitled "Spain and Her People," made up of twenty-six oils; through Saturday, March 5. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Harlan Jackson—Paintings, somewhat totemic in style and quite forceful in concept, if a bit awkward in handling; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Yasuo Kuniyoshi—Fifteen paintings, all with circus themes, done between 1925 and the time of the artist's death, in 1952; through March 19. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Phillip Martin—The first American solo show of paintings by one of the younger British abstractionists, turgid in manner but occasionally quite powerful; through Saturday, March 5. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Georges Mathieu—A set of new oils, executed in his established technique of great scrolls and arabesques of color; through Saturday, March 5. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Elizabeth Olds—Landscapes in water color, and wood-block prints that are mostly of birds; through March 12. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

John Piper—New paintings, rather richer in color than previously, by one of the leading English modernists; through March 12. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Louis Schanker—Abstractions, unassertive but thoughtful, dealing mostly with circular forms; through Saturday, March 5. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Charles Seliger—Oils, water colors, and drawings, based on bird forms, flowers, and other symbols from nature and done with great taste and delicacy; through Saturday, March 5. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

John Sloan—Drawings, etchings, and lithographs, together with prints by Goya, Hogarth, Daumier, and others who influenced him in his early years; through March 12. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Charles Stevens—Sculptures in wood and other materials, varying from the realistic to the abstract in style; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

Edward John Stevens—Oriental subjects for the most part, painted with a sharply detailed and very effective stylization; through Monday, Feb. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Polygnotos Vagis—New sculptures, reflecting an unusual mixture of strength and felicity, in his first exhibition in nine years; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

Keith Vaughan—Dark, solidly patterned oils, by a contemporary English artist; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Stanton MacDonald Wright—Thirteen oils, a few done between 1914 and 1918 and the rest during the nineteen-fifties; through Saturday, March 5. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

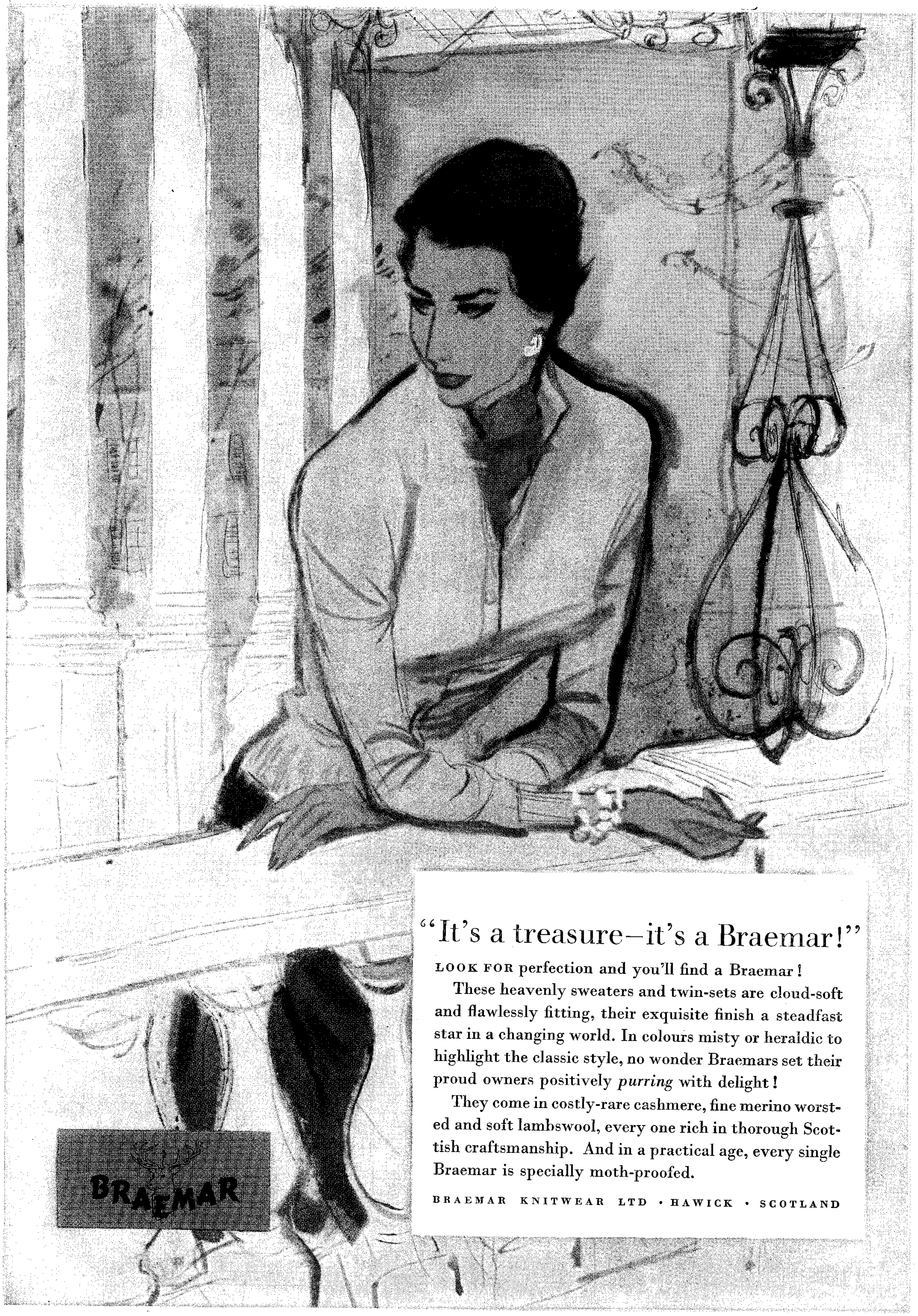
The Denman Collection—Twenty-one present-day American artists, including Ben Shahn, Joe Jones, and Reuben Tam, each of whom has contributed a single painting; through Saturday, March 5. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: The first installment (this one of paintings; the sculptures and other works come later) of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors' fourteenth annual exhibition; through Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by regular gallery members, including Martha Visser't Hooft and Joseph Konzal; through March 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: The hundred-and-thirtieth annual exhibition, comprising paintings, sculptures, water colors, and prints by about two hundred and fifty members and non-members; through March 20. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Fifty new oils in another of the City Center Gallery's series of showings by local artists, this one more than usually varied in composition; through Friday, Feb. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, among them Corot, de Staël, and Abraham Rattner; through Saturday, March 5. . . . SERIGRAPH, 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings, water colors, and other works by twenty artists, most of them new to us here; through March 7.

Austrians; Group Show—Around forty oils by Hugo Schoenborn, Peter Palffy, and four other present-day painters; through March 12. (Galerie De Braux, 131 E. 55th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

French; Group Shows—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCI-



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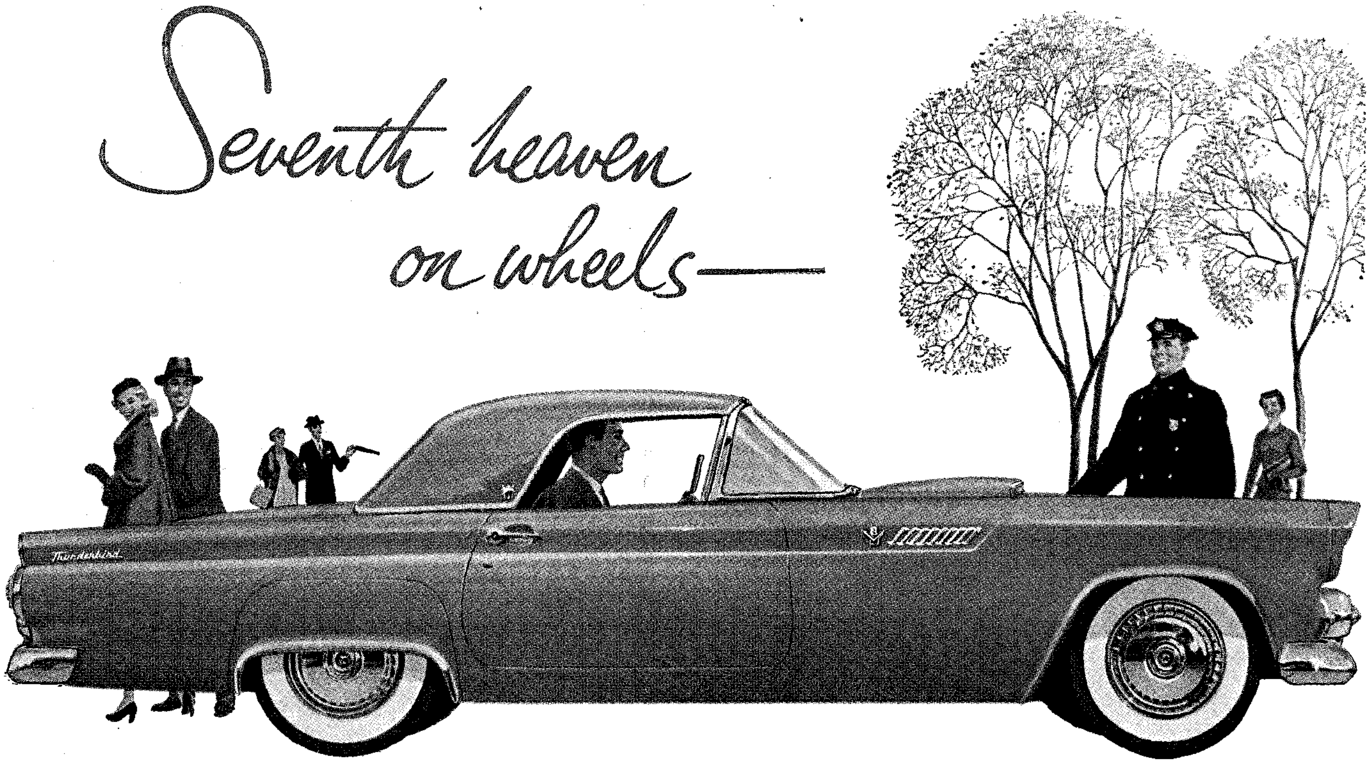

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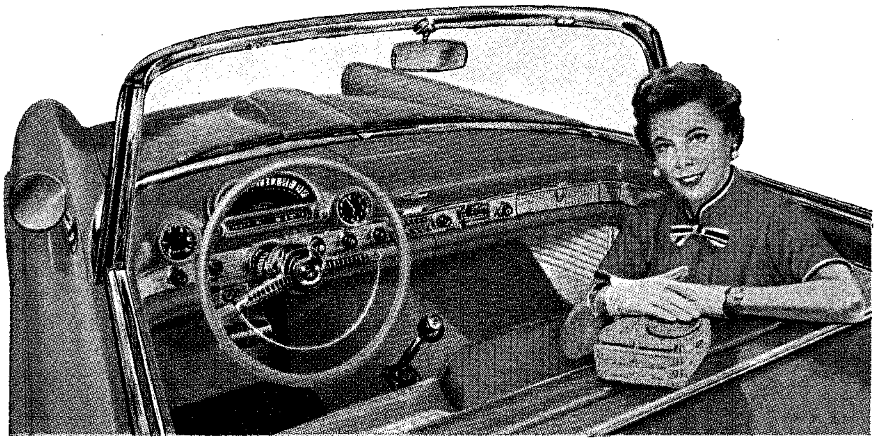

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Five modern artists, among them Alexandre Garbell and Bernard Buffet; through Monday, Feb. 28. . . . **GALLERY 75**, 30 E. 75th St.: Works by Tal Coat, Lorjou, Venard, and thirteen others, in a roundup of the younger contemporary painters; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Daily, 11 to 5:30.)

GERMANS; GROUP SHOW—German art today, as seen in the paintings of Willi Baumeister, Heinz Trökes, and Rolf Cavael, and in the sculptures of Hans Jaenisch and Hans Uhlmann; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Syd Solomon and a group show; starting Monday, Feb. 28. . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: Savo Radulovic; starting Monday, Feb. 28. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: John Taylor Arms; starting Tuesday, March 1. . . . **HEWITT**, 29 E. 65th St.: Alex Colville; starting Monday, Feb. 28. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Paul Klee; starting Saturday, March 5. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Charles Schucker; starting Tuesday, March 1. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Walter Kamys; starting Monday, Feb. 28. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Carlyle Brown; starting Monday, Feb. 28.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Good Design, 1950-54," a hundred examples of household furnishings selected by the Museum for their felicity of design; through March 27. . . . ¶ Around five hundred photographs from sixty-nine countries make up a show, organized by Edward Steichen, called "The Family of Man;" through May 8. . . . ¶ Fifteen nineteenth-century French paintings (several of which are on view for the first time in this country), loaned by the Louvre and the Museums of Albi and Lyon; starting Friday, Feb. 25. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Recent acquisitions, among them a constructivist sculpture by Pevsner and an early Feininger, along with a group of pieces from the Museum collection, ranging from a Seurat and a Cézanne to a recent "constellation" by Calder. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Two retrospective shows—works by Hyman Bloom and Jack Levine—comprising about fifty paintings and drawings apiece; through April 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:15: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Roberta Peters. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Margaret Harshaw, Brenda Lewis, Bernd Aldenhoff, and Josef Metternich. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: "Arabella" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, Blanche Thebom, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Zinka Milanov, Marian Anderson, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 28, at 8:30: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Roberta Peters. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 1, at 8: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Wednes-

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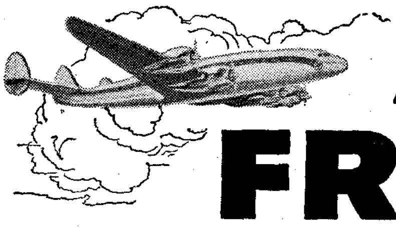
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day, March 2, at 8: "Arabella" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, George London, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 3, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Astrid Varnay, Blanche Thebom, Set Svanholm, and Josef Metternich. . . . ¶ Friday, March 4, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Lily Pons, Eugene Conley, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Richard Tucker, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:45; Friday, Feb. 25, at 2:30; Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:45; and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2:30 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin). . . . ¶ Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, March 3, at 8:45, and Friday, March 4, at 2:30 (both with Walter Gieseking, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 5, at 8:45 (no soloists).

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan conducting the first of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Symphony Concert—Remus Tzincoca conducting an orchestra made up of eighty-five members of the Philharmonic-Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting two free concerts, with Ingrid Hallberg, soprano; Bernard Green, baritone; and the Brooklyn Museum Trio. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2.)

Concert Society of New York—Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Saidenberg Little Symphony, with Vera Zorina, narrator. The last in this season's series of concerts. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 5:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra and Chorus—Jean Morel directing, with John Browning, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

Master Singers—Joseph Liebling directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8:40.)

Williams College Glee Club—Directed by Walter L. Nollner and assisted by the Berkeley Glee Club, under the direction of Doris Vercoe Solomon. A benefit for the Berkeley Improvement Fund. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 4, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Contemporary Music—A concert presented by Genevieve Rowe, soprano; Eugenie Dengel, viola; Robert Payson Hill, piano; and Julia Smith, who will play the piano and several of whose works will be included. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Chamber music played by Joseph Fuchs and Daniel Guilet, violins; Emanuel Vardi, viola; Benar Heifetz, cello; and Aaron Copland, Leo Smit, and Alexei Haieff, pianos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Burl Ives—Folk singer. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Harriet Serr—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Paganini Quartet—At town hall: Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. . . . kaufmann auditorium, Y.M.H.A.: The first two in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 26, and Thursday, March 3, at 8:40.)

Richard Tucker—Tenor. (Hunter College As-

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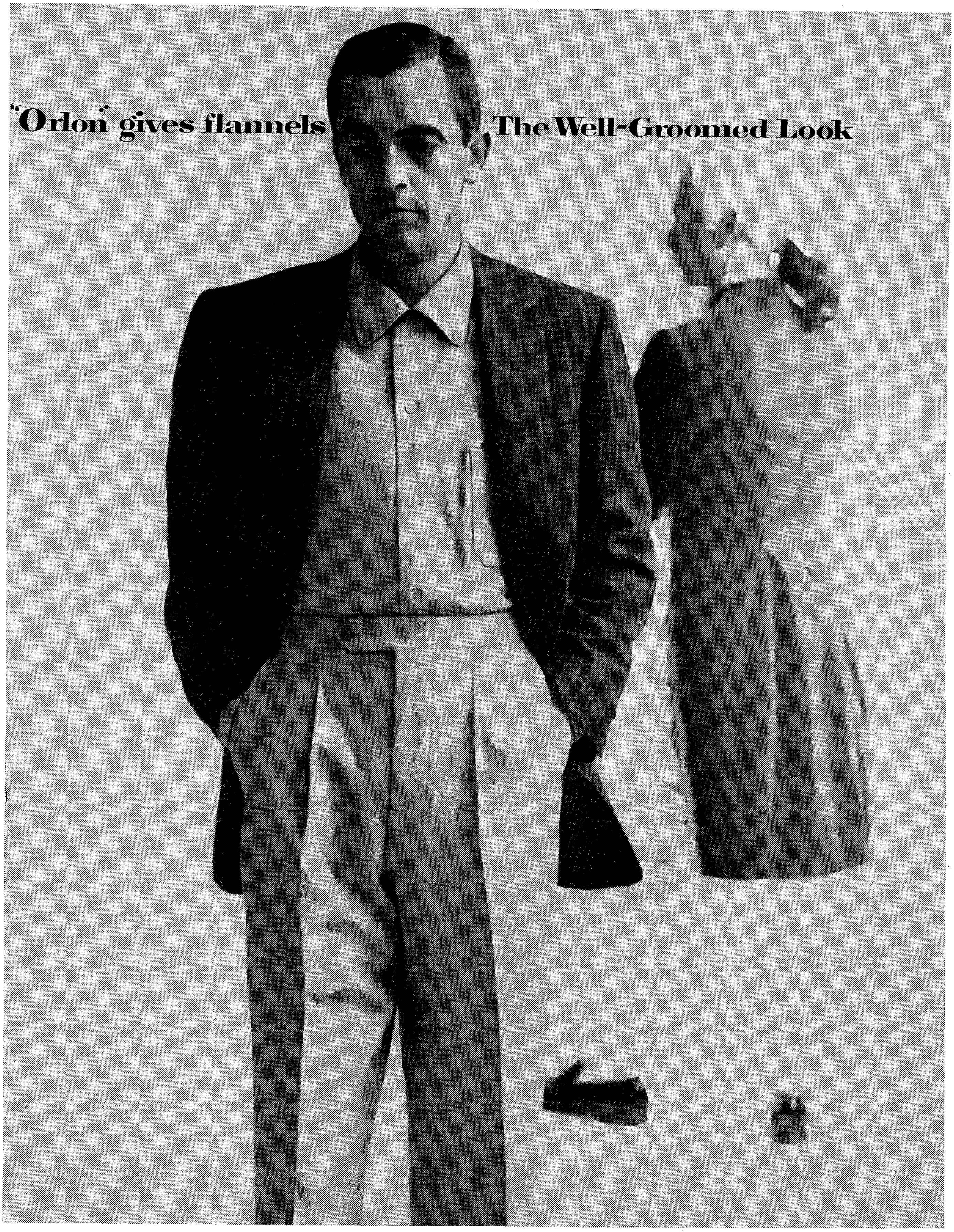
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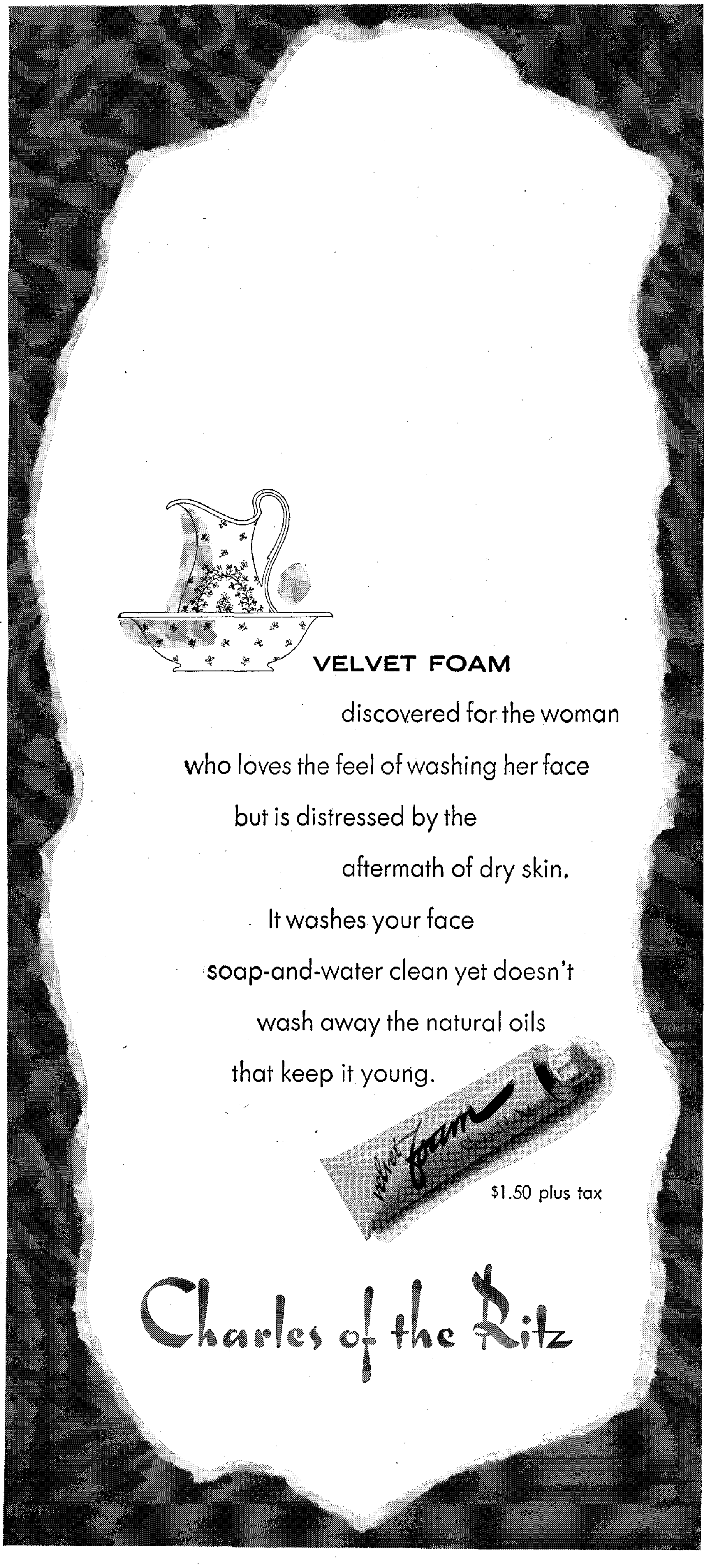

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:40.)

Eloise Polk—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

Ruben Varga—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

League of Composers-International Society for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Stravinsky, Villa-Lobos, Gordon Binkerd, and Matyas Seiber, performed by Leontyne Price, soprano; the Claremont String Quartet; and several instrumental soloists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 6-7471.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Gonzalo Soriano—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Gianna Jenco—Eleven-year-old soprano, with Charles Castleman, eleven-year-old violinist. A benefit for the American Federation of the Physically Handicapped. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8:15.)

New Music Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, March 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Bach recitals. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, March 2, at 8:40.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8:30.)

Jennie Tourel—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Note—Clifford Curzon will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 6, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, March 1, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 25: Sandy Saddler vs. Teddy Davis, 15 rounds, for the World Featherweight Championship. . . . ¶ Friday, March 4: Chico Vejar vs. Billy Graham, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Indoor Polo—Thursday, Feb. 24, at 5: A semifinal match of the Sherman Memorial Tournament and a non-tournament match. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30: Final match of the Sherman Memorial Tournament and a non-tournament match. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 1, at 5: A match in the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 3, at 5: A semifinal match of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8:30: Final match of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Admission will be free on Tuesdays and Thursdays.)

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2 and 7: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8: Knights of Columbus.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Final children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Max Leavitt, narrator, and members of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 5, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—By the **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **CHILDREN'S OWN THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin" and "The International Toy Shop." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 5, at 3.)

Dance—The Merry-Go-Rounders in two story ballets ("Ballet Charades" and "Holiday in Israel"), and also "The Legend of the Willow Plate" presented by the Philadelphia Dance Theatre. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

Variety Shows—"Treasure Island," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus an Indian troupe and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 3.) . . . ¶ A dog act, together with a clown and a juggler. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "From Here to Infinity," reveals the position of the earth in relation to our neighbor planets as well as to the farthest stars in the universe. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Drama Readings—A group of actors sponsored by Peggy Wood in a concert reading of Maxwell Anderson's "Anne of the Thousand Days." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:15.)

Universal Travel and Auto Sports Show—The avant-garde in foreign and domestic cars, plus travel displays from all over. (Madison Square Garden. Daily, noon to 11; through Sunday, Feb. 27.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 1:45: French and English eighteenth-century cabinetwork and decorative objects; gold, enamel, and tortoise-shell bibelots; gold and enamel watches; Dresden, *Vieux* Paris, and Limoges dinner services; and miniatures by English, French, and German eighteenth-century artists. From several collectors, among them Edgar L. Nock and Mrs. Germaine Hochschild. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 1-2, at 1:45: Medieval manuscripts, an early printed Book of Hours, and first editions on art, medicine, and costumes; from the estate of the Reverend Morgan Dix and from other sources.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bad Day at Black Rock—Mysterious doings in the California desert, with Spencer Tracy functioning as an ominous stranger who pops into a sand-swept town to seek information about a missing Japanese farmer and gets into any number of unnerving mixups. Robert Ryan, Dean Jagger, Walter Brennan, and Ernest Borgnine are all helpful. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through March 1.)

The Country Girl—Bing Crosby gives a splendid performance as a down-at-the-heels actor, and Grace Kelly and William Holden are equally incisive as the wife and the theatrical director who are trying to redeem him. Adapted from the play by Clifford Odets. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

Doctor in the House—A fairly funny English film about medical students and their pranks. Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden, and Donald Houston are the budding medicos the film is chiefly interested in. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gate of Hell—A remarkable Japanese film dealing with life in the thirteenth century and crowded with color, melodrama, and fine acting. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Heart of the Matter—The unhappy lot of a British policeman in Africa who gets into all kinds of trouble just because he doesn't want to hurt anybody—particularly his wife and the young lady he takes as his mistress. Adapted from the novel by Graham Greene, the piece is admirably enacted by Trevor Howard, Elizabeth Allan, and Maria Schell. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Feb. 26.)

Holiday for Henrietta—A French satire, often funny, on movie writers and their peculiar methods of operation. Directed by Julien Duvivier and acted by a cast including Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Little Kidnappers—A charming English film, mostly about two small boys in Nova Scotia in 1904. The young ones set up some fine defenses against the rigid Calvinist orthodoxy of their grandfather, including the offhand adoption of a baby one of them has found in the woods. Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter are excellent as the boys, and Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel do all right as their elders. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 26.)

On the Waterfront—A first-class picture, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, about love and brutality in New York's pier jungle. Among the actors, all of whom are to be commended, are Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 2.)

Romeo and Juliet—Maybe this film treats Shakespeare a trifle cavalierly—the text has been edited quite extensively—but it is certainly handsome. Made in Italy, with an English-speaking cast, and directed by Renato Castellani. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Wages of Fear—A French film that works up some shrill suspense as it describes the three-hundred-mile journey of a team of trucks loaded with nitroglycerin through a section of oil country in South America. Rather ragged at the outset, owing to some heavy editing, the picture doesn't take too long to hit its melodramatic stride. Written and directed by H.-G. Clouzot, it features Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Peter Van Eyck, and Folco Lulli. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 1.)

The Big Day (1952)—A French film, originally known as "Jour de Fête," about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 1.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler chronicle of blackmail and murder. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 27-March 1.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 26.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Feb. 27-March 2.)

Gilbert and Sullivan (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 25-26.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting March 1.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 2, tentative.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—Carson McCullers' play, translated to the screen. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon de Wilde again have the leading roles. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 2.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 24.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Feb. 27-March 2.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 25.)

Potemkin (1925)—That famous Russian job. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Feb. 25.)

Saratoga Trunk (1945)—Edna Ferber's story concerning love in New Orleans and railroads in upper New York. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 27-March 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 2.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 2.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Feb. 24.)

A Woman's Face (1941)—Deformity and violence. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 1-2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series being shown in conjunction with "The Family of Man," the Museum's photographic exhibit—Through Feb. 28: "Gitans d'Espagne" (1941), in French, directed by Jean Castanier; "The River" (1937), directed by Pare Lorentz; and "People in the City" (1946), directed and photographed by Arne Sucksdorff. . . . ¶ Starting March 1: "Dance Contest in Esira" (1936), directed by Paul Fejos; "The Battle of San Pietro" (1944), directed by John Huston for the Army Pictorial Services; and "The Window Cleaner" (1945), directed by Jules Bucher for O.W.I. Overseas Branch. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Long Gray Line" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE COUNTRY GIRL.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Far Country," James Stewart, Ruth Roman.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Underwater!" (in Superscope), Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Jupiter's Darling" (in CinemaScope), Esther Williams, Howard Keel, George Sanders.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Battle Cry" (in CinemaScope), Van Heflin, Aldo Ray, Mona Freeman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through March 1: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK** (in CinemaScope).
March 2: Theatre closed.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Three for the Show" (in CinemaScope), Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Sign of the Pagan" (in CinemaScope), Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance, Ludmilla Tcherina.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"New York Confidential," Broderick Crawford, Richard Conte.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Mademoiselle Gobette" (in Italian), Silvana Pampanini.

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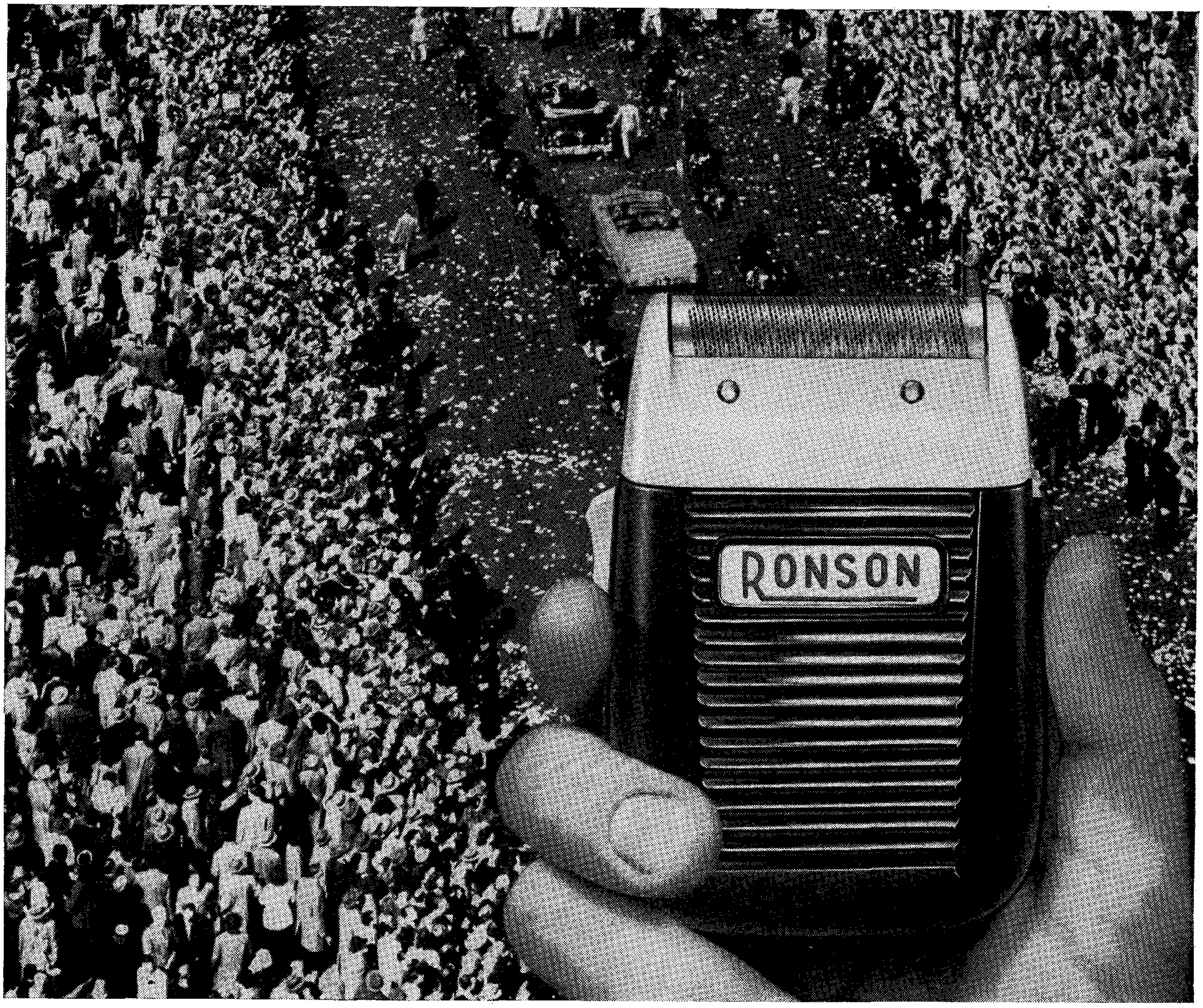

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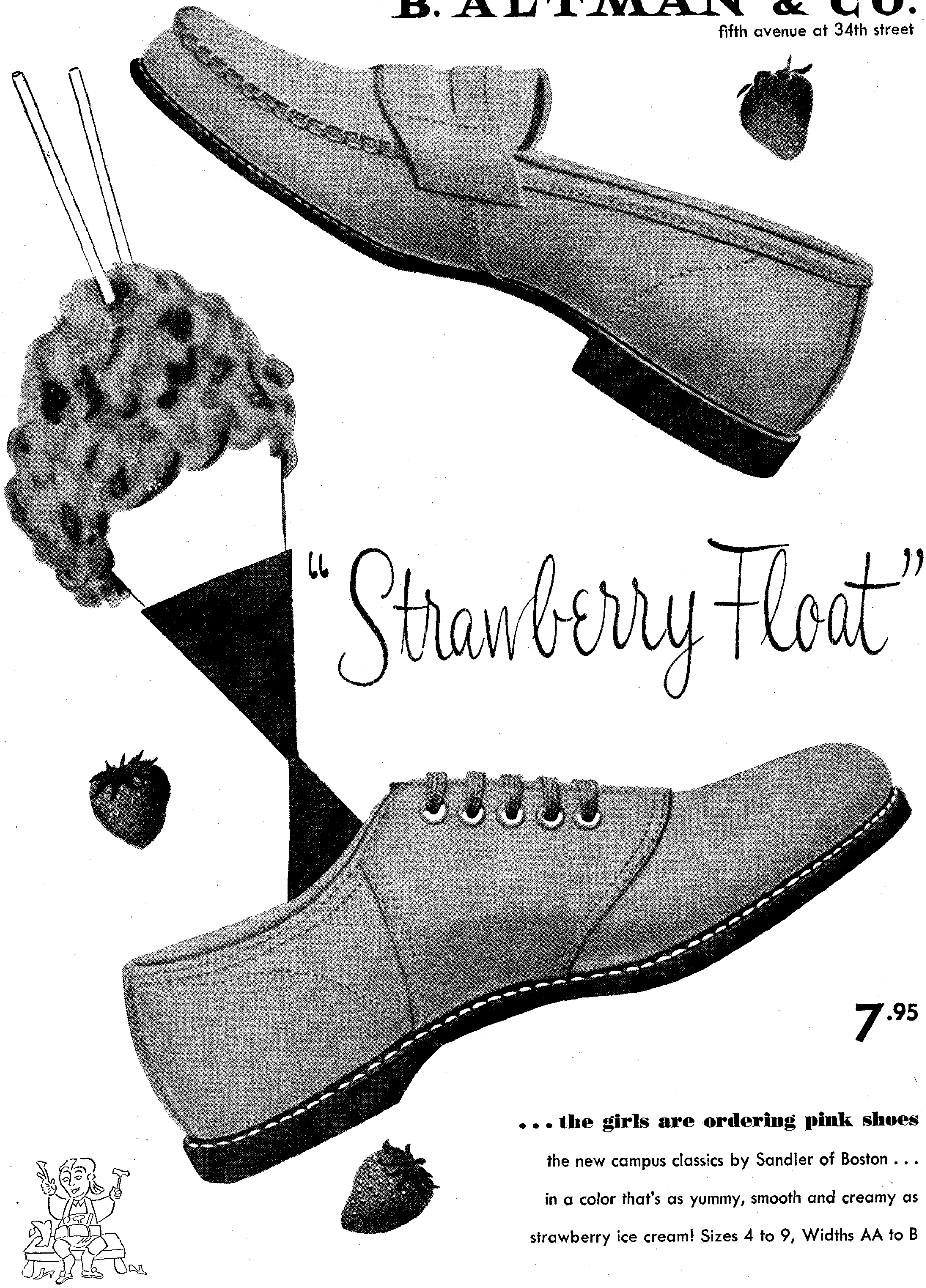

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THE NEW YORKER

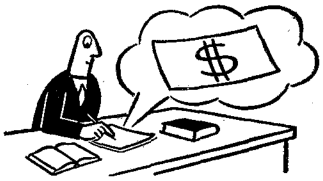
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THAT long-winded lady we hear from occasionally has sent us another communication, this time on the subject of modern design. "I like to have a cup of tea first thing in the morning," she writes, "and for that reason, whenever I have to spend a night or two away from home, I pack a small electric kettle and a box of Keemun. I usually get the hotel to leave a cup and saucer and a teapot in my room. Recently, when I was about to have my apartment painted, I called several of the *ordinary* hotels to reserve a room, but they were filled up with one of those conventions that you never hear about but that fill up the ordinary hotels from time to time just the same, so I found myself staying in an *odd* hotel in the West Forties that had no restaurant. As there was not a teapot or a cup and saucer to be found in the building, I took myself across the street that afternoon to a five-and-ten to get some. I realize that this procedure gives an impression of *fussiness* that is not at all a part of my *nature.* It is simply that I do like my cup of tea in the morning. Well, I got the cup and saucer—in a rather pretty thistle design—and I was delighted to find just the size teapot I wanted, and in the regular old brownware, very homey, the sort of teapot we used to call brownies, except that this teapot, instead of being round and squat, with the regular curved handle, was boat-shaped. It had been designed in one graceful line from the tip of the spout to the back of the pot—a very handsome object from every point of view. I thought to myself, Well, that's nice, they're finally getting somewhere with modern design. This little teapot I bought was boat-shaped, as I said, and was really rather amusing, the old-fashioned brownware, you understand, being in *mad* contrast with its shape. You'll get the idea of this teapot more clearly if I explain that the thing you grip to pick it up with is all in one piece with the pot, so that you are supposed to put the four fingers of your right hand into a kind of hole and grip the rim of the hole when you pour the tea, much in the way you would grip a real handle. Well, I took my new tea things back to the hotel and washed them carefully and left them in readiness for the morning, along with my kettle and my Keemun. In the morning, I got up as usual, brought the water in the kettle to a good, furious boil, and made the tea. I left it to sit for about five minutes, as I always do, while I turned on my bath and pinned up my hair. Then I went back to the window, where I had arranged my tea, sat down, glanced out, and saw that it had begun to rain and that the person in the hotel across the street had left a cardboard container of milk on the window sill and that it had toppled over a short time before. It was lying on its side on the window sill and traces of the last drops of its milk were still on the sill. I hoped no passerby had been caught when the first flood of milk came down, and it occurred to me that if anyone had been caught, and if it had been raining at the time, he must have been confused. Smiling at my little fancy, I lifted my new teapot to help myself to my first cup. Well, I dropped it in a hurry, and it broke my cup and saucer, flooded the table, and ruined the front of a brand-new challis robe I had bought only the day before at Altman's. Believe it or not, the handle of that teapot, being all of a piece with the pot itself, was *hollow,* so that when you filled the pot with boiling water, the handle filled up, too, and of course was scalding hot by the time I was ready to pour. I was extremely angry, but when the pain in my hand died away, I experienced some satisfaction, because I saw that everything I have felt, and usually kept to myself, about modern design may easily be true. I have sent an informatory note to that five-and-ten and am now waiting with a good deal of curiosity to see whether I will hear from the store directly or whether they will pass along to the manufacturers who employed the designer my warning that a lot of good people are going to get their hands burned if those *handles* on those *teapots* are not somehow plugged up so the boiling water can't get in. Having been made out of the old-fashioned brownware, my pot didn't break when I let it go, although it plumped to the floor after destroying the cup and saucer, flooding the table, and ruining my robe. I bought another cup and saucer the next day and used the pot once more, after wrapping a bath towel around it, but when I checked out of the hotel, I left it on the window sill."

Big

DR. JOHNSON said that there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money. As for us, there are few ways in which we can be more innocently employed than in writing about it. This week, it is our wholesome intention to look into certain aspects of the national currency. For example, what is the highest denomination of currency we have and whose graven image appears on it? If you think the correct answer



is the five-thousand-dollar bill, which bears a likeness of President Madison, you're wrong. If, like some bankers we've spoken to, you think the correct answer is the ten-thousand-dollar bill, which bears a likeness of Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, you're still wrong. The fact is that there's such a thing as a hundred-thousand-dollar bill, which bears a likeness of President Wilson. This handy bit of paper isn't in circulation, though. We don't mean merely that it isn't in circulation among our friends and us; it isn't in circulation anywhere. There are forty-two thousand of these bills in existence, and they were all issued to Federal Reserve Banks, of which there are twelve throughout the country. The local Federal Reserve Bank, down on Liberty Street, has a few hundred-thousand-dollar bills tucked away in its vaults, where they will probably stay till doomsday.

The hundred-thousand-dollar bill is what's known as a gold certificate. Gold certificates also come in denominations of a hundred, a thousand, and ten thousand dollars, but there haven't been any in active circulation since 1933, when all gold currency, both paper and coin, was called in. No gold certificates have been printed since 1934. In spite of having been called in, gold certificates in various denominations to the amount of thirty-five million dollars are still at large in the world; nobody knows how many of these certificates may have simply been lost or destroyed. Besides the retired gold certificates, there are three principal classifications into which our paper currency is divided. Best known are the silver certificates, printed in denominations of one, five, and ten dollars and backed by Treasury-held silver dollars and silver bullion to the tune of $2,441,314,561.44. Least known are United States Notes, which come in denominations of one, two, and five dollars. Outstanding United States Notes—that is, notes in circulation or held by the Treasury or the Federal Reserve Banks—are always maintained at precisely $346,681,016 and are backed by a reserve of gold bullion amounting to $156,039,430.93—not a capricious figure but one reached in accordance with an act of Congress passed in 1878, which may be fascinating in its arithmetical anfractuosities but which we have no intention of going into here. We'd rather just tell you that, contrary to general belief, the two-dollar bill is *not* being withdrawn from circulation; fresh batches of twos are printed whenever they are required.

The largest classification of currency is the Federal Reserve Note, which comes in denominations of five, ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred, five hundred, a thousand, five thousand, and ten thousand dollars. The Treasury defines Federal Reserve Notes as "obligations of the United States and a first lien on all the assets of the issuing Federal Reserve Bank." The hundred-dollar Federal Reserve Note is the highest denomination of currency that has been printed since 1945 and the highest the Treasury has it in mind to print. Most banks carry a supply of thousand-dollar Federal Reserve Notes, but if you want a five-thousand- or ten-thousand-dollar bill, you have to order it, and we may as well warn you that the supply is running short. At the moment, there are only six hundred and seventy-five five-thousand-dollar bills and seven hundred and fifty-six ten-thousand-dollar bills in existence, and heaven knows how many of those have found their way into cookie jars and mattresses. The head teller of the bank we go to said he thought he could get us a five- or ten-thousand-dollar bill within a day or so of our placing an order for one. The idea of our ever being in a position to place such an order struck the poor fellow as so droll that, for all his dignity, he couldn't help laughing right in our face. We laughed, too, but not as hard as he did.

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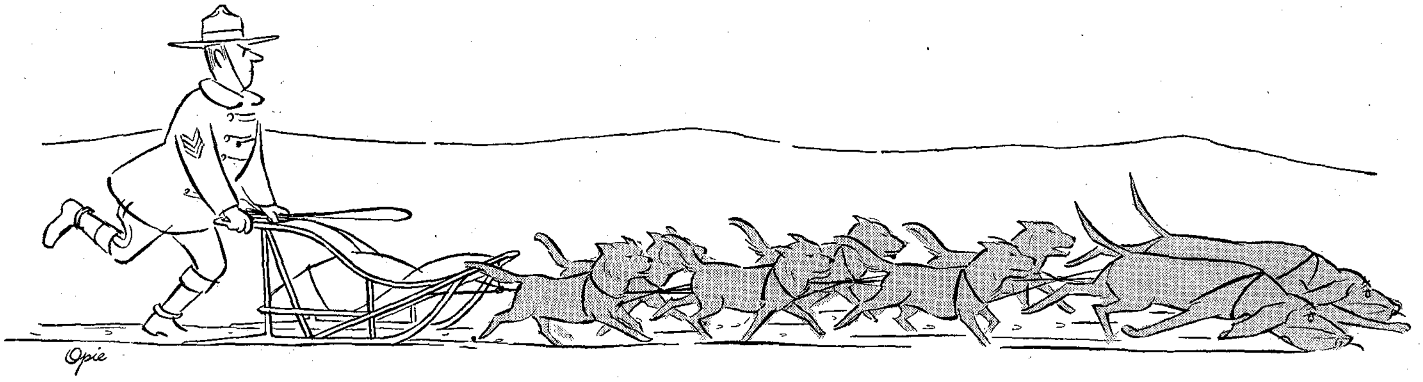
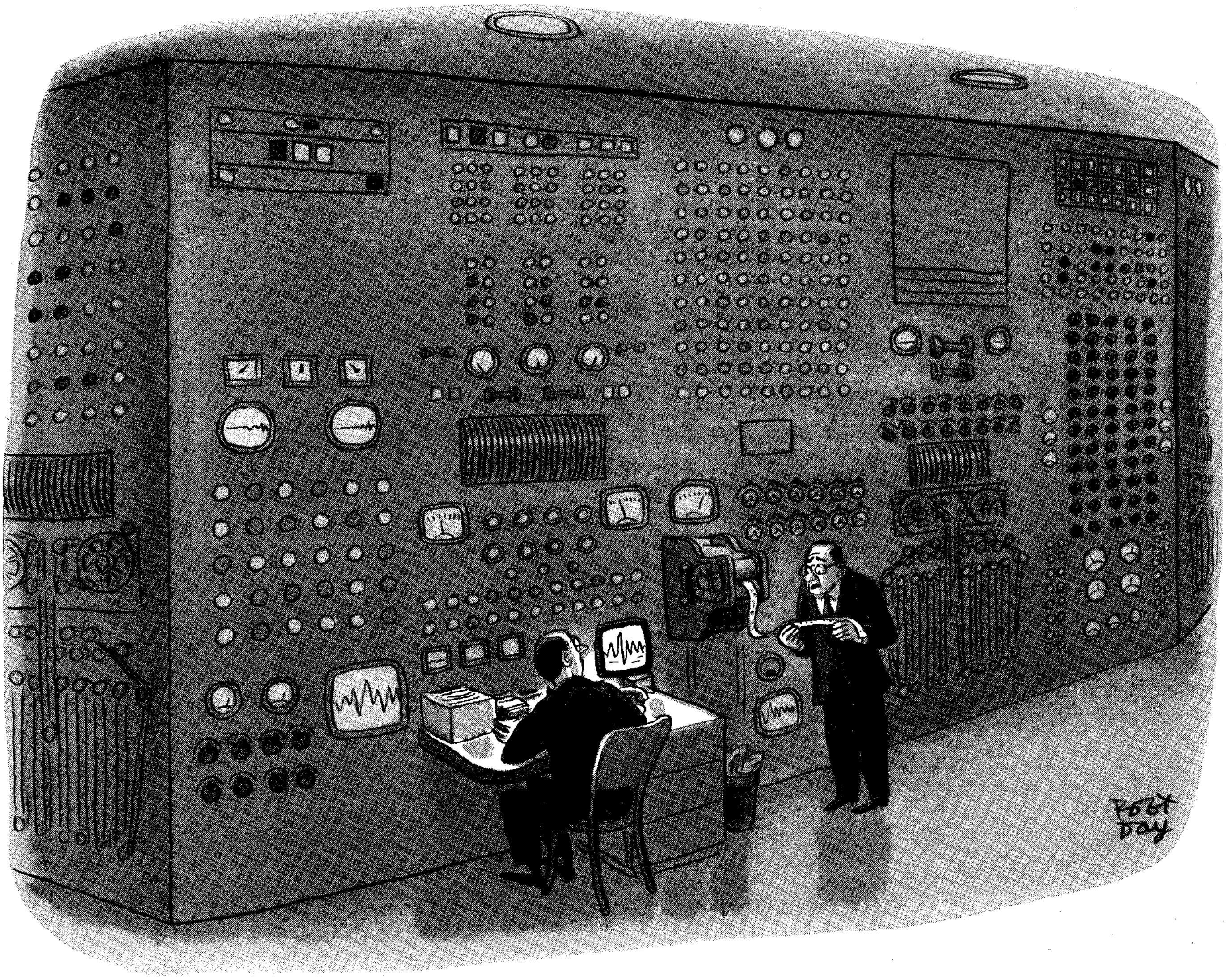
SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCE: One of the items on the menu of the James River Country Club, in Warwick, Virginia, is Smithfield Ham Egg Foo Yong. . . . At Justine's, a French restaurant in Memphis, Tennessee, the cheeses include Fromage à la Crème de Philadelphia. . . . On sale at Davison's department store, in Atlanta, Georgia, are ball-point quill pens.

Kalamazoo's Loss

THOMAS SCHIPPERS, one of the youngest conductors ever tapped by the Metropolitan Opera Company (he will be twenty-five next month; Walter Damrosch was signed up at twenty-two) is a handsome young man with a studio apartment in the West Seventies full of handsome sketches of himself, African paintings and paintings by Berman and Milena, engravings by Goya, and Moroccan rugs and pillow covers. He was born in Kalamazoo, of Dutch stock. "No musicians in my family that I know of," he told us the other day. "My father worked for Westinghouse. I began to play the piano at five, later became a choirboy, and at fourteen went to Philadelphia to study the organ at the Curtis Institute. I thought I was going to be an organist, but I switched back to the piano and took lessons with Olga Samaroff in Philadelphia. I also took composition lessons with a Frenchman there—Constant Vauclain. For over a year, I worked at the piano eight hours a day and spent eight hours more on composition. Sundays, to make money, I played the organ at the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian church. When I was seventeen, I entered a young conductors' contest, and Eugene Ormandy picked me as one of five finalists to direct the Philadelphia Orchestra in the Academy of Music. That was lucky—starting out with the Philadelphia. I love the Academy of Music; it's the closest thing to Covent Garden in this country. Wonderful acoustics! It gives off a glow!"

Shortly after this triumph, Mr. Schippers came here, rented his present studio, and became a voice coach. "I never starved," he said. "I had plenty of business. In 1949, one of my kids—that's what I called my pupils—was





"Something's wrong! It says my exact weight is one hundred and sixty-seven pounds and that I'm forceful in business matters, yet considerate of the feelings of others."

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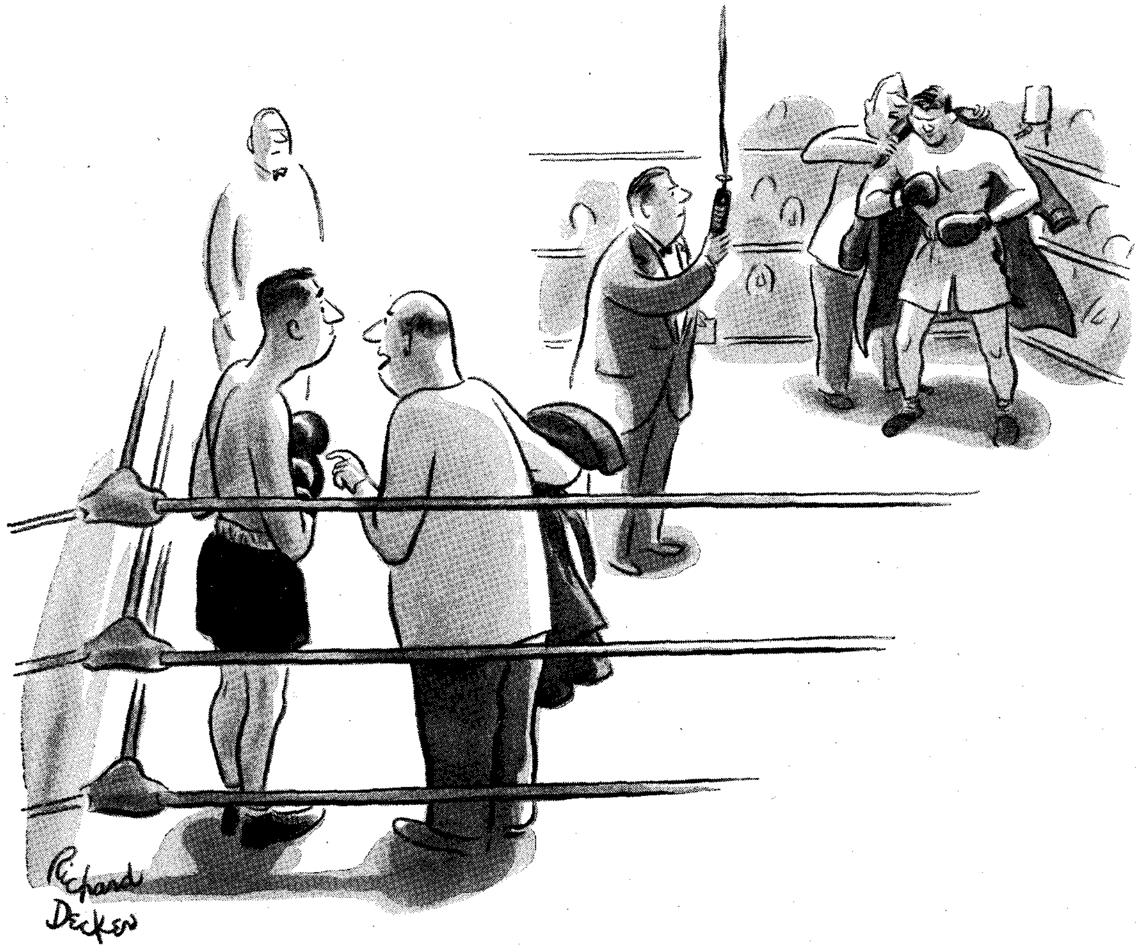
asked to audition for Menotti's 'The Consul.' I acted as accompanist. Menotti then asked me to help prepare his singers, and engaged me as musical supervisor. During the tryout in Philadelphia, the regular conductor became ill, and I succeeded him. From there on, it gets very simple: to Europe to make a film of 'The Medium' and continue with 'The Consul;' work with the N. B. C., Philadelphia, and Boston Symphonies; a resident conductorship with the City Center; concerts in South America and Africa; and, next fall, the Met job. I love the Met. When a theatre has lots of gold and red in it, it does something to you. The modern lines of most theatres are all right, I guess, but they don't have that warmth; you don't get the same feeling."

Mr. Schippers will conduct the Philharmonic on March 26th, and then go to La Scala, in Milan, to conduct Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street," which he has already conducted here. "Conducting is a very young art—only about a hundred years old," he said. "You have to *impart* to the audience and to the group of men you're working with. I love the ocean more than anything else. I'm a beachcomber. I spend half my time in Europe. I love travelling, packing and unpacking, changing hotel rooms, and living out of a bag. I want to see as much of the world as possible. I recently went West for the first time, to conduct the Portland Symphony. I went to San Francisco just for the hell of it. Splendid city! I'm a movie addict, except for Westerns. Sometimes I drop in at a movie for just twenty minutes, in order to relax and get away from myself. I like Italian food, but in America they don't prepare the *pasta* right. Artificial *pasta!* Fake orange juice! I will submit to fake coffee, but I don't like fake orange juice. I get up at six-thirty and have breakfast at a restaurant around the corner that has real orange juice. I don't like canned music, either. This restaurant has a juke box, but when I come in, the proprietor tells customers who want to play it that it's out of order."

Solution

A SUBURBAN lady who fractured her right wrist doing some fancy turns on skis was advised by her doctor to start driving her car again, as therapy, as soon as possible. Well, troubles never come singly. She found that her operator's license had expired, and she could just imagine what a policeman would say if he caught her driving practically one-handed and without an operating permit. So she asked her newly acquired maid, a Japanese girl, to fill in the application blank from her old license while she herself frantically practiced signing her name with her left hand. Her anxiety proved quite unnecessary. When the maid returned the



". . . and when the decision is announced, go up and throw your arms around him. The crowd loves a good loser."

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form to her, it had all the essential information on it and an exact reproduction of her signature.

By the Pound

PROBABLY no other organization on earth is as dependent on a steady exchange of words, words, words as the United Nations, and, thank goodness, the architects and engineers who designed its buildings made provision for a veritable Mississippi of mail, memorandums, pamphlets, and books to flow up, down, and sidewise from desk to desk, from teeming brain to teeming brain. Nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of machinery went into the memo- and mail-moving plant, which has its headquarters in a large room in the third basement of the Secretariat Building. The most conspicuous features of this plant are what the U.N. people proudly call the world's tallest mechanical messengers—a chain conveyor belt and a dumbwaiter, both running from the third basement up to the thirty-ninth, or top, floor of the building—and six pneumatic tubes, which serve two floors of the Secretariat Building and sectors of the General Assembly Building, the Conference Building, and the Library Building. The system carries fifty thousand pounds of printed matter a week when the General Assembly is sitting and forty thousand pounds a week when it isn't. That works out to Lord knows how many billion words a year, a lot of them worth thinking quite hard about.

The chain conveyor belt is used mostly for mail and inter-office memos. Eighty steel carriers are set at twelve-foot intervals along an endless belt, which moves continuously, at the rate of ninety feet a minute, from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., five days a week. Each carrier has a load limit of twenty-two pounds; anything heavier than that (like a body, we guess, or maybe only pamphlets in bulk) goes in the dumbwaiter, which has a load limit of three hundred pounds and is sent scorching up and down its shaft by means of a panel of push buttons in the mail room. The conveyor stops at the eleven floors on which message centers are located. From these centers, mail or whatever is delivered by office boys, as in the outside world. The belt receives on its ascending side and disgorges on its descending side, so a memo from a message center on, say, the third floor to a message center on the twenty-sixth floor has to ride all the way to the top of the building and then over and down. Roger. The papers travel in an open oblong plastic box, which is eased on and off the carriers by an arrangement of long steel fingers that make it unnecessary for human fingers to go anywhere near the belt.

As for the pneumatic tubes, five are of the usual cylindrical sort, four inches in diameter, while the sixth, running between the Library Building and the Secretariat Building, is oval, four inches high at the highest point and twelve inches wide at the widest, and a hundred and seventy-five feet long. The five ordinary tubes handle a mixed cargo of printed material, including transcripts of General Assembly meetings, Security Council debates, and the like. The library tube is more fun. Suppose you're at work in the Secretariat Building and suddenly find yourself in need of a book on Pakistan. You ring up the library and ask for the book. A librarian locates it, places it in a metal box, and sends it hurtling through the tube to the mail room, which it reaches in twenty seconds. From there, it proceeds to you by way of the conveyor belt and that one weak link, the office boy, who is apt to have more than Pakistan on his mind. The U.N. library houses one hundred and eighty-five thousand volumes, and so far nearly all that have been called for have proved small enough to fit into the tube. The exceptions have been large atlases and such abstruse items as the All India Telephone Directory and the five hundred file boxes that contain the Nuremberg Trial records, which very few people ever need in a hurry.

Cheers

THE background to the following valentine, or anti-valentine, a gentleman received from his eleven-year-old son is as follows: The father has a sizable wine cellar, and the son, to whom the grape is anathema, disgustedly watches him sample its contents at various meals each week. The valentine, on red paper cut out in the shape of an aerial bomb, bore this message:

I know you would drown your sorrows
in wine
If I wasn't your valentine.
So I'm going to be a little skunk
And let you get drunk.

Plant Culture

As we were poking around amidst pots of crotons, Dieffenbachias, dracaenas, sansevierias, philodendrons, bromeliads, begonias, African violets, and primulas at the "House Plants—Their Care and Culture" show at the Botanical Garden, we luckily ran into Thomas H. Everett, the Garden's horticulturist and our chief mentor on many a Bronx botanical pilgrimage. "We haven't tried to emphasize the decorative uses of house plants but, rather, to show how to grow the plants—what kinds of soils to mix, problems of temperature and light, and so forth," he said. "I have a feeling most of our ladies are pretty skilled at decoration anyway. People around here—and I include schools and offices, as well as homes—are getting more and more plant-conscious. Look at that new bank on Fifth Avenue—full of plants. International Business Machines has put plants in its windows. Our homes, on the whole, maintain tropical temperatures, so we can use tropical plants. Simple modern interiors and big picture windows make them more effective in the home, and more necessary, than they were in Victorian interiors. Now, in England you have very different house plants than here, because it's cooler there, and homes have less light. The English grow hardier plants than we do. Aspidistras, for example. Their books on house plants are of little use to us, and vice versa. Here!"

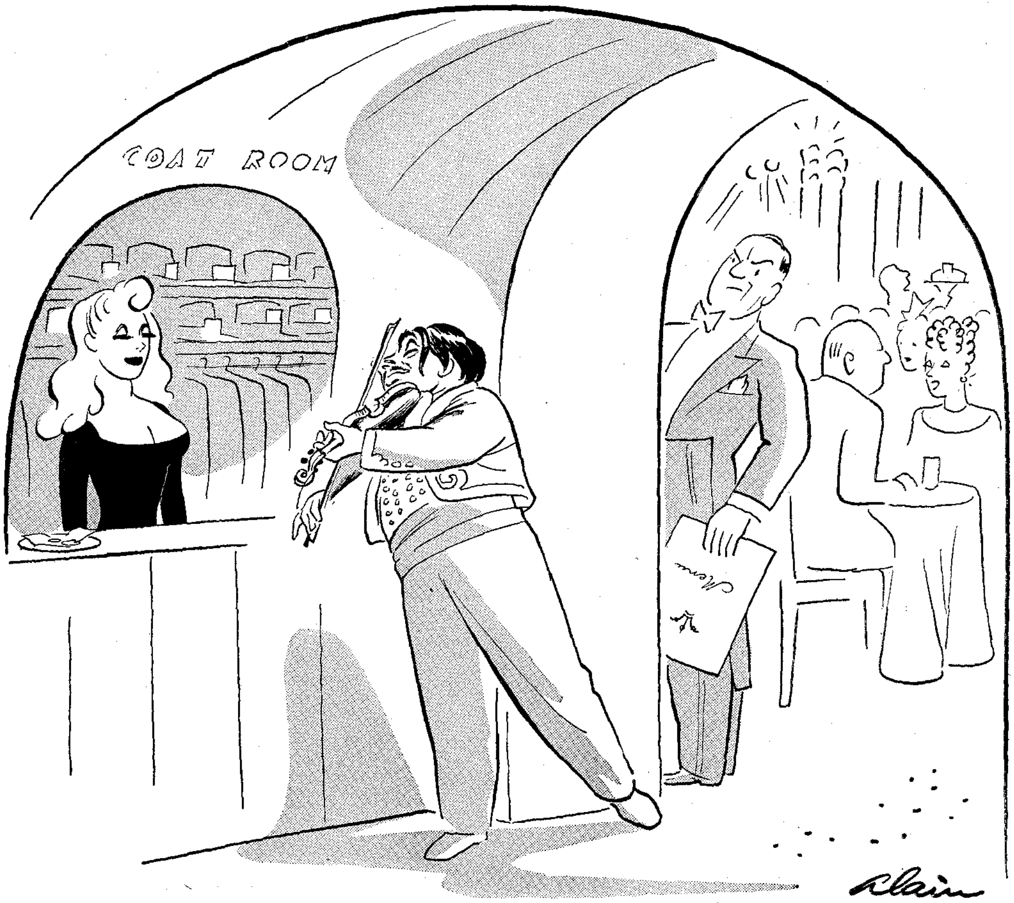
Mr. Everett presented us with a copy of one of his books, "How to Grow Beautiful House Plants," which has sold a hundred thousand copies at seventy-five cents apiece. "A hundred and fifty thousand copies of my 'Gardening Handbook' have been sold," he said. "House plants fall into two groups—the permanent, which will last from year to year, such as amaryllis and the potted palm, and the temporary, such as cyclamen, primrose, and poinsettia. *Gift* plants. The potted palm is a good plant. There's been a falling away from the potted palm, possibly because of its association with hotel lobbies and funerals, but it's coming back. It's easy to grow from seeds, and it's graceful and tough. Sow in pots of porous soil and keep in a moist atmosphere at around seventy degrees. Watch out for scale insects, red spider mites, and mealy bugs."

We wandered around the greenhouse, which seemed free of mealy bugs, and Mr. Everett commented on some of its plants. "Dieffenbachias are tropical cousins of the jack-in-the-pulpit," he said. "They're called dumb canes, because if you chew the stem, slivers of calcium oxalate work into your tongue, causing it to swell up and rendering you temporarily dumb. In the late seventeen-hundreds, slaves in Jamaica were sometimes punished by being made to chew Dieffenbachias. Easily propagated by terminal cuttings, sectional stem cuttings, and air layering. Need good light without direct sunshine, and a rich general-purpose soil. Avoid overwatering. Fertilize pot-bound specimens regularly. Repot in spring or early summer. Here's another plant that is bad for *some* people—*Primula obconica*. Touching it gives one person in ten a severe skin infection. It's the only primrose that does this; *Primula malacoides* and *Primula kewensis* are O.K. Keep soil evenly moist and faded flowers picked. These little rex begonias are very gay and old-fashioned, I think. Hybrids, grown from an ancestor brought here from Assam. Don't expose to strong sunlight or much artificial heat. Spray daily with clear water early enough in the day for the foliage to dry before nightfall. Philodendrons are a grand group. They come from steamy tropical American jungles and produce roots from their stems. Give them a piece of rough bark to climb, and wet periodically. They thrive on dilute liquid fertilizers. Did you ever notice the flora of barbershops? Oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and so on. You can grow a fine grapefruit tree indoors simply by planting a pit from your breakfast. Keep the plant under a glass bowl at first, to preserve the moisture."

We said we'd try it.

Memento

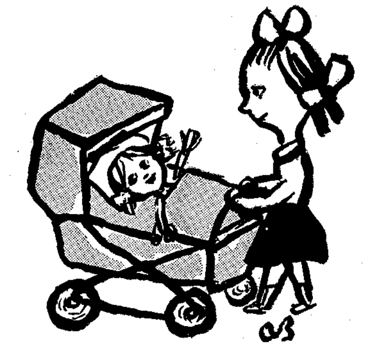
The Texas standard of generosity is as outsize as everything else down there, as the following story demonstrates. A lady in New Jersey heard that a man who went to school with her some fifty years before and then moved on to Texas had just lost his wife. Our good-hearted New Jersey lady had been out of touch with him during all those years, but she sat right down and wrote him a note of condolence. A few days later, she received a note in reply. Her old school companion thanked her for her sympathy and went on to say he hoped she wouldn't be offended if he took the liberty of sending her his late wife's Cadillac; he couldn't think of anyone he'd rather have enjoy it. Sure enough, three days later the Cadillac was at her door.



BEATRICE TRUEBLOOD'S STORY

WHEN Beatrice Trueblood was in her middle thirties and on the very eve of her second marriage, to a rich and reliable man—when, that is, she was in the prime of life and on the threshold of a rosier phase of it than she had ever known before—she overnight was stricken with total deafness.

"The vile unkindness of fate!" cried Mrs. Onslager, the hostess on whose royal Newport lawn, on a summer day at lunchtime, poor Beatrice had made her awful discovery. Mrs. Onslager was addressing a group of house guests a few weeks after the catastrophe and after the departure of its victim—or, more properly, of its victims, since Marten ten Brink, Mrs. Trueblood's fiancé, had been there, too. The guests were sitting on the same lawn on the same sort of dapper afternoon, and if the attitudes of some of Mrs. Onslager's audience seemed to be somnolent, they were so because the sun was so taming and the sound of the waves was a glamorous lullaby as the Atlantic kneaded the rocks toward which the lawn sloped down. They were by no means indifferent to this sad story; a few of them knew Marten ten Brink, and all of them knew Beatrice Trueblood, who had been Mrs. Onslager's best friend since their girlhood in St. Louis.



"I'm obliged to call it fate," continued Mrs. Onslager. "Because there's nothing wrong with her. All the doctors have reported the same thing to us, and she's been to a battalion of them. At first she refused to go to anyone on the ground that it would be a waste of money, of which she has next to none, but Jack and I finally persuaded her that if she didn't see the best men in the country and let us foot the bills, we'd look on it as unfriendliness. So, from Johns Hopkins, New York Hospital, the Presbyterian, the Leahy Clinic, and God knows where, the same account comes back: there's nothing physical to explain it, no disease, no lesion, there's been no shock, there were no hints of any kind beforehand. And *I'll* not allow the word 'psychosomatic' to be uttered in my presence—not in this connection, at any rate—because I know Bea as well as I know myself and she is not hysterical. Therefore, it has to be fate. And there's a particularly spiteful irony in it if you take a backward glance at her life. If ever a woman deserved a holiday from tribulation, it's Bea. There was first of all a positively hideous childhood. The classic roles were reversed in the family, and it was the mother who drank and the father who nagged. Her brother took to low life like a duck to water and was a juvenile delinquent before he was out of knickers—I'm sure he must have ended up in Alcatraz. They were unspeakably poor, and Bea's aunts dressed her in their hand-me-downs. It was a house of the most humiliating squalor, all terribly genteel. You know what I mean—the mother prettying up her drunkenness by those transparent dodges like 'Two's my limit,' and keeping the gin in a Waterford decanter, and the father looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth when they were out together publicly, although everyone knew that he was a perfectly ferocious tartar. Perhaps it isn't true that he threw things at his wife and children and whipped them with a razorstrop—he didn't have to, because he could use his tongue like a bludgeon. And then after all that horror, Bea married Tom Trueblood—really to escape her family, I think, because she couldn't possibly have loved him. I mean it isn't possible to love a man who is both a beast and a fool. *He* was drunker than her mother ever thought of being; he was obscene, he was raucous, his infidelities to that good, beautiful girl were of a vulgarity that caused the mind to boggle. I'll never know how she managed to live with him for seven mortal years. And then at last, after all those tempests, came Marten ten Brink, like redemption itself. There's nothing sensational in Marten, I'll admit. He's rather a stick, he was born rather old, he's rather jokeless and bossy. But, oh, Lord, he's so *safe*, he was so protective of her, and he is so scrumptiously rich! And two months before the wedding *this* thunderbolt comes out of nowhere. It's indecent! It makes me so angry!" And this faithful friend shook her pretty red head rapidly in indignation, as if she were about to hunt down fate with a posse and hale it into court.

"Are you saying that the engagement has been broken?" asked Jennie Fowler, who had just got back from Europe and to whom all this was news.

Mrs. Onslager nodded, closing her eyes as if the pain she suffered were unbearable. "They'd been here for a week, Marten and Bea, and we were making the wedding plans, since they were to be married from my house. And the very day after this gruesome thing happened, she broke the engagement. She wrote him a note and sent it in to his room by one of the maids. I don't know what she said in it, though I suppose she told him she didn't want to be a burden, something like that—much more gracefully, of course, since Bea *is* the soul of courtesy. But whatever it was, it must have been absolutely unconditional, because he went back to town before dinner the same night. The letter I got from him afterward scarcely mentioned it—he only said he was sorry his visit here had ended on 'an unsettling note.' I daresay he was still too shocked to say more."

"Hard lines on ten Brink," said Harry McEvoy, who had never married.

"What do you mean, 'hard lines on *ten Brink*'?" cried Mrs. Fowler, who had married often, and equally often had gone, livid with rage, to Nevada.

"Well, if he was in love with her, if he counted on this . . . Not much fun to have everything blow up in your face. Lucky in a way, I suppose, that it happened before, and not afterward."

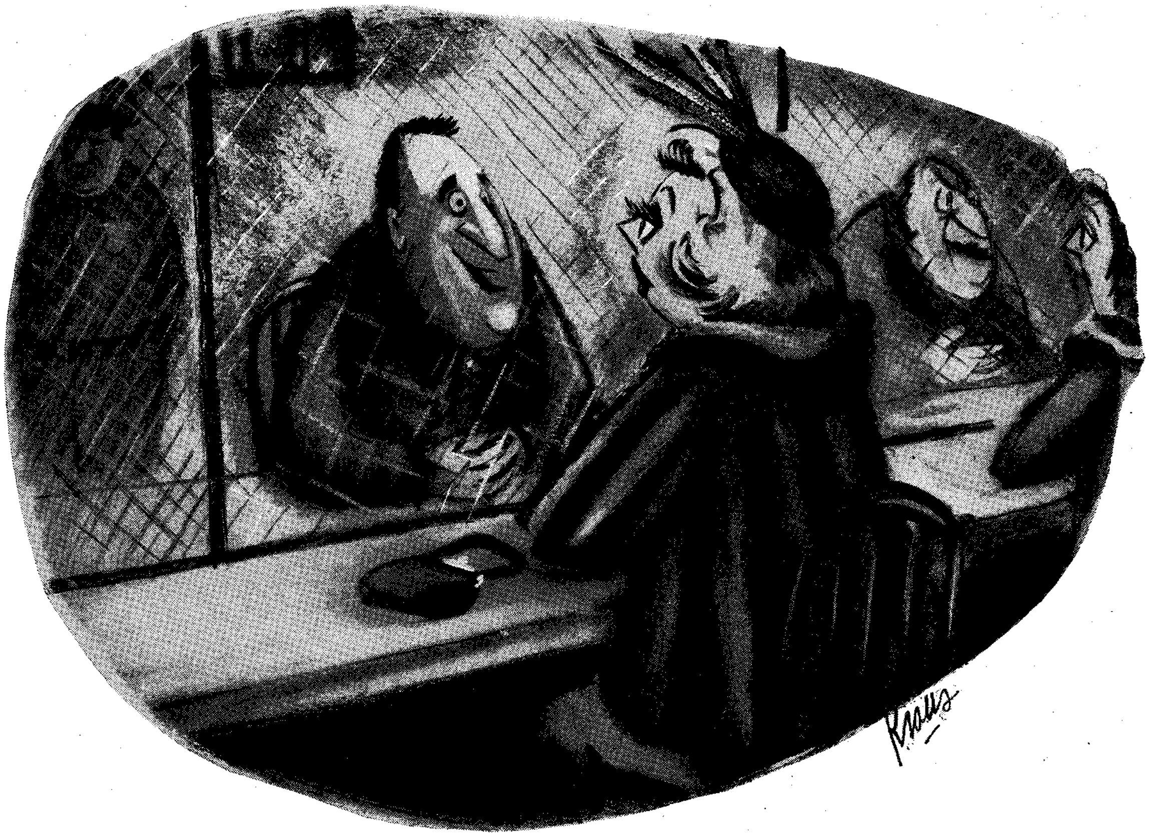
The whole party glowered at McEvoy, but he was entirely innocent of their disapproval and of his stupidity that had provoked it, since he was looking through a pair of binoculars at a catboat that seemed to be in trouble.

"If he was in love with her," preached Mrs. Fowler rabidly, "he would have stuck by her. He would have refused to let her break the engagement. He would have been the one to insist on the specialists, he would have moved Heaven and *earth*, instead of which he fled like a scared rabbit at the first sign of bad luck. I thought he was only a bore—I didn't know he was such a venomous pill."

"No, dear, he isn't that," said Priscilla Onslager. "Not the most sensitive man alive, but I'd never call him a venomous pill. After all, remember it was *she* who dismissed *him*."

"Yes, but if he'd had an ounce of manliness in him, he would have put up a fight. No decent man, no manly man, would abandon ship at a time like that." Mrs. Fowler hated men so passionately that no one could dream why she married so many of them.

"Has it occurred to any of you that she sent him packing because she didn't want to marry him?" The question came from Douglas Clyde, a former



"*It's hard to explain, Molly, but what's nice is the wonderful feeling of belonging.*"

clergyman, whose worldliness, though it was very wise, had cost him his parish and his cloth.

"Certainly not," said Priscilla. "I tell you, Doug, I know Bea. But at the moment the important thing isn't the engagement, because I'm sure it could be salvaged if she could be cured. And how's she to be cured if nothing's wrong? I'd gladly have the Eumenides chase me for a while if they'd only give her a rest."

Jack Onslager gazed through half-closed eyes at his wholesome, gabbling wife—he loved her very much, but her public dicta were always overwrought and nearly always wrong—and then he closed his eyes tight against the cluster of his guests, and he thought how blessed it would be if with the same kind of simple physical gesture one could also temporarily close one's ears. One could decline to touch, to taste, to see, but it required a skill he had not mastered to govern the ears. Those stopples made of wax and cotton would be insulting at a party; besides, they made him claustrophobic, and when he used them, he could hear the interior workings of his skull, the boiling of his brains in his brainpan, a rustling behind his jaws. He would not like to go so far as Beatrice had gone, but he would give ten years of his life (he had been about to say he would give his eyes and changed it) to be able, when he wanted, to seal himself into an impenetrable silence.

To a certain extent, however, one could insulate the mind against the invasion of voices by an act of will, by causing them to blur together into a general hubbub. And this is what he did now; in order to consider Mrs. Trueblood's deafness, he deafened himself to the people who were talking about it. He thought of the day in the early summer when the extraordinary thing had taken place.

IT had been Sunday. The night before, the Onslagers and their houseparty—the young Allinghams, Mary and Leon Herbert, Beatrice and ten Brink—had gone to a ball. It was the kind of party to which Onslager had never got used, although he had been a multimillionaire for twenty years and not only had danced through many such evenings but had been the host at many more, in his own houses or in blazoned halls that he had hired. He was used to opulence in other ways, and took for granted his boats and horses and foreign cars. He also took for granted, and was bored by, most of the rites of the rich: the formal dinner parties at which the protocol was flawlessly maneuvered and conversation moved on stilts and the food was platitudinous; evenings of music to benefit a worthy cause (How papery the turkey always was at the buffet supper after the Grieg!); the tea parties to which one went obediently to placate old belles who had lost their looks and their husbands and the roles that, at their first assembly, they had assumed they would play forever. Well-mannered and patient, Onslager did his duty suavely, and he was seldom thrilled.

But these lavish, enormous midsummer dancing parties in the fabulous, foolish villas on Bellevue Avenue and along the Ocean Drive did make his backbone tingle, did make him glow. Even when he was dancing, or proposing a toast, or fetching a wrap for a woman who had found the garden air too cool, he always felt on these occasions that he was static, looking at a colossal *tableau vivant* that would vanish at the wave of a magic golden wand. He was bewitched by the women, by all those *soignée* or demure or jubilant or saucy or dreaming creatures in their caressing, airy dresses and their jewels whose priceless hearts flashed in the light from superb chandeliers. They seemed, these dancing, laughing, incandescent goddesses, to move in inaccessible spheres; indeed, his wife, Priscilla, was transfigured, and, dancing with her, he was moon-struck. No matter how much he drank (the champagne of those evenings was invested with a special property—one tasted the grapes, and the grapes had come from celestial vineyards), he remained sober and amazed and, in spite of his amazement, so alert that he missed nothing and recorded everything. He did not fail to see, in looks and shrugs and the clicking of glasses, the genesis of certain adulteries, and the demise of others in a glance of contempt or an arrogant withdrawal. With the accuracy of the uninvolved bystander, he heard and saw amongst these incredible women moving in the aura of their heady perfume their majestic passions—tragic heartbreak, sublime fulfillment, dangerous jealousy, the desire to murder. When, on the next day, he had come back to earth, he would reason that his senses had de-

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GLOBAL STUDIO

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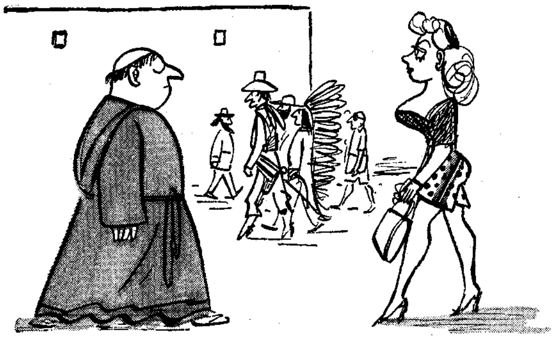

vised a fiction to amuse his mind, and that in fact he had witnessed nothing grander than flirtations and impromptu pangs as ephemeral as the flowers in the supper room.

So, at the Paines' vast marble house that night, Onslager, aloof and beguiled as always, had found himself watching Beatrice Trueblood and Marten ten Brink with so much interest that whenever he could he guided his dancing partner near them, and if they left the ballroom for a breath of air on a bench beside a playing fountain, or for a glass of champagne, he managed, if he could do so without being uncivil to his interlocutor and without being observed by them, to excuse himself and follow. If he had stopped to think, this merciful and moral man would have been ashamed of his spying and eavesdropping, but morality was irrelevant to the spell that enveloped him. Besides, he felt invisible.

Consequently, he knew something about that evening that Priscilla did not know and that he had no intention of telling her, partly because she would not believe him, partly because she would be displeased at the schoolboyish (and parvenu) way he put in his time at balls. The fact was that the betrothed were having a quarrel. He heard not a word of it—not at the dance, that is—and he saw not a gesture or a grimace of anger, but he nevertheless knew surely, as he watched them dance together, that ten Brink was using every ounce of his strength not to shout, and to keep in check a whole menagerie of passions—fire-breathing dragons and bone-crushing serpents and sabretoothed tigers—and he knew also that Beatrice was running for dear life against the moment when they would be unleashed, ready to gobble her up. Her broad, wide-eyed, gentle face was so still it could have been a painting of a face that had been left behind when the woman who owned it had faded from view, and Bea's golden hand lay on ten Brink's white sleeve as tentatively as a butterfly. Her lover's face, on the other hand, was— Onslager wanted to say "writhing," and the long fingers of the hand that pressed against her back were splayed out and rigid, looking grafted onto the sunny flesh beneath the diaphanous blue stuff of her dress. He supposed that another observer might with justification have said that the man was animated and that his fiancée was becomingly engrossed in all he said, that ten Brink was in a state of euphoria as his wedding approached, while Beatrice moved in a wordless haze of happiness. He heard people admiringly remark on the compatibility of their good looks; they were said to look as if they were "dancing on air;" women thanked goodness that Mrs. Trueblood had come at last into a safe harbor, and men said that ten Brink was in luck.

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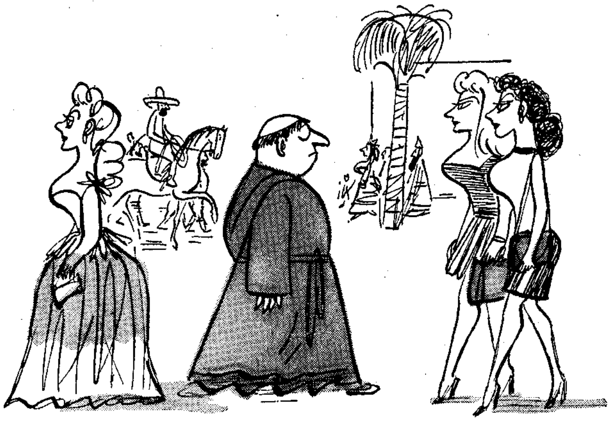

As soon as the Onslagers and their guests had driven away from the ball and the last echo of the music had perished and the smell of roses had been drowned by the smell of the sea and the magic had started to wane from Onslager's blood, he began to doubt his observations. He was prepared to elide and then forget his heightened insights, as he had always done in the past. The group had come in two cars, and the Allinghams were with him and Priscilla on the short ride home. Lucy Allingham, whose own honeymoon was of late and blushing memory, said, with mock petulance, "I thought *young* love was supposed to be what caught the eye. But I never saw anything half so grand and wonderful as the looks of those two." And Priscilla said, "How true! How magnificently right you are, Lucy! They were radiant, both of them."

Late as it was, Priscilla proposed a last drink and a recapitulation of the party—everyone had found it a joy—but ten Brink said, "Beatrice and I want to go down and have a look at the waves, if you don't mind," and when no one minded but, on the contrary, fondly sped them on their pastoral way, the two walked down across the lawn and presently were gone from sight in the romantic mist. Their friends watched them and sighed, charmed, and went inside to drink a substitute for nectar.

Hours later (he looked at his watch and saw that it was close on five o'clock), Jack woke, made restless by something he had sensed or dreamed, and, going to the east windows of his bedroom to look at the water and see what the sailing would be like that day, he was arrested by the sight of Beatrice and Marten standing on the broad front steps below. They were still in their evening clothes. Beatrice's stance was tired; she looked bedraggled. They stood confronting each other beside the balustrade; ten Brink held her shoulders tightly, his sharp, handsome (but, thought Onslager suddenly, Mephistophelean) face bent down to hers.

"You mustn't think you can shut your mind to these things," he said. "You can't shut your ears to them." Their voices were clear in the hush of the last of the night.

"I am exhausted with talk, Marten," said Beatrice softly. "I will not hear another word."

AN hour afterward, the fairest of days dawned on Newport, and Jack Onslager took out his sloop by himself in a perfect breeze, so that he saw none of his guests until just before

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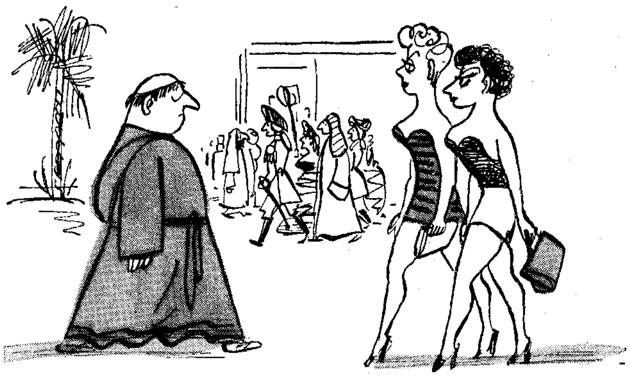

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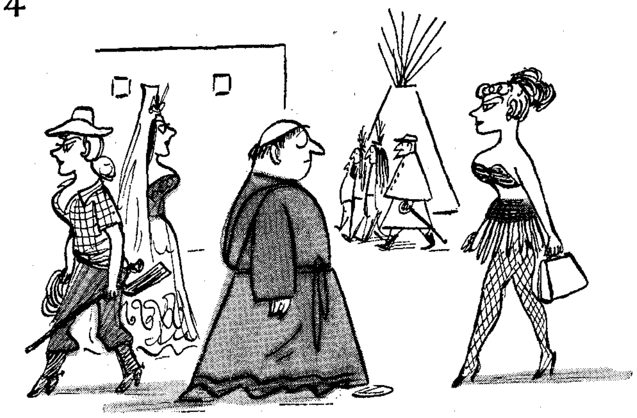

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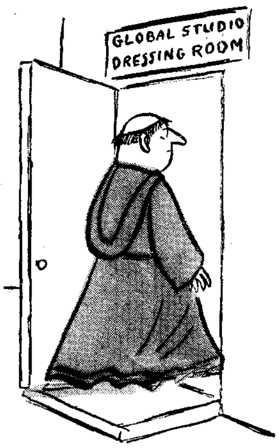

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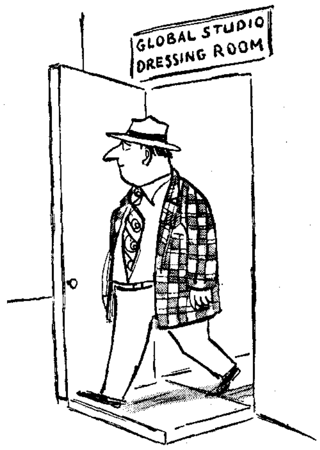

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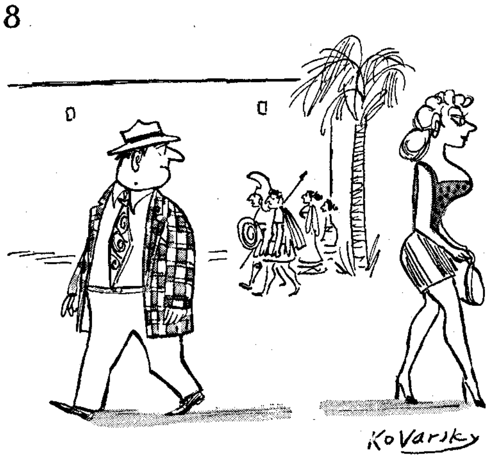


lunch, when he joined them for cocktails on the lawn. Everyone was there except Beatrice Trueblood, who had slept straight through the morning but a moment before had called down from her windows that she was nearly ready. It was a flawless day to spend beside the sea: the chiaroscuro of the elm trees and the sun on the broad, buoyant lawn shifted as the sea winds disarrayed the leaves, and yonder, on the hyacinthine water, the whitecaps shuddered and the white sails swelled; to the left of the archipelago of chairs and tables where they sat, Mrs. Onslager's famous rosary was heavily in bloom with every shade of red there was and the subtlest hues of yellow, and her equally famous blue hydrangeas were at their zenith against the house, exactly the color of this holiday sky, so large they nodded on their stems like drowsing heads.

The Allinghams, newly out of their families' comfortable houses in St. Louis and now living impecuniously in a railroad flat in New York that they found both adventurous and odious, took in the lawn and seascape with a look of real greed, and even of guile, on their faces, as if they planned to steal something or eat forbidden fruit.

In its pleasurable fatigue from the evening before and too much sleep this morning, the gathering was momentarily disinclined to conversation, and they all sat with faces uplifted and eyes closed against the sun. They listened to the gulls and terns shrieking with their evergreen gluttony; they heard the buzz-saw rasp of outboard motors and the quick, cleaving roar of an invisible jet; they heard automobiles on the Ocean Drive, a power mower nasally shearing the grass at the house next door, and from that house they heard, as well, the wail of an infant and the panicky barking of an infant dog.

"I wish this day would never end," said Lucy Allingham. "This is the kind of day when you want to kiss the earth. You want to have an affair with the sky."

"Don't be maudlin, Lucy," said her husband. "And above all, don't be inaccurate." He was a finicking young cub who had been saying things like this all weekend.

Onslager's own wife, just as foolishly euphoric but with a good deal more style, simply through being older, said, "Look, here comes Beatrice. She looks as if her eyes were fixed on the Garden of Eden before the Fall and as if she were being serenaded by angels."

Marten ten Brink, an empiricist not given to flights of fancy, said, "Is that a depth bomb I hear?"

No one answered him, for everyone was watching Beatrice as she came slowly, smiling, down the stone steps from the terrace and across the lawn, dulcifying the very ground she walked upon. She was accompanied by Mrs. Onslager's two Siamese cats, who cantered ahead of her, then stopped, forgetful of their intention, and closely observed the life among the blades of grass, then frolicked on, from time to time emitting that ugly parody of a human cry that is one of the many facets of the Siamese cat's scornful nature. But the insouciant woman paid no attention to them, even when they stopped to fight each other, briefly, with noises straight from Hell.

"You look as fresh as dew, dear," said Priscilla. "Did you simply sleep and sleep?"

"Where on earth did you get that fabric?" asked Mrs. Herbert. "Surely not here. It must have come from Paris. Bea, I do declare your clothes are always the ones I want for myself."

"Sit here, Beatrice," said ten Brink, who had stood up and was indicating the chair next to himself. But Beatrice, ignoring him, chose another chair. The cats, still flirting with her, romped at her feet; one of them pretended to find a sporting prey between her instep and her heel, and he pounced and buck-jumped silently, his tail a fast, fierce whip. Beatrice, who delighted in these animals, bent down to stroke the lean flanks of the other one, momentarily quiescent in a glade of sunshine.

"What do you think of the pathetic fallacy, Mrs. Trueblood?" said Peter Allingham, addressing her averted head. "Don't you think it's pathetic?" By now, Onslager was wishing to do him bodily harm for his schoolmasterish teasing of Lucy.

"Monkeys," murmured Beatrice to the cats. "Darlings."

"Beatrice!" said Marten ten Brink sharply, and strode across to whisper something in her ear. She brushed him away as if he were a fly, and she straightened up and said to Priscilla Onslager, "Why is everyone so solemn? Are you doing a charade of a Quaker meeting?"

"Solemn?" said Priscilla, with a laugh. "If we seem solemn, it's because we're all smitten with this day. Isn't it supreme? Heaven can't possibly be nicer."

"Is this a new game?" asked Beatrice, puzzled, her kind eyes on her hostess's face.

"Is what a new game, dear?"

"What *is* going on?" She had begun to be ever so slightly annoyed. "Is it some sort of silence test? We're to see if we can keep still till teatime? Is it that? I'll be delighted—only, for pity's sake, tell me the rules and the object."

"Silence test! Sweetheart, you're still asleep. Give her a Martini, Jack," said Priscilla nervously, and to divert the attention of the company from her friend's quixotic mood she turned to ten Brink. "I believe you're right," she said, "I believe they're detonating depth bombs. Why on Sunday? I thought sailors got a day of rest like everybody else."

A deep, rumbling subterranean thunder rolled, it seemed, beneath the chairs they sat on.

"It sounds like ninepins in the Catskills," said Priscilla.

"I never could abide that story," said Mary Herbert. "Or the Ichabod Crane one, either."

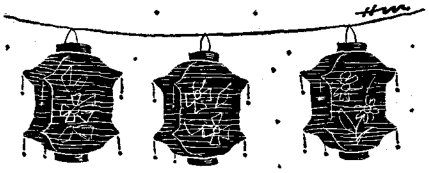
Jack Onslager, his back toward the others as he poured a drink for Beatrice, observed to himself that the trying thing about these weekends was not the late hours, not the overeating and the overdrinking and the excessive batting of tennis balls and shuttlecocks; it was, instead, this kind of aimless prattle that never ceased. There seemed to exist, on weekends in the country, a universal terror of pauses in conversation, so that it was imperative for Mary Herbert to drag in Washington Irving by the hair of his irrelevant head. Beatrice Trueblood, however, was not addicted to prattle, and he silently congratulated her on the way, in the last few minutes, she had risen above their fatuous questions and compliments. That woman was as peaceful as a pool in the heart of a forest. He turned to her, handing her the drink and looking directly into her eyes (blue and green, like an elegant tropic sea), and he said, "I have never seen you looking prettier."

For just a second, a look of alarm usurped her native and perpetual calm, but then she said, "So you're playing it, too. I don't think it's fair not to tell me—unless this is a joke on me. Am I 'it'?"

At last, Jack was unsettled; Priscilla was really scared; ten Brink was angry, and, getting up again to stand over her like a prosecuting attorney interrogating a witness of bad character, he said, "You're not being droll, Beatrice, you're being tiresome."

Mrs. Onslager said, "Did you go swimming this morning, lamb? Perhaps you got water in your ears. Lean over—see, like this," and she bent her head low to the left and then to the right while Beatrice, to whom these calisthenics were inexplicable, watched her, baffled.

Beatrice put her drink on the coffee table, and she ran her forefingers around the shells of her ears. What was the look that came into her face, spreading over it as tangibly as a blush? Onslager afterward could not be sure. At the time he had thought it was terror; he had thought this because, in the confusion that ensued, he had followed, sheeplike with the others, in his wife's lead. But later, when he recaptured it for long reflection, he thought that it had not been terror, but rather that Priscilla in naming it that later was actually speaking of the high color of her own state of mind, and that the look in Beatrice's eyes and on her mouth had been one of revelation, as if she had opened a door and had found behind it a new world so strange, so foreign to all her knowledge and her experience and the history of her senses, that she had spoken only approximately when, in a far, soft, modest voice, she said, "I am deaf. That explains it."



WHEN Onslager had come to the end of his review of those hours of that other weekend and had returned to the present one, he discovered that he had so effectively obliterated the voices around him that he now could not recall a single word of any of the talk, although he had been conscious of it, just as some part of his mind was always conscious of the tension and solution of the tides.

"But you haven't told us yet how she's taking it now," Mrs. Fowler was saying.

"I can't really tell," replied Priscilla. "I haven't been able to go to town to see her, and she refuses to come up here—the place probably has bad associations for her now. And I'm no good at reading between the lines of her letters. She has adjusted to it, I'll say that." Priscilla was thoughtful, and her silence commanded her guests to be silent. After a time, she went on, "I'll say more than that. I'll say she has adjusted too well for my liking. There is a note of gaiety in her letters—she is almost

YOUTH'S PROGRESS

Dick Schneider of Wisconsin . . . was elected "Greek God" for an interfraternity ball. —*Life.*

When I was born, my mother taped my ears
So they lay flat. When I had aged ten years,
My teeth were firmly braced and much improved.
Two years went by; my tonsils were removed.

At fourteen, I began to comb my hair
A fancy way. Though nothing much was there,
I shaved my upper lip—next year, my chin.
At seventeen, the freckles left my skin.

Just turned nineteen, a nicely molded lad,
I said goodbye to Sis and Mother; Dad
Drove me to Wisconsin and set me loose.
At twenty-one, I was elected Zeus.

—John Updike

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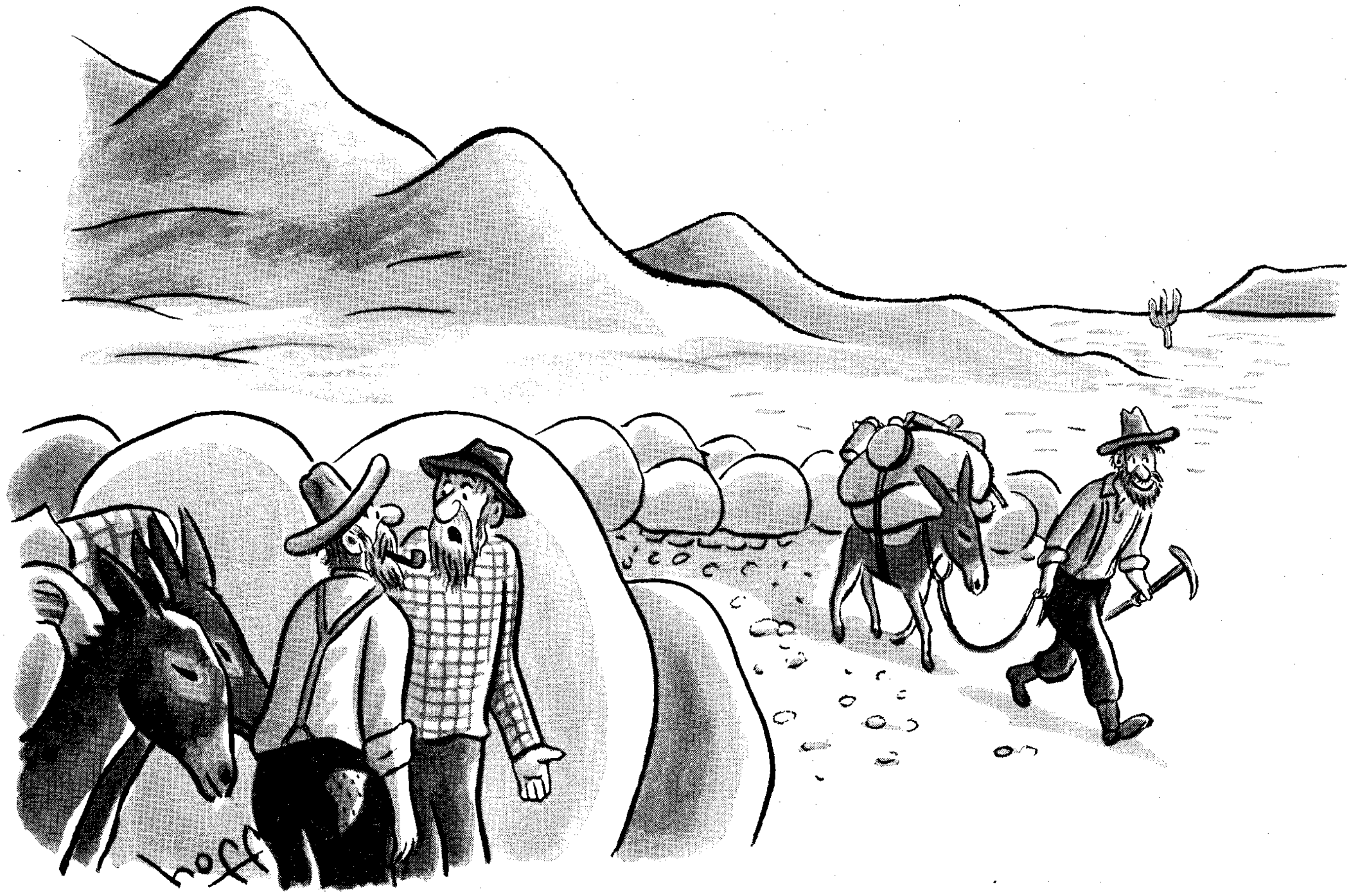


"Yes, but the trouble is he always wears that mysterious smile."

• •

jocose. For example, in the last one she said that although she had lost Handel and music boxes and the purring of my Siamese, she had gained a valuable immunity to the voices of professional Irishmen."

"Does she mention ten Brink?" asked someone.

"Never," said Priscilla. "It's as if he had never existed. There's more in her letters than the joking tone. I wish I could put my finger on it. The closest I can come is to say she sounds *bemused*."

"Do you think she's given up?" asked Jennie Fowler. "Or has she done everything there is to be done?"

"The doctors recommend psychiatry, of course," said Priscilla, with distaste. "It's a dreary, ghastly, humiliating thought, but I suppose—"

"I should think you *would* suppose!" cried Mrs. Fowler. "You shouldn't leave a stone unturned. Plainly someone's got to *make* her go to an analyst. They're not that dire, Priscilla. I've heard some very decent things about several of them."

"It won't be I who'll make her go," said Priscilla, sighing. "I disapprove too much."

"But you don't disapprove of the medical people," persisted Jennie. "Why fly in the face of their prescription?"

"Because . . . I *couldn't* do it. Propose to Beatrice that she is mental? I can't support the thought of it."

"Then Jack must do it," said the managerial divorcée. "Jack must go straight down to town and get her to a good man and then patch up things with Marten ten Brink. I still detest the sound of him, but *de gustibus*, and I think she ought to have a husband."

The whole gathering—even the cynical ex-pastor—agreed that this proposal made sense, and Onslager, while he doubted his right to invade Bea's soft and secret and eccentric world, found himself so curious to see her again to learn whether some of his conjectures were right that he fell in with the plan and agreed to go to New York in the course of the week. As, after lunch, they dispersed, some going off for *boccie* and others to improve their shining skin with sun, Douglas Clyde said sotto-voce to Onslager, "Why doesn't it occur to anyone but you and me that perhaps she doesn't *want* to hear?"

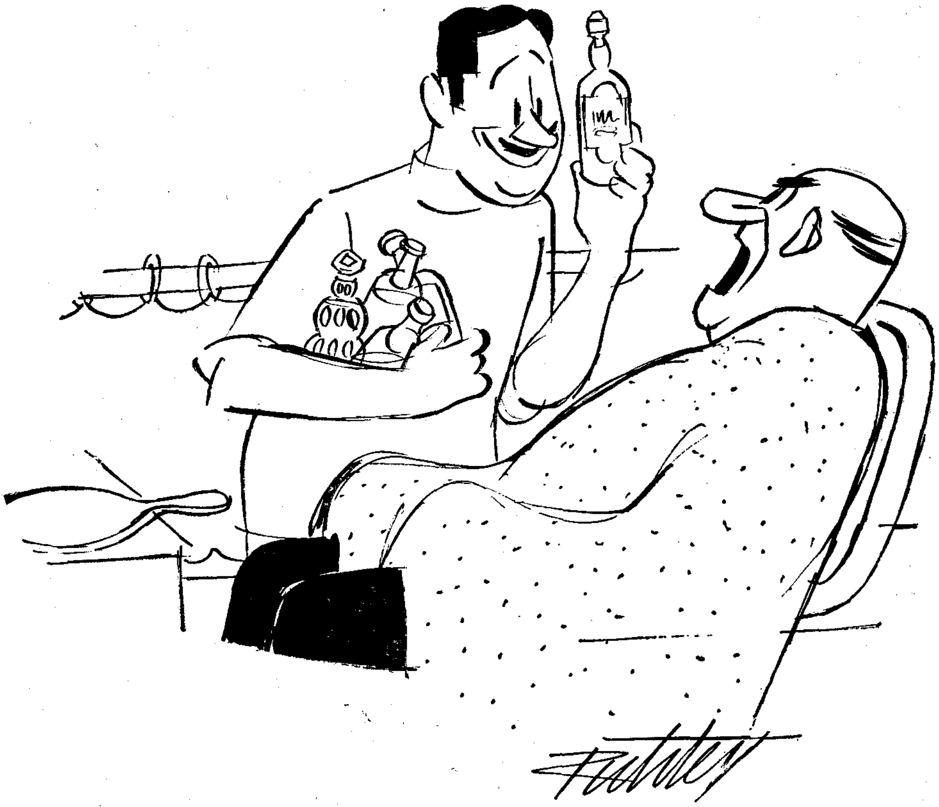
Startled, the host turned to his guest. "How did you know I thought that?"

"I watched you imitating deafness just now," said the other. "You looked beatific. But if I were you, I wouldn't go too far."

"Then you believe . . . contrary to Priscilla and her Eumenides . . . ?"

"I believe what you believe—that the will is free and very strong," Clyde answered, and he added, "I believe further that it can cease to be an agent and become a despot. I suspect hers *has*."

MRS. TRUEBLOOD lived in the East Seventies, in the kind of apartment building that Jack Onslager found infinitely more melancholy than the slum tenements that flanked and faced it in the sultry city murk of August. It was large and new and commonplace and jerry-built, although it strove to look as solid as Gibraltar. Its brick façade was an odious mustardy brown. The doorman was fat and choleric, and when Onslager descended from his cab, he was engaged in scolding a band of vile-looking little boys, who stood on the curb doubled up with giggles, now and again screaming out an unbelievable obscenity when the pain of their wicked glee abated for a moment. A bum was lying spread-eagled on the sidewalk a few doors down; his face was bloody but he was not dead, for he was snoring fearsomely. Across the street, a brindle boxer leaned out a window, his fore-



"It so happens I like being bald!"

paws sedately crossed on the sill in a parody of the folded arms of the many women who were situated in other windows, irascibly agreeing with one another at the tops of their voices that the heat was Hell.

But the builders of the house where Mrs. Trueblood lived had pretended that none of this was so; they had pretended that the neighborhood was bourgeois and there was no seamy side, and they had commemorated their swindle in a big facsimile of rectitude. Its square foyer was papered with a design of sanitary ferns upon a field of hygienic beige; two untruthful mirrors mirrored each other upon either lateral wall, and beneath them stood love seats with aseptic green plastic cushions and straight blond legs. The slow self-service elevator was an asphyxiating chamber with a fan that blew a withering sirocco; its tinny walls were embossed with a meaningless pattern of fleurs-de-lis; light, dim and reluctant, came through a fixture with a shade of some ersatz material made esoterically in the form of a starfish. As Onslager ascended to the sixth floor at a hot snail's pace, hearing alarming *râles* and exhalations in the machinery, he was fretful with his discomfort and fretful with snobbishness. He deplored the circumstances that required Beatrice, who was so openhearted a woman, to live in surroundings so mean-minded; he could not help thinking sorrowfully that the ideal place for her was Marten ten Brink's house on Fifty-fifth Street, with all its depths of richness and its sophisticated planes. The bastard, he thought, taking Jennie Fowler's line—why did he let her down? And then he shook his head, because, of course, he knew it hadn't been like that.

This was not his first visit to Beatrice. He and Priscilla had been here often to cocktail parties since she had lived in New York, but the place had made no impression on him; he liked cocktail parties so little that he went to them with blinders on and looked at nothing except, furtively, his watch. But today, in the middle of a hostile heat wave and straight from the felicities of Newport, he was heavyhearted thinking how her apartment was going to look; he dreaded it; he wished he had not come. He was struck suddenly with the importunity of his mission. How had they *dared* be so possessive and dictatorial? And why had *he* been delegated to urge her to go to a psychiatrist? To be sure, his letter to her had said only that since he was going to be in the city, he would like to call on her, but she was wise and sensitive and she was bound to know that he had come to snoop and recommend. He was so embarrassed that he considered going right down again and sending her some flowers and a note of apology for failing to show up. She could not know he was on his way, for it had not been possible to announce himself over the house telephone—and how, indeed, he wondered, would she know when her doorbell rang?

But when the doors of the elevator slid open, he found her standing in the entrance of her apartment. She looked at her watch and said, "You're punctual." Her smiling, welcoming face was cool and tranquil; unsmirched by the heat and the dreariness of the corridor and, so far as he could judge, by the upheaval of her life, she was as proud and secret-living as a flower. He admired her and he dearly loved her. He cherished her as one of life's most beautiful appointments.

"That you should have to come to town on such a day!" she exclaimed. "I'm terribly touched that you fitted me in."

He started to speak; he was on the point of showering on her a cornucopia of praise and love, and then he remembered that she would not hear. So, instead, he kissed her on either cheek and hoped the gesture, mild and partial, obscured his turmoil. She smelled of roses; she seemed the embodiment of everything most pricelessly feminine, and he felt as diffident as he did at those lovely summer balls.

Her darkened, pretty sitting room—he should not have been so fearful, he should have had more faith in her—smelled of roses, too, for everywhere there were bowls of them from Priscilla's garden, brought down by the last weekend's guests.

"I'm terribly glad you fitted me in," repeated Beatrice when she had given him a drink, and a pad of paper and a pencil, by means of which he was to communicate with her (she did this serenely and without explanation, as if it were the most natural thing in the world), "because yesterday my bravura began to peter out. In fact, I'm scared to death."

He wrote, "You shouldn't be alone. Why not come back to us? You know nothing would please us more." How asinine, he thought. What a worthless sop.

She laughed. "Priscilla couldn't bear it. Disaster makes her cry, good soul that she is. No, company wouldn't make me less scared."

"Tell me about it," he wrote, and again he felt like a fool.

It was not the deafness itself that scared her, she said—not the fear of being run down by an automobile she had not heard or violated by an intruder whose footfall had escaped her. These anxieties, which beset Priscilla, did not touch Beatrice. Nor had she yet begun so very much to miss voices or other sounds she liked; it was a little unnerving, she said, never to know if the telephone was ringing, and it was strange to go into the streets and see the fast commotion and hear not a sound, but it had its comic side and it had its compensations—it amused her to see the peevish snapping of a dog whose bark her deafness had forever silenced, she was happy to be spared her neighbors' vociferous television sets. But she was scared all the same. What had begun to harry her was that her wish to be deaf had been granted. This was exactly how she put it, and Onslager received her secret uneasily. She had not bargained for banishment, she said; she had only wanted a holiday. Now, though, she felt that the Devil lived with her, eternally wearing a self-congratulatory smile.

"You are being fanciful," Onslager wrote, although he did not think she was at all fanciful. "You can't wish yourself deaf."

But Beatrice insisted that she *had* done just that.

She emphasized that she had *elected* to hear no more, would not permit of accident, and ridiculed the doting Priscilla's sentimental fate. She had done it suddenly and out of despair, and she was sorry now. "I am ashamed. It was an act of cowardice," she said.

"How cowardice?" wrote Onslager.

"I could have broken with Marten in a franker way. I could simply have told him I had changed my mind. I didn't have to make him mute by making myself deaf."

"Was there a quarrel?" he wrote, knowing already the question was superfluous.

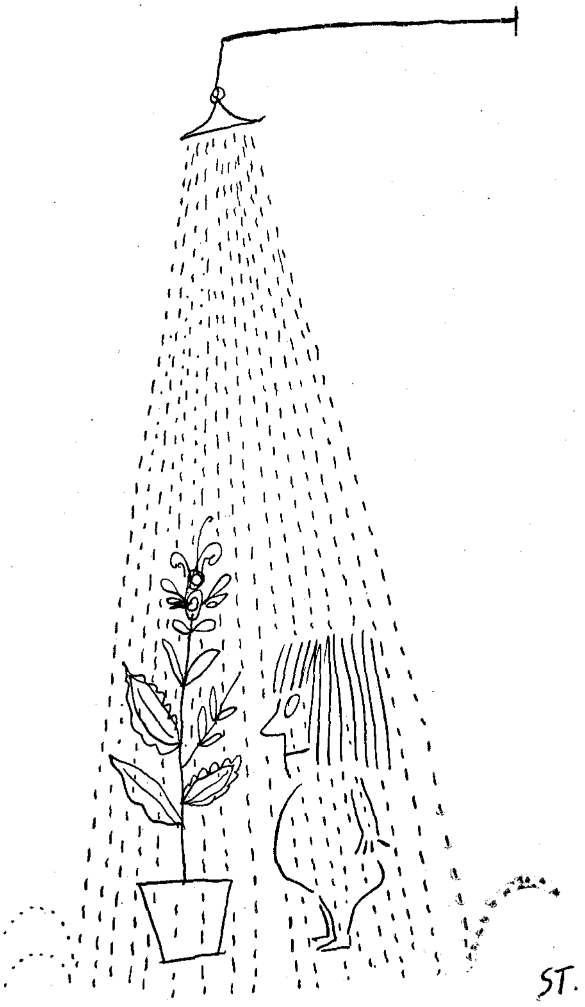
"Not *a* quarrel. An incessant wrangle. Marten is jealous and he is indefatigably vocal. I wanted terribly to marry him—I don't suppose I loved him very much but he seemed good, seemed safe. But all of a sudden I thought, I cannot and I will not listen to another word. And now I'm sorry because I'm so lonely here, inside my skull. Not hearing makes one helplessly egocentric."

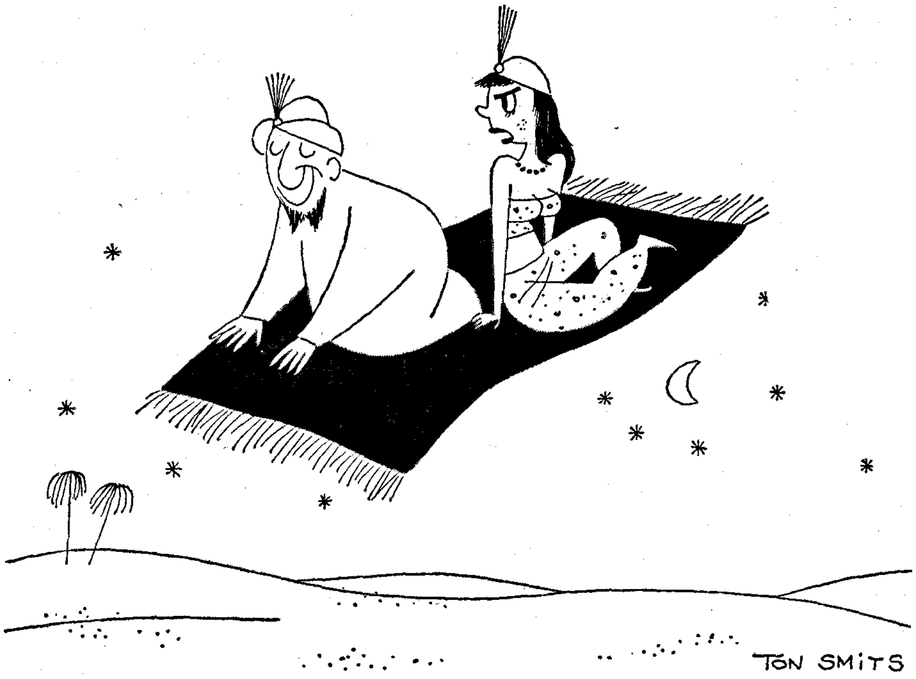
She hated any kind of quarrel, she said—she shuddered at raised voices and quailed before looks of hate—but she could better endure a howling brawl amongst vicious hoodlums, a shrill squabble of shrews, a degrading jangle between servant and mistress, than she could the least altercation between a man and a woman whose conjunction had had as its origin tenderness and a concord of desire. A relationship that was predicated upon love was far too delicate of composition to be threatened by cross-purposes. There were houses where she would never visit again because she had seen a husband and wife in ugly battle dress; there were restaurants she went to unwillingly because in them she had seen lovers in harsh dispute. How could things ever be the same between them again? How could two people possibly continue to associate with each other after such humiliating, disrobing displays?

As Beatrice talked in discreet and general terms and candidly met Jack Onslager's eyes, in another part of her mind she was looking down the shadowy avenue of all the years of her life. As a girl and, before that, as a child, in the rambling, shambling house in St. Louis, Beatrice in her bedroom doing her lessons would hear a rocking chair on a squeaking board two flights down; this was the chair in which her tipsy mother seesawed, dressed for the street and wearing a hat, drinking gin and humming a Venetian barcarole to which she had forgotten the words. Her mother drank from noon, when, with lamentations, she got up, till midnight, when, the bottle dry, she fell into a groaning, nightmare-ridden unconsciousness that resembled the condition immediately preceding death. This mortal sickness was terrifying; her removal from reality was an ordeal for everyone, but not even the frequent and flamboyant threats of suicide, the sobbed proclamations that she was the chief of sinners, not all the excruciating embarrassments that were created by that interminable and joyless spree, were a fraction as painful as the daily quarrels that commenced as soon as her father came home, just before six, and continued, unmitigated, until he—a methodical man, despite his unfathomable spleen—went to bed, at ten. Dinner, nightly, was a hideous experience for a child, since the parents were not inhibited by their children or the maid and went on heaping atrocious abuse upon each other, using sarcasm, threats, lies—every imaginable expression of loathing and contempt. They swam in their own blood, but it was an ocean that seemed to foster and nourish them; their awful wounds were their necessities. Freshly appalled each evening, unforgiving, disgraced, Beatrice miserably pushed her food about on her plate, never hungry, and often she imagined herself alone on a desert, far away from any human voice. The moment the meal was finished, she fled to her schoolbooks, but even when she put her fingers in her ears, she could hear her parents raving, whining, bullying, laughing horrible, malign laughs. Sometimes, in counterpoint to this vendetta, another would start in the kitchen, where the impudent and slatternly maid and one of her lovers would ask *their* cross questions and give crooked answers.

In spite of all this hatefulness, Beatrice did not mistrust marriage, and, moreover, she had faith in her own even temper. She was certain that sweetness could put an end to strife; she believed that her tolerance was limitless, and she vowed that when she married there would be no quarrels.

But there were. The dew in her eyes as a bride gave way nearly at once to a glaze when she was a wife. She left home at twenty, and at twenty-one married Tom Trueblood, who scolded her for seven years. Since





"It seems mighty funny that you men always run out of magic in an isolated spot like this."

she maintained that it took two to make a quarrel, she tried in the beginning, with all the cleverness and fortitude she had, to refuse to be a party to the storms that rocked her house and left it a squalid shambles, but her silence only made her husband more passionately angry, and at last, ripped and raw, she had to defend herself. Her dignity trampled to death, her honor mutilated, she fought back, and felt estranged from the very principles of her being. Like her parents, Tom Trueblood was sustained by rancor and contentiousness; he really seemed to love these malevolent collisions which made her faint and hot and ill, and he seemed, moreover, to regard them as essential to the married state, and so, needing them, he would not let Beatrice go but tricked and snared her and strewed her path with obstacles, until finally she had been obliged to run away and melodramatically leave behind a note.

BEATRICE was a reticent woman and had too much taste to bare all these grubby secret details, but she limned a general picture for him and, when she had finished, she said, "Was it any wonder, then, that when the first blush wore off and Marten showed himself to be cantankerous my heart sank?"

Onslager had listened to her with dismay. He and Priscilla were not blameless of the sin she so deplored—no married people were—but their differences were minor and rare and guarded, their sulks were short-lived. Poor, poor Beatrice, he thought. Poor lamb led to the slaughter.

He wrote, "Have you heard from Marten?"

She nodded, and closed her eyes in a dragging weariness. "He has written me volumes," she said. "In the first place, he doesn't believe that I am deaf but thinks it's an act. He says I am indulging myself, but he is willing to forgive me if I will only come to my senses. Coming to my senses involves, among other things, obliterating the seven years I lived with Tom—I told you he was madly jealous? But how do you amputate experience? How do you eliminate what intransigently *was*?"

"If that's Marten's line," wrote Onslager, revolted by such childishness, "obviously you can't give him a second thought. The question is what's to be done about *you*?"

"Oh, I don't know, I *do* not know!" There were tears in her voice, and she clasped her hands to hide their trembling. "I am afraid that I am too afraid ever to hear again. And you see how I speak as if I had a choice?"

Now she was frankly wringing her hands, and the terror in her face was sheer. "My God, the mind is diabolical!" she cried. "Even in someone as simple as I."

The stifling day was advancing into the stifling evening, and Jack Onslager, wilted by heat and unmanned by his futile pity, wanted, though he admired and loved her, to leave her. There was nothing he could do.

She saw this, and said, "You must go. Tomorrow I am starting with an analyst. Reassure Priscilla. Tell her I know that everything is going to be all right. I know it not because I am naïve but because I *still* have faith in the kindness of life." He could not help thinking that it was will instead of faith that put these words in her mouth.

AND, exteriorly, everything was all right for Beatrice. Almost at once, when she began treatment with a celebrated man, her friends began to worry less, and to marvel more at her strength and the wholeness of her worthy soul and the diligence with which she and the remarkable doctor hunted down her troublesome quarry. During this time, she went about socially, lent herself to conversation by reading lips, grew even prettier. Her analysis was a dramatic success, and after a little more than a year she regained her hearing. Some months later, she married a man, Arthur Talbot, who was far gayer than Marten ten Brink and far less rich; indeed, a research chemist, he was poor. Priscilla deplored this aspect of him, but she was carried away by the romance (he looked like a poet, he adored Beatrice) and at last found it in her heart to forgive him for being penniless.

When the Talbots came to Newport for a long weekend not long after they had married, Jack Onslager watched them both with care. No mention had ever been made by either Jack or Beatrice of their conversation on that summer afternoon, and when his wife, who had now become a fervent supporter of psychiatry, exclaimed after the second evening that she had never seen Beatrice so radiant, Onslager agreed with her. Why not? There would be no sense in quarrelling with his happy wife. He himself had never seen a face so drained of joy, or even of the memory of joy; he had not been able to meet Bea's eyes.

That Sunday—it was again a summer day beside the sea—Jack Onslager came to join his two guests, who were sitting alone on the lawn. Their backs were to him and they did not hear his approach, so Talbot did not lower his voice when he said to his wife, "I have told you a thousand times that my life has to be exactly as I want it. So stop these hints. *Any* dedicated scientist worth his salt is bad-tempered."

Beatrice saw that her host had heard him; she and Onslager travailed in the brief look they exchanged. It was again an enrapturing day. The weather overhead was fair and bland, but the water was a mass of little wrathful whitecaps.

—JEAN STAFFORD

HOW SCARIFIED IS YOUR TOP?

I HAVE before me the current issue of *Gentry*, a two-dollar quarterly described (by itself) as "America's Fabulous Magazine for Men That Satisfies Our Appetite for the Truly Good Things," and I have it opened to a section entitled "What Would You Like to See in an Automobile?," contributed by "six famous designers, three men and three women," whom the editors besought to tell what they would like to see in an automobile—or, as the first of the six, Mr. William Pahlmann, put it, the Car of the Future. I myself am the possessor of a Car of the Past (1950), but I like to look forward, since I have been told this keeps you young, or at least middle-aged, so here goes.

Mr. Pahlmann, who has an office in the Fifties and an out-of-town connection as furniture designer for the Grand Rapids Bookcase & Chair Co., of Hastings, Michigan, is on the staff of the Bride's School, and was born in Pleasant Mound, Illinois, wants less color on the outside and more on the inside.

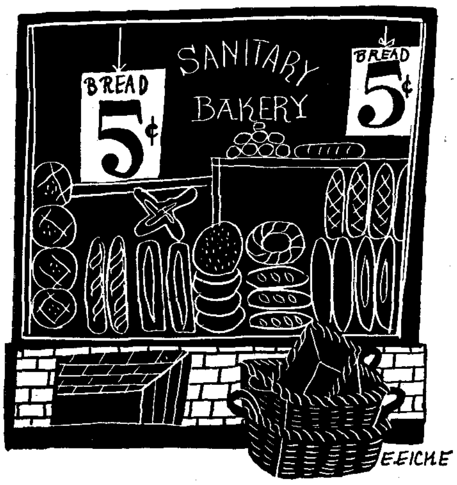
> The rather flashy, two-toned jobs that have been rolling off the assembly line in the last few years [he writes], and some of the sharp putrid pastels, quite often make the people inside these circus boats look a little bit silly. A heavy, bearded laborer dashing to work in a pale blue or shrimp pink car doesn't make much sense to me and it certainly doesn't lend to the dignity of the road. I prefer gunmetal grays, charcoal gray-blacks, brown-blacks, and some deep blue colors, and black itself. In a sports car, I do think whites and grays and beige tones are all right; but any of the other pastel colors are a little bit on the *sharp* side.

I am not quite sure what a putrid pastel is; Mr. Harlow H. Curtice, president of General Motors, made no reference to this feature at G.M.'s 1955 annual Motorama press reception at the Waldorf-Astoria a few weeks ago. In any case, I suspect Pahlmann had intended to wind up his sentence about decomposed paints: "quite often make the people inside . . . smell a little bit smelly." He was probably using the $229.50 Midge-tape recorder listed in the *Gentry* Gift Guide ("Fun, sensible, too, for many business endeavors, as it works on car, train or plane") and his brown-black convertible hit a bump while he was dictating, throwing Midge-tape off balance. As for the heavy, bearded laborer, he sounds terribly dignified to me, and I think his dignity would be thrown into sharper relief, if anything, by a frivolous casing, but I wonder how many bearded laborers read *Gentry*, and are in a position to profit by Pahlmann's warning. In fact, how many bearded laborers *are* there? Karl Marx had a beard, and this may be what the boy from Pleasant Mound had in mind, but Marx's connection with labor was ideological; he never got out on the rock pile, or unpleasant mound, himself.

"I don't understand why the inside tops of cars should be dull and uninteresting," Mr. Pahlmann writes, and goes on:

> Why not have flowered ceilings, or one of woven fabrics that have a design or texture to them? Why shouldn't the floor coverings have a tweedy look or a small over-all design?. . . As far as the seats are concerned, I rather like the effect of permanent slipcovers. I personally use this sort of thing, and, at one time, used a pandanus cloth or straw as a seat covering. I now have black Lurex in a semi-permanent slipcover.
>
> Figured carpets or, if it's possible, vinyl tile could be used over the floor boards; . . . these . . . could be stamped out of plastic or Fiberglas with a scarified top.
>
> There could be different styles of interiors. . . . Why shouldn't there be subtle indications through hardware, and decorative materials to give a car an Empire look, or a French Provincial look, or perhaps even a Spanish look? Why shouldn't there be loose cushions to fit into the small of the back? These can be of straw or of other sturdy materials, but they can be bright [and] cheerful. . . . What is wrong with having a scent of pine or some other scent indicative of the owner?

Well, as to that last suggestion, nothing, although it seems a bit inconsistent coming from a man who denigrates putrid pastels. Liederkranz is a lot more indicative of many a car owner than Knize. Moreover, Mr. Pahlmann appears to fall between the two stools of permanent and semi-permanent slipcovers. Why is pandanus permanent and Lurex semi-permanent, and why, in the name of all that's flowered and tweedy, did he abandon pandanus if it's permanent? Pandanus is an Asiatic screw pine, and doubtless has an Empire look, left over from the days when Britain ruled the seas and lorded it over India, Malaya, and the rest. As for the small of the back, I'm all for cheering it up.

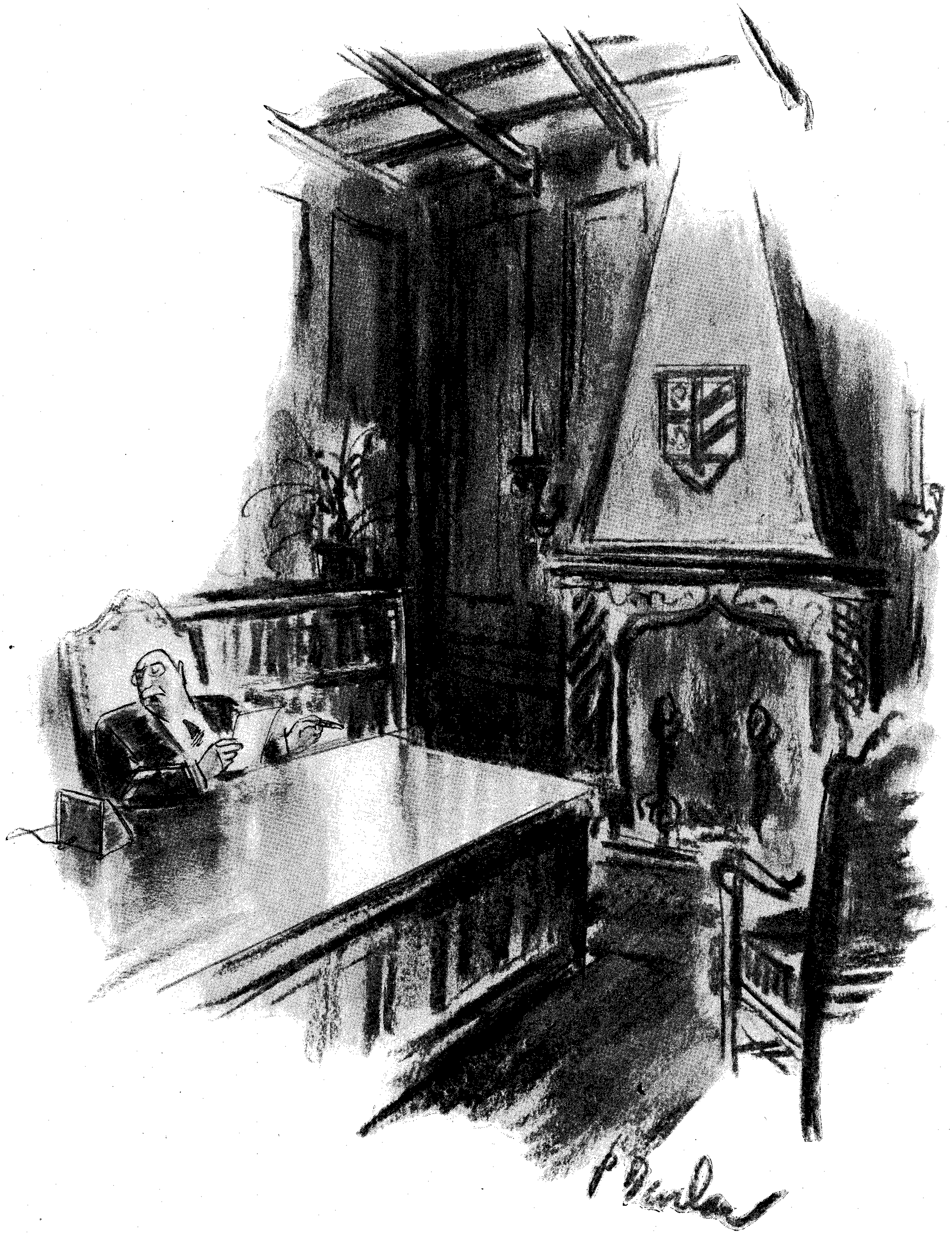


O. K. Now for Howard Ketcham, the color expert, who is *Gentry's* second car-design authority. It's an admirable reflection of *Gentry's* realization that one man's circus boat may be another man's Truly Good Thing that Ketcham was not blue-pencilled for recommending fuchsia-and-peacock-blue cars, blue-and-green cars, blue-and-lime cars, chartreuse-and-coral-pink cars, and orange-and-pink cars, with two-toned upholstery to match. No gunmetal gray for Ketcham, and no bearded laborer, either, in his Car of Tomorrow ("A deep throated roar of nuclear power. Plastic seat-enclosing solar-dome. A luggage rack which opens at the *snap of a finger*. Television and supersonic-impulses [that] tell of road conditions for a radius of 50 miles!"), whose picture shows a girl in a bathing suit at the peacock-blue steering wheel, a fully dressed man at her side. And certainly no bearded laborer for James Amster, *Gentry's* next automotive dreamer, whose visions include chased-gold bumpers, a tufted seat with gold-leather-covered buttons, and "wooden spoked wagon wheels, this time . . . in metal."

Among the ladies, Dorothy Liebes, who was once a director of the Museum of Modern Art, wants a ceiling that looks like a Miró gone mad; Doris Tillett, the mother of three, advises a toidy; and Bonnie Cashin, who hails from California, would "love a striped top, say green and white in a green car, like the gayest awning ever." Say, Bonnie, how long would that white stay gay under Los Angeles smog conditions?

WELL, my appetite is whetted, if not satisfied. I've ordered a mobile, nuclear-powered shower bath, with vinyl tiles, Shocking-pink pandanus curtains, a French Provincial solar dome, and spigots emitting Caron's Fleurs de Rocaille scent, which *Gentry's* Gift Guide put me on to. This is a hell of a gift guide, by the way. It lists, and illustrates, a plastic "milking goat," complete with udder, and goes on, "His head bobs back and forth; he talks when the collar ring is pulled. . . . He can be used as a most amusing liquor dispenser." I guess I'll leave this out of my car. I anticipate trouble enough without carting a confused goat around.

—Geoffrey T. Hellman



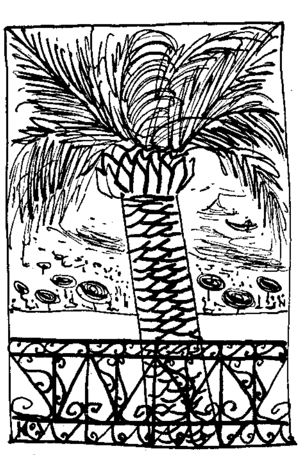
"Miss Elliott, will you bring in your notebook, the file on the Appleton merger, and a few sticks of kindling?"

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES

AMONG the more obviously ailing suppliants who appeared at Mount Sinai Hospital, on upper Fifth Avenue, on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 15, 1949, was a man I'll call Arnold Schneider. Schneider was only thirty-seven years old, but that day he could have passed for sixty-five or seventy. His back was bent, his gait was slow and shuffling, and his hands, his face, and the whites of his eyes were a ghastly lemon yellow. He felt as wretched as he looked. He had a blinding headache, he told the examining physician, there was a burning pain in the pit of his stomach, and he was dizzy, diarrheic, and nauseated—violently nauseated. He hadn't had a bite to eat since Sunday. The very thought of food was enough to double him up. To the best of his recollection, it was Sunday night, at supper, that his trouble had begun. Nothing had tasted right. Also, he had felt tired and his bones had ached. His wife suggested that he probably had a touch of the flu. He thought so, too. So, to be on the safe side, as soon as they had cleared the table and done the dishes he went straight to bed. A few hours later, around midnight, he had an attack of cramps, and vomited. That seemed to help, and Monday morning he felt a trifle better. Enough, at least, to get up. But on the way to work—he owned a half interest in a cleaning-and-pressing shop on West Ninety-sixth Street, just down the street from his flat—he had another seizure, and it was all he could do to get back home. Since then, he had been in almost constant misery. What really worried him, though, was his urine. It was dark brown, almost black. He had never heard of such a thing. This morning was the first time he had noticed it, and it had sent him, as rapidly as he could drag himself into his clothes and around the corner, to the nearest doctor. The doctor had sent him to the hospital. Schneider reached in his pocket and brought out an envelope. Here was a note from the doctor. The examining physician smiled a reassuring smile, glanced at the note, and clipped it to an admittance form. Apart from identifying its author as a man of conventional prudence, the message told him nothing that he hadn't known since the patient entered the room. Schneider, as his color alone made pitifully plain, had jaundice.

The following morning, after a fitful night in an observation ward, Schneider was roused, raised, and rolled away for a barrage of diagnostic tests and soundings. That was routine but imperative. Jaundice is a morbid condition, and often a serious one, but it is not in itself a disease. Like chills and fever and malaise, it is merely a sign of disease. The immediate cause of jaundice is an excess of bile pigment in the blood. Since the manufacture, the storage, and the discharge of bile (a citreous fluid essential to the digestive process) are functions of some of the body's most highly specialized organs, a bilious complexion is rather more than disfiguring. It inevitably signals one or another of three largely distinct debilities. One of these is a derangement of the cells of the liver. A second is an obstruction in the bile duct. The third is a catastrophic destruction of red corpuscles. By the time Schneider was back in bed again it was clear to the resident in charge of the study that both a blocked duct and a blood breakdown could safely be eliminated as possible sources of trouble. That narrowed it down to the liver. A little past noon, the final returns came in from the laboratory, and they narrowed it down still further. Schneider's liver was ravaged in a manner that could have been accomplished only by some sudden, shattering assault. The resident took a brief turn among the now comfortably limited alternatives and uncapped his pen. He entered on the record a tentative diagnosis of acute infectious—or virus—hepatitis.



Some four or five hours later, on his evening tour of inspection, the attending physician was brought at first sight to much the same conclusion. The clinical findings, as enumerated on the chart in the ward nurse's office, were all in excellent harmony with a reading of hepatogenous jaundice. So, he soon satisfied himself, was the general appearance of the patient. Schneider lay as limp as a string—oblivious, apparently, to everything but pain. After a moment of silence and sympathy, the doctor turned away, toward the next of his scheduled stops. But halfway, he halted, arrested by a freak of perception. He then swung around and walked thoughtfully back up the ward to the office. Unless his memory was completely confused, there was an entry in the record that rendered it less than likely that Schneider's hepatitis stemmed from a virus infection. The record had been returned to the file, but he found it without any trouble and drew out the opening page. He hadn't been mistaken. The notation was there, just below the patient's name, age, and address. It read, "Occupation: dry cleaner." The doctor sat down at the desk and picked up the telephone and called the administration office. He asked the clerk who took his call to notify, the first thing in the morning, the Division of Industrial Hygiene and Safety Standards of the New York State Department of Labor—an agency, at 80 Centre Street, whose functions include the prompt and thorough investigation of any illness anywhere in the state that appears to be occupational in origin—that the hospital had under treatment a case of what looked very much like carbon-tetrachloride poisoning.

SOME sixty million people in the United States, or a trifle over half the total adult population, are regularly employed in industry, business, agriculture, and the professions. Their presence on the job, however, is somewhat less than regular. Every day in the year, at least a million and a half of them are absent from work because of sickness. Of this number, a considerable minority—perhaps two hundred thousand—are victims of more than the common run of aches and pains and contagions that harry mankind. Their ailments are a natural, if not an unavoidable, result of the nature of their work. Occupational disease is a peculiarly sinister source of human misery. It is also an inexhaustible one. None of the astronomically various methods by which man makes his living is wholly without some hazard to physical or mental health. The fisherman's rheumatism, the waiter's fallen arches, the surgeon's hypertension, the miner's silicosis, the boilermaker's deafness, the bus driver's peptic ulcer, and the housemaid's bursitic knee are all, like a thousand other complaints, more or less directly attributable to the environmental conditions under which their victims work. The scope of occupational disease is vast almost beyond calculation. In one or another of its several entities, it sounds practically the full scale of physiologic, biochemic, and metabolic disharmonies known to modern medicine. It comes, in fact, unpleasantly close to being the major public-health problem of our time, and is probably the most permanent.

Like most diseases, those of occupational origin are distinguished not by their manifestations but by their causes. They differ, however, from those of general incidence in two important respects. One is that their causes all are pretty well known. The other is that they are all—potentially, at least—preventable. That they continue to occur with formidable frequency can be laid only partly to greed or need or carelessness. Nor is their awesome abundance and variety much of a factor. Their persistence is due largely to the fact that there are few such diseases whose presenting signs and symptoms unmistakably reflect their cause. In most, the clinical evidence can be anything but etiologically illuminating. It is often even misleading. For, in one way or another, most occupational diseases resemble with striking exactness one or another of the rather more familiar disorders. As a result, except among physicians trained in industrial medicine they are seldom recognized—and hence seldom reported and investigated—for what they are.

Despite its encyclopedic reach, most authorities recognize just four basic sources of occupational disease. Their roots, though occasionally entwined, are perceptibly distinct. One is emotional stress. Physical stress (heat, cold, damp, noise, glare, vibration, radiant energy) is, of course, another. A third is infection—anthrax, tularemia, undulant fever. Of these three fundamental hazards, only the first (inasmuch as it can spring with equal ease from fear, anxiety, or brain-washing boredom) is of compellingly wide significance, and together they probably account for little more than fifty per cent of all cases. The other source of occupational disease is poison. A poison may enter the body by way of the mouth, the lungs, or the skin. Its usual conduit in outbreaks among the general population is the gastrointestinal tract. In industrial poisoning, it follows a different itinerary. The mouth is seldom the portal of entry, the passage through the skin is only a trifle less rare. It almost always makes its entrance through the respiratory system.

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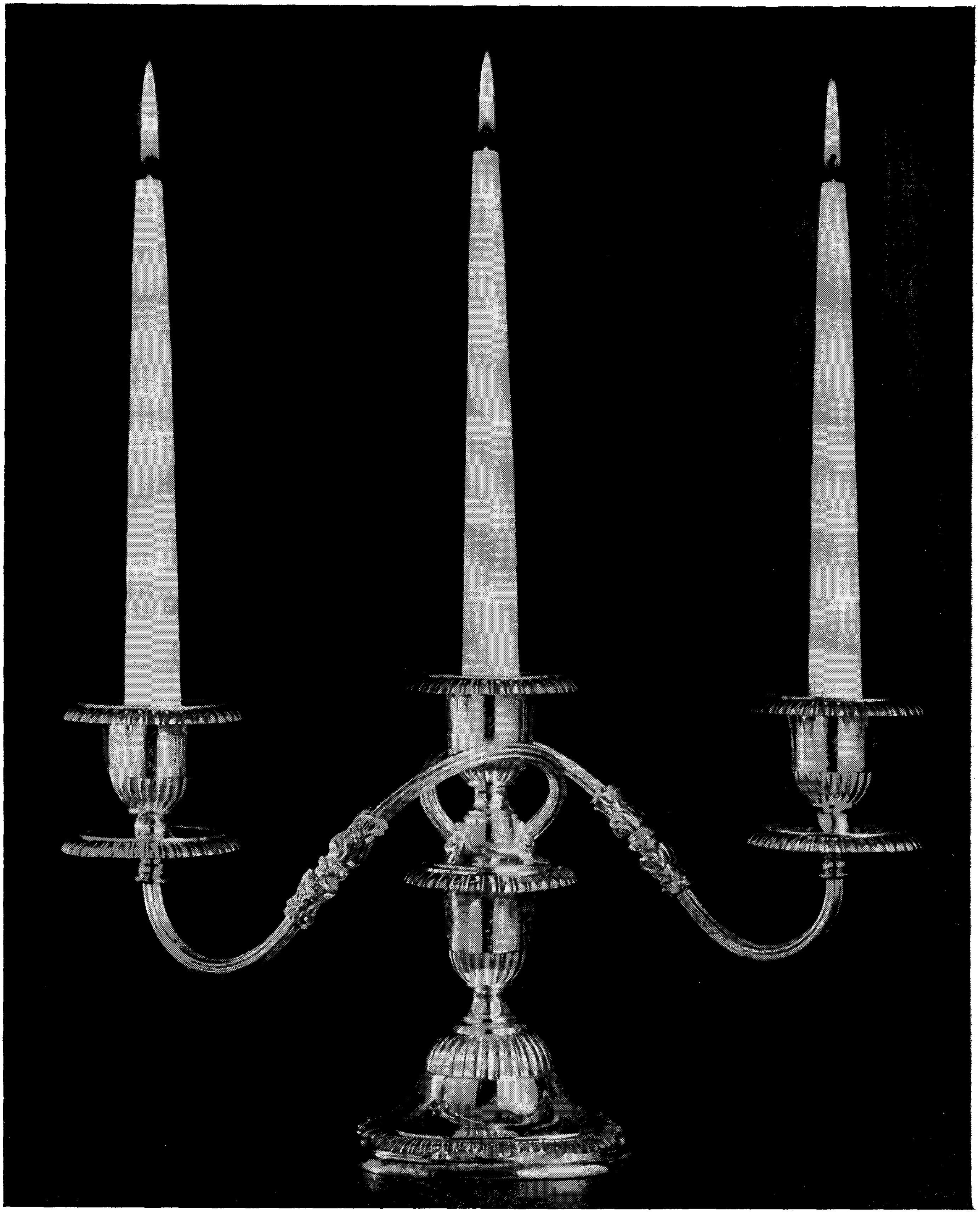
"Something I can do for you, Bwana?"

There are literally thousands of substances whose dusts or vapors are toxic. They include most heavy metals, many coal-tar distillates and hydrocarbon derivatives, and certain natural or combustion gases. Some of them have menaced man for centuries. From the earliest hours of civilization, the asphyxiating powers, if not the nature, of such products of decomposing vegetable matter as carbon dioxide and hydrogen sulphide have been painfully familiar to miners, well diggers, and other burrowers underground. Both these gases are sluggish, inconspicuous, and tend to accumulate in pockets. Carbon dioxide, whose generation depletes the oxygen in the air, is known to mineworkers as black (or choke) damp, and their use of mice, canaries, or lighted candles to detect its presence is among the most venerable techniques of industrial-disease control. Hydrogen sulphide, in the popular vocabulary, is sewer gas. Unlike carbon dioxide, which has only a faint and scratchy odor, it emits a warning stench (the rotten-egg smell common to all sulphur compounds), but this forthright characteristic is more than offset by its nearly instantaneous action. In Texas, in 1929, a whim of the wind drew a cloud of hydrogen sulphide from an oil well and blew it into a nearby herd of mules. The animals were dead before they could wheel and bolt.

Carbon monoxide has at least as long a history. It is formed by the incomplete combustion of some carbonaceous material (wood, coal, petroleum) and has been a hazard to man since the domestication of fire. It is violently toxic (ten times more so than carbon dioxide), it is uniquely versatile (no other gas is so capable of inducing both chronic and acute reactions), and it is by far the



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most insidious of all asphyxiants. For all practical purposes, carbon monoxide is indistinguishable from air. It has almost exactly the same free-flowing buoyancy, and it is equally colorless, odorless, and tasteless. Moreover, its inhalation, its passage through the lungs to the blood stream, and its accumulation there, where it displaces oxygen in the hemoglobin molecule, are seldom accompanied by any reliably alerting discomfort. Its action is less equivocal. An exposure of even five minutes to air containing as little as one per cent of carbon monoxide is almost always fatal. Chronic poisoning (marked by persistent headache, frequent vertigo, and, sometimes, a progressive anemia) can result from prolonged daily exposure to concentrations of less than one-fifth of one per cent. The gas is also ferociously plentiful. Its sources, though they have always been abundant, are now rapidly approaching the ubiquitous. Carbon monoxide is generously present in the effluvia of all internal-combustion engines, most industrial plants, and many mines, mills, and workshops. In automobile-exhaust fumes, for example, it averages about seven per cent. Because of the widespread installation of safety devices (fans, baffles, alarm meters), most cases of carbon-monoxide poisoning in industry these days are chronic, rather than acute, and even these are generally attributable to accidents. Industrial toxicologists are persuaded that thousands of workers—particularly automobile mechanics and storage-garage jockeys—suffer some degree of intoxication every day. Traffic policemen have lately been added to the list. A recent survey in Philadelphia demonstrated the presence of carbon monoxide in the blood of fourteen members of a downtown traffic squad. In six of these men, the amount ranged from twenty to thirty per cent. Anything much over ten per cent is usually considered dangerous.

Metal poisoning is almost entirely an occupational phenomenon. Except for an occasional freakish accident, its appearances outside industry are invariably either homicidal or suicidal in origin. They are just as invariably sudden and shattering and, unless the poison, which always enters the body through the mouth, is eliminated by immediate vomiting, invariably end in death. In industry, metal poisoning is rarely, if ever, fatal. This is not, however, much cause for jubilation since, on the other hand, it is chronic, systemic, and, sometimes, incurable. Among the many metals whose fumes (or dusts) can seldom be inhaled with impunity, lead and mercury are notorious. White phosphorus (which, though not a metal, toxicologists find it convenient to classify as one) has much the same reputation. It shares with lead and mercury an inimitable capacity for highly specialized destruction. Phosphorus has a predilection for the jawbones, the gums, and the teeth. Long exposure to its fumes produces a necrotic condition known as "phossy jaw." This is characterized by a grotesque enlargement of the lower face and a slow, agonizing dissolution of the teeth. In severe cases, its spread throughout the body often can be checked only by the surgical removal of the entire jaw. Phossy jaw was once a common consequence of steady employment in a match factory. Since shortly before the First World War, when the manufacture of white-phosphorus matches was universally prohibited, its victims have been largely confined to workers in chemical, fertilizer, and ore-reduction plants.

Mercury has the distinction of inspiring the first attempt on record to control occupational disease by legislation. That was the passage of a law limiting the work of men employed in mercury mines at Idrija, in what is now Yugoslavia, to a maximum of six hours a day. It became effective in April of 1665. Chronic mercury poisoning, or mercurialism, was well known long before that time, certainly since the first Christian century. (The writings of Plutarch contain a rebuke to a mine-owner for using slaves who were not also criminals in his mercury mines.) It could hardly have failed to be. Like phosphorus poisoning, the damage it inflicts is only too apparent. Mercury strikes at the central nervous system. With one exception (a pyorrheal inflammation of the mouth), the dominant signs of mercurialism all have a neural cast. Two are sufficiently singular to require specific listing in most medical dictionaries. One of them is a progressive intention tremor called hatter's shakes. The other is a personality derangement for which an eighteenth-century English investigator coined the term "erethism." Erethism is marked by constant anxiety, black depression, and alternating spells of infantile timidity and savage irritability. Sometimes, in advanced cases, its victims are racked by nightmare hallucinations, and even near-epileptic convulsions have been reported. The tremor of mercurialism takes its name from the trade that has always been a major source of the disease. Until about a generation ago, when several less toxic substitutes were devised, mercury was an essential in-

Influence — where it counts

Way, way back, early last November, Nation's Business published an article, "Here's What We Guard in Formosa." We were quite proud of it at the time because it spelled out the story so directly with maps, pictures and a series of blunt questions and answers.

The questions, themselves, will give you a clue to the kind of article it was: "What is Formosa? Who are the people of Formosa? Who is fighting over Formosa? How did Chiang Kai-shek attain power? How did the Reds attain power? What steps led the U.S. into Formosa? Why is Formosa important? What is the extent of American military aid to Formosa? Can the Chinese Reds take Formosa by force? Can they do it by subversion?"

You know what has happened since. We can't foretell what might happen between the time this is written in late January and the appearance of this column — but we can tell you that on January 25th, the Legislative Reference Service, which assembles information for the members of Congress, asked us for two dozen copies of November Nation's Business because so many Congressmen were requesting information on Formosa.

This, we feel you will agree, is influence — and, influence where it counts . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D.C.

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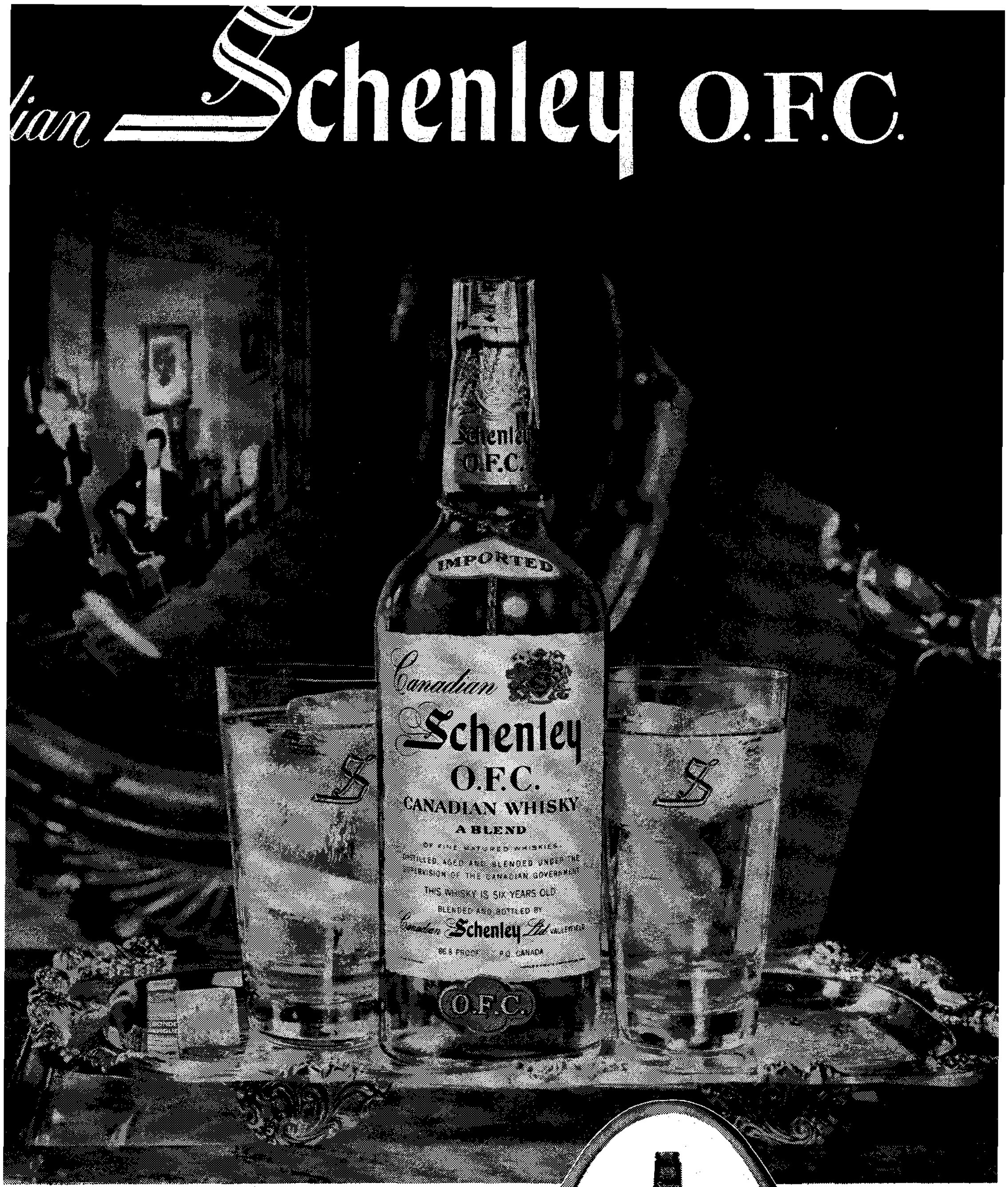
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gredient in the processing of felt for hats. The use of mercury in hat-making is now illegal in many European countries and in most American states. In less enlightened parts of the world, about the only defense available to hatters is chewing tobacco. Many hatters believe, though without much justification, that constant spitting will eliminate the poisonous fumes. Hatter's shakes first affects the muscles of the eyelids, the fingers, and the tongue. It then moves on to the arms and legs. In time, its victims may become wholly incapacitated—unable to eat, dress, or walk without assistance. The saying "mad as a hatter" and the Mad Hatter of "Alice in Wonderland" both derive from the lurching gait, the tangled tongue, and the addled wits of mercurialism.

Lead poisoning, or plumbism (the term derives from *plumbum*, the Latin word for "lead"), has also enriched our literature, though rather less conspicuously. Its clinical manifestations are celebrated in "Alexipharmaca," one of the two surviving works of the pre-Christian Greek poet Nicander. The poem reads, in part:

The mouth it [lead] inflames and makes cold from within,
The gums dry and wrinkled are parch'd like the skin,
The rough tongue feels harsher, the neck muscles grip,
He soon cannot swallow, foam runs from his lip,
A feeble cough tries it in vain to expel,
He belches so much, and his belly does swell. . . .
Meanwhile there comes a stuporous chill,
His feeble limbs droop and all motion is still.

As Nicander intimated, and numerous cooler clinicians have subsequently confirmed, muscular atrophy, abdominal distention, and a curious stippling of the gums are classically suggestive of plumbism. The first of these (it usually takes the form of a limp, or "dropped," wrist) and the last (a dark-blue line, somewhat resembling a tattoo) always point to the presence of lead in the body. They are not, however, always, or even often, present. The usual seat of plumbism is the gastrointestinal labyrinth, and its usual indications are bloat and prolonged paroxysms of almost unendurable pain. This deranging colic can be subdued by prompt medication, but since it stems from a massive accumulation of lead in the body, usually absorbed (as dust or fumes) over a long period of time, such treatment is essentially only palliative. Unless the lead can be dissolved (by means of a most complex procedure) and excreted, the gassy pains tend to recur. The gum discolora-

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A Salute to the National Audubon Society

Sinclair salutes the membership of the National Audubon Society for 50 years of outstanding accomplishment in the conservation of America's wildlife, plants, soil and water.

The Society, which has headquarters at 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York City, was a major force in the establishment of Everglades National Park and conducts Wildlife Tours there today.

Perhaps the brightest feather in its cap was the saving of the egret. Years ago, when fashion decreed that every lady wear a feather on her hat, thousands of egrets were slaughtered for their plumage. The Society roused public opinion against the fashion. The plumed hat became a badge of shame and its sale eventually prohibited by law.

As a result of the Audubon Society's efforts, the egret was saved from extinction to become a symbol of the Society's many achievements in conservation.

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tion is permanent. So, if firmly established, is the characteristic palsy. During the past twenty-five years, largely as a result of educating workers, the incidence of plumbism has perceptibly declined, but the disease is still far from conquered. It still seizes hundreds, if not thousands, of victims every year. Its persistence, though hardly inevitable, is understandable enough. No metal is more widely used than lead. It is encountered in most of the traditional trades (painting, printing, plumbing, mining, pottery-making) and in many of recent origin. Altogether, according to the United States Department of Labor, some exposure to lead occurs in a hundred and fifty different occupations.

The exact number of occupations that involve the use of one or another of the coal-tar distillates and hydrocarbon derivatives is not known. New ones turn up too fast for ready computation. The only certainty is that these cabalistically complicated substances dominate modern industry. At least two hundred of them are now in general use. The most broadly serviceable compounds include benzol (or coal-tar benzene), beta-naphthylamine, carbon disulphide, carbon tetrachloride, and dinitrophenol. Most of this group figure importantly in the manufacture of numerous essentials of twentieth-century culture (mechanical refrigerators, lubricating oils, rubber cement, aniline dyes, plastics, explosives, and artificial silk), and all are incomparable solvents. They possess to perfection all the qualities that make a dry cleanser efficient. Their cost is low, their volatility (or speed of evaporation) is high, and their avidity for fats and greases is insatiable. They are also, however, almost incomparably toxic. The fumes of carbon disulphide derange the nervous system. Exposure to benzol vapor may produce the lethally wasting condition known as aplastic anemia. A possible result of beta-naphthylamine poisoning is cancer of the bladder. Dinitrophenol, which was once the effective essence of a popular reducing drug, has the power to race the metabolism to the point of irreparable collapse. Carbon tetrachloride is less narrowly selective. The areas to which it is drawn include the heart, the bowels, the lungs, the kidneys, and the liver.

The kaleidoscopic range of carbon tetrachloride is not its only distinction. It has, unfortunately, others. It is particularly partial to the overfed, the undernourished, and the alcoholic (the presence of even a small amount of alcohol in the blood will enormously intensify its action), and, with the possible exception of benzol, it is the most reliably ravaging of all familiar solvents. It is in addition, as the attending physician at Mount Sinai Hospital was nicely aware that February evening in 1949, the one most highly esteemed by a majority of American dry cleaners. The reason for its popularity is anything but arbitrary. It could hardly be more practical. Unlike benzol, beta-naphthylamine, carbon disulphide, and dinitrophenol, all of which will burst into flame at a spark, carbon tetrachloride is as incombustible as soapy water.

THE report on Arnold Schneider was telephoned to the Division of Industrial Hygiene and Safety Standards of the New York State Department of Labor on Thursday morning, February 17th. As is customary, it was received and promptly recorded there by a clerk in the Medical Unit. That was around eight o'clock. When a physician on the staff of the unit—whose name, at his request, shall here be Paul Temple—reached the office some twenty minutes later, a memorandum containing the facts of the case (the name, address, and occupation of the patient, and the nature of his trouble and its suspected source) was lying on his desk. He read it with interest, and a kind of satisfaction.

"I don't mean to sound inhuman," Dr. Temple says. "Actually, my reaction was quite the reverse of heartless. I was simply gratified, as we always are down here, to learn that somebody in general medicine was thinking in terms of occupational disease. Most doctors in ordinary practice don't. That's only natural, of course. It's outside their field of training and experience. The possibility that the kind of work the patient does may be a vital factor in the problem just doesn't occur to them. Not very often, anyway. They tend to concentrate entirely on the clinical picture. That can be very misleading. It can even be fatal. The industrial diseases are pretty tricky. And not only because their symptoms are rarely pathognomonic. A clinically accurate diagnosis isn't enough. Neither is the best of treatment. Unless the fundamental cause is known, it's little better than nothing. It hardly suffices to save a man's life and then, because it never dawned on anybody to relate his job to his illness, let him go right back to the environment that sent him to the hospital in the first place. That isn't very successful therapeutics. It isn't very good preventive medicine, either.

"But in this case, apparently, the truth had dawned. Somebody had made a differential diagnosis on the basis of all the available facts. That was most re-

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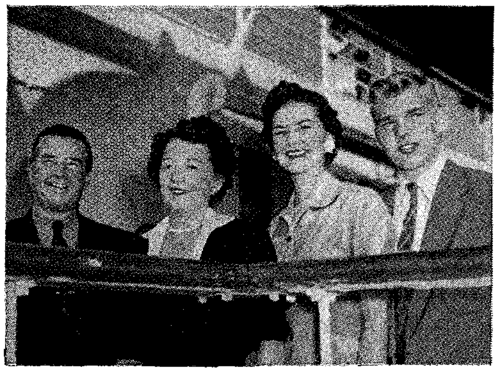

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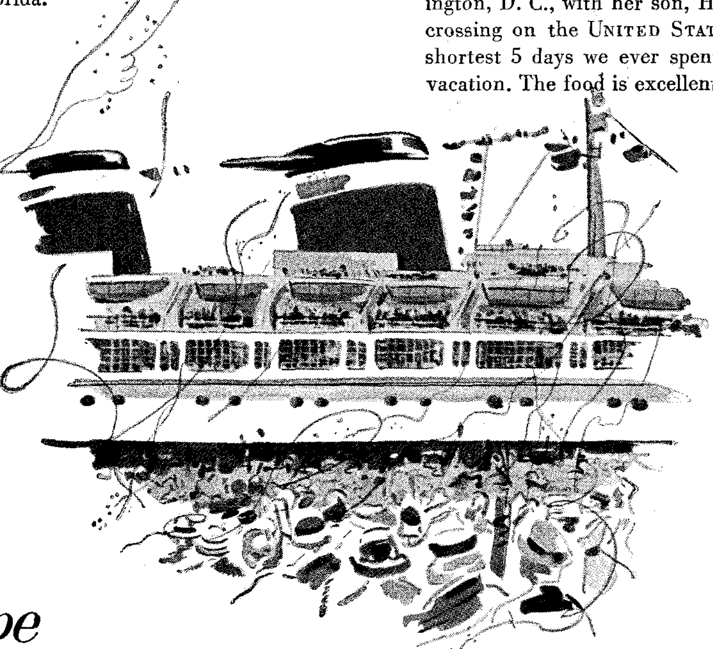

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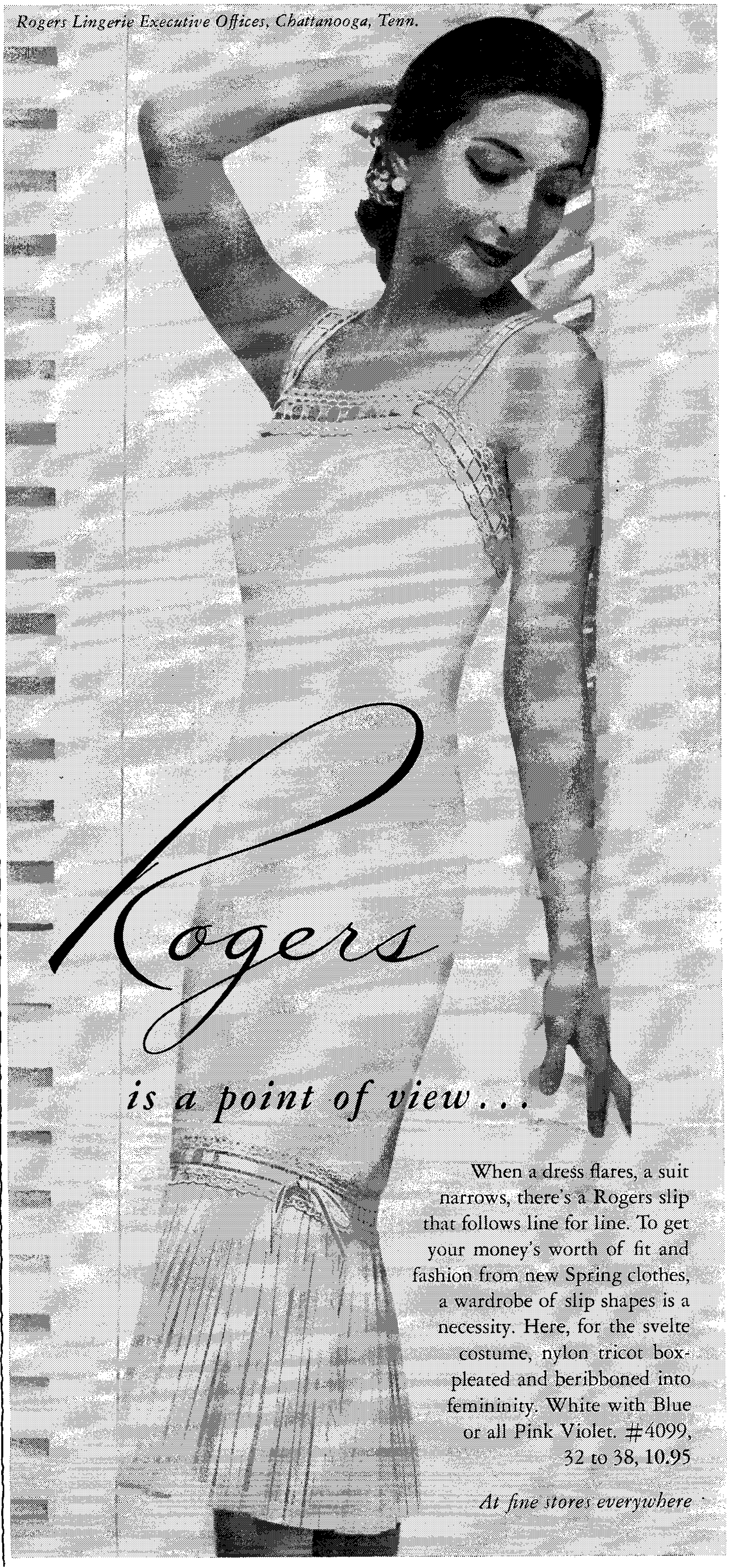
freshing. So I was pleased, and relieved. Not, of course, that I accepted the diagnosis as fact. Carbon-tetrachloride poisoning was merely the most reasonable assumption. It still had to be proved. But one thing, at least, was certain. Arnold Schneider was one of the lucky ones. From our standpoint, anyway. When and if he recovered, it would be permanent. He wouldn't come tottering back to the hospital in a couple of weeks with the same thing all over again. No matter what the cause of his trouble turned out to be. An attack of infectious hepatitis confers a fairly lasting immunity, and physical agents can be controlled. He would be safe. Moreover, and no less importantly, if the hospital was right, so would everyone else who worked in his cleaning establishment. We would see to that. And at once. Prevention is our first concern. Well, in this case that presented no problem. We knew where to begin. We had the suspected source. A look around the shop should answer a good many questions. That phase of our work is handled by the Chemical Unit. I called William J. Burke, the chief of the unit, and gave him the information I had. The rest was a matter of routine. One of his men would take it from there. I'd have the results as soon as he made his report.

"For the moment, that was that. There was nothing to do right now but wait. Our next move would depend on what we found at the shop. An investigation of the kind that was indicated here takes time. I didn't expect to hear from Burke for several hours, and I didn't. It was almost two when he called. He sounded puzzled. I must say he had his reasons. The findings at the shop were hardly what I'd led him to expect. Quite the contrary. The chemist assigned to the job had camped in the shop all morning. He had watched the work and examined the apparatus and made every possible test, and ended up in a glow. His report was practically a testimonial. Schneider and his partner—Thompson was his name—were one among many. Their shop was everything most dry-cleaning shops aren't. It was a model. The equipment was the best and the safest on the market. It was a single-vat machine, airtight and fully automatic. All the operator himself did was put in the clothes and take them out. Everything else—the introduction of the solvent, the cleaning-and-drying operations, and the extraction and disposal of the solvent—was controlled by buttons and levers. Also, the machine was almost new. They had been in business only a



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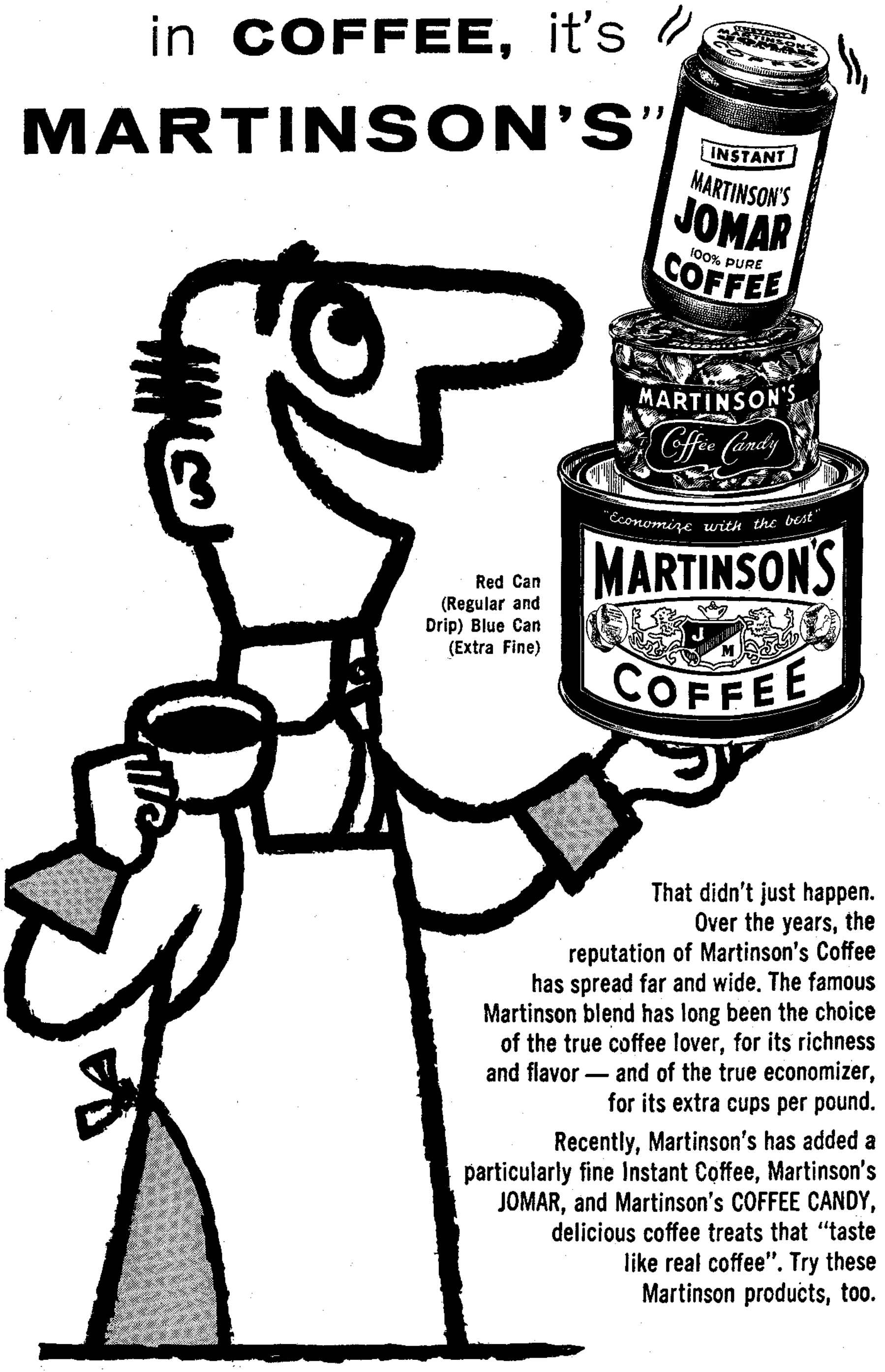

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Baltimore	Victors Market, Inc.
Belair	Schucks Corner Store
Cambridge	MacGuires Quality Foods
Easton	Peoples Meat Market
Hagerstown	H. C. Gordon
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Adrian	Horns Market
Ann Arbor	Big Ten Party Store
Ann Arbor	Jacks Market
Birmingham	Erwin & Smith
Detroit	Alden Park Market
Detroit	The G & G Grocery Co.
Detroit	Phelps, Krag & Co.
Detroit	Shalhoub's Suprette Market
Detroit	Whittier Food Shop
Grand Rapids	Appel Quality Foods
Grosse Pointe	Farms Market
Grosse Pointe	Henri's Market
Harbor Springs	City Meat Market
Kalamazoo	Avenue Food & Beverage
Kalamazoo	Riepma Brothers
Lansing	Stop & Shop
MINNESOTA	
Minneapolis	Hove Company
Minneapolis	Red Owl Stores
Minneapolis	Witt Market House
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Concord	Angelo's
Hanover	Tanzi Bros.
Littleton	Magoon Grocery Co.
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Nashua	20th Century Stores
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Hendersonville	King Food Center
High Point	Younts Grocery
Tryon	Ballengers Food Land
Tryon	R. L. Farthing
Winston-Salem	The Basketeria Store
OHIO	
Akron	Loblaw's
Akron	The Food Center
Alliance	F. A. Migals
Canton	Reeses Food Market
Canton	Colonial Market
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Cincinnati	Kramers Grocery
Cincinnati	The H. & G. Pogue Co.
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Cleveland	Brooks Market
Cleveland	Chandler & Rudd Co.
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Knoxville	Painter & Reed
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El Paso	Popular Dry Goods Store
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Bennington	Beshara Bros.
Brattleboro	Brattleboro Public Market
Burlington	Colodnys Public Market
Burlington	A. Verret & Sons
Manchester	T. S. Healy
Manchester	MacDonald's Red & White Store
Rutland	Percy Wood
St. Johnsbury	Robert Bennett & Son
Woodstock	F. H. Gillingham & Sons
Woodstock	Woodstock Market
VIRGINIA	
Bristol	Lynn-Kaylor Co.
Bristol	Piggly Wiggly Co.
Charlottesville	Stop & Shop Corp.
Norfolk	Colonial Stores
Richmond	Colonial Stores
Richmond	Park Foodland
Williamsburg	Colonial Stores
WASHINGTON	
Seattle	Frederick & Nelson
WEST VIRGINIA	
Charleston	Brotherton's Food Market
Logan	Logan Piggly Wiggly
WISCONSIN	
Milwaukee	Ed Schuster & Co.

little over a year. There was just one point at all in line with expectations. The solvent they used was carbon tetrachloride. Under the circumstances, however, that didn't really signify. The chemist had run a test on the air in the shop. It showed a ratio of something like twenty parts of carbon tet to a million parts of air. The accepted maximum in New York State is thirty-five. In some states, anything under a hundred is considered safe enough. Well, that took care of that. I thanked Burke and hung up. The shop was out.

"I can't truthfully say I was sorry. As an industrial hygienist, I was bound to feel encouraged. A good shop is always good news. Still, I wasn't exactly elated. It didn't go very far toward explaining Schneider's trouble. Unless, of course, I took it to mean that his illness and his occupation were totally unrelated. In that event, as far as we were concerned, the case was closed. But I couldn't. I simply wasn't willing to dismiss the fact that he worked in a place where carbon tetrachloride was used as merely an odd coincidence. Not yet, at any rate. Besides, there was that diagnostician at Mount Sinai. He had made a very sensible deduction. It would be nice to justify his alertness. And then I was curious. I just plain wanted to know. But the trouble was there was nothing I myself could do about it. I was involved in a couple of other things that would keep me in the office all afternoon. I checked the schedule, and one of the other medical investigators was free. He's in private practice now, so I'll say his name was Boone. I called him in and he was interested, and we talked it over. That didn't take us long. There was only one real question. If Schneider did have toxic hepatitis—if it really was a case of carbon-tetrachloride poisoning—how and where was he exposed? Or, rather, if the shop was eliminated, where did we start? Boone didn't agree that the shop was definitely out. He wanted to see for himself. A talk with Thompson might put him on to something that a chemist could very easily overlook.

"But the shop *was* out. Thompson settled that. Boone called back in about an hour and gave me the story. It couldn't have been more conclusive. It would have finished the shop as a possible source even without the chemical report. Schneider had nothing to do with the mechanical end of the business. That was Thompson's department. Schneider worked up front. He kept the books and made deliveries and waited on the trade. So if there had been some kind of accident in the work-

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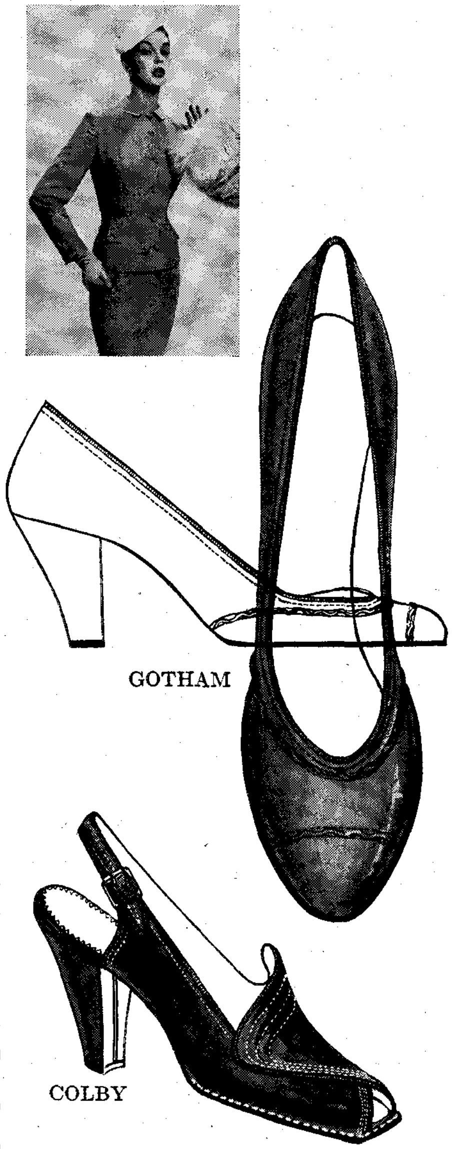

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room—I gathered that's what Boone had had in mind—our victim wouldn't be Schneider. It would be Thompson. But Thompson was the picture of health. And there hadn't been any accident.

"Boone was still at the shop when he phoned. His next stop, of course, was the hospital. Schneider himself seemed the only lead we had left. If, that is, he was still alive and could talk. Well, it turned out that he was and could, and did. Just barely—although he had managed to round the corner and was off the critical list—but enough. However, I didn't know that for some little time—not until almost six o'clock. I'd finally cleared my desk and was ready to call it a day when the phone rang. It was Boone. It was all over. He had it all tied up. The tone of his voice told me that. I sat down and waited for him to tell me the rest. He was calling from the Schneider apartment. Mrs. Schneider, whom he had met at the hospital, was with him. So was the source. I saw it the next day, on a shelf in the chemical lab. It was a gallon jug about two-thirds full of carbon tetrachloride. Schneider had filled it from a drum at the shop on Saturday and brought it home that night. The living-room rug needed cleaning. On Sunday afternoon, around three o'clock, he emptied part of the jug into a pail, dug up a scrubbing brush, and went to work. It was a wall-to-wall carpet, and what with shifting the furniture around and stopping every now and then to rest, the job took a couple of hours. I must say Boone gave me the picture. An open pail of carbon tet, a dripping brush, and Schneider down on his hands and knees with his face about a foot from the rug—it made my hair stand on end. It also made me wonder. It settled the question of Schneider, all right. But it raised another question.

" 'What about Mrs. Schneider?' I asked.

" 'Oh,' Boone said. 'She's fine. She wasn't at home that afternoon. She was up in the Bronx, or somewhere, visiting her mother. But it probably wouldn't have mattered either way. It's a good-sized room, with doors opening into the rest of the flat. Also, Schneider knew enough to open a couple of windows. What he didn't know was something else. While he was working, he has a bottle of beer, maybe two. He isn't sure which.'

" 'One could be plenty,' I said.

" 'Yes,' said Boone. 'And when he began to feel rotten and got into bed, his wife fixed him a nice hot toddy.' "

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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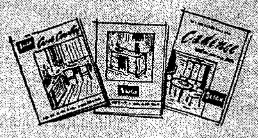

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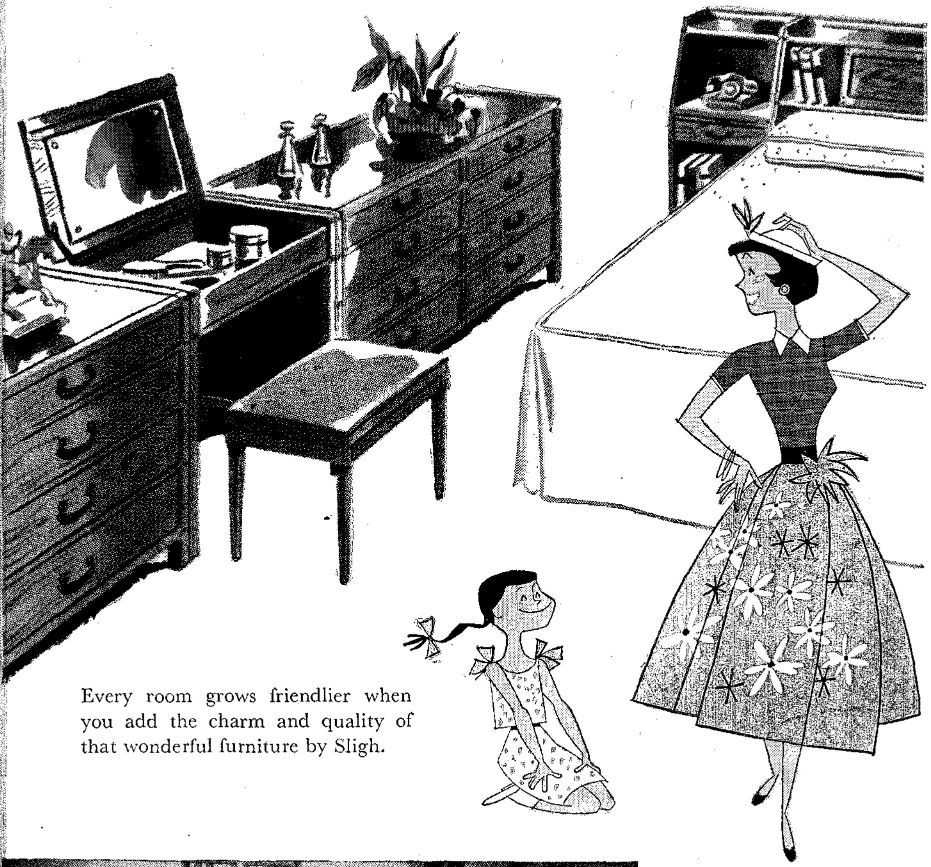

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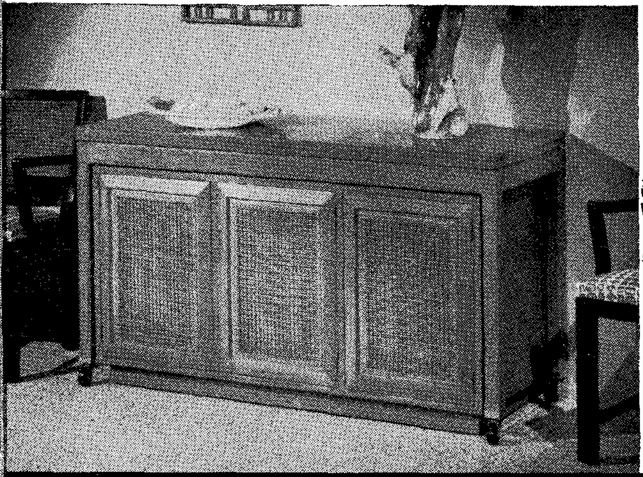

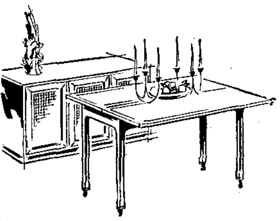

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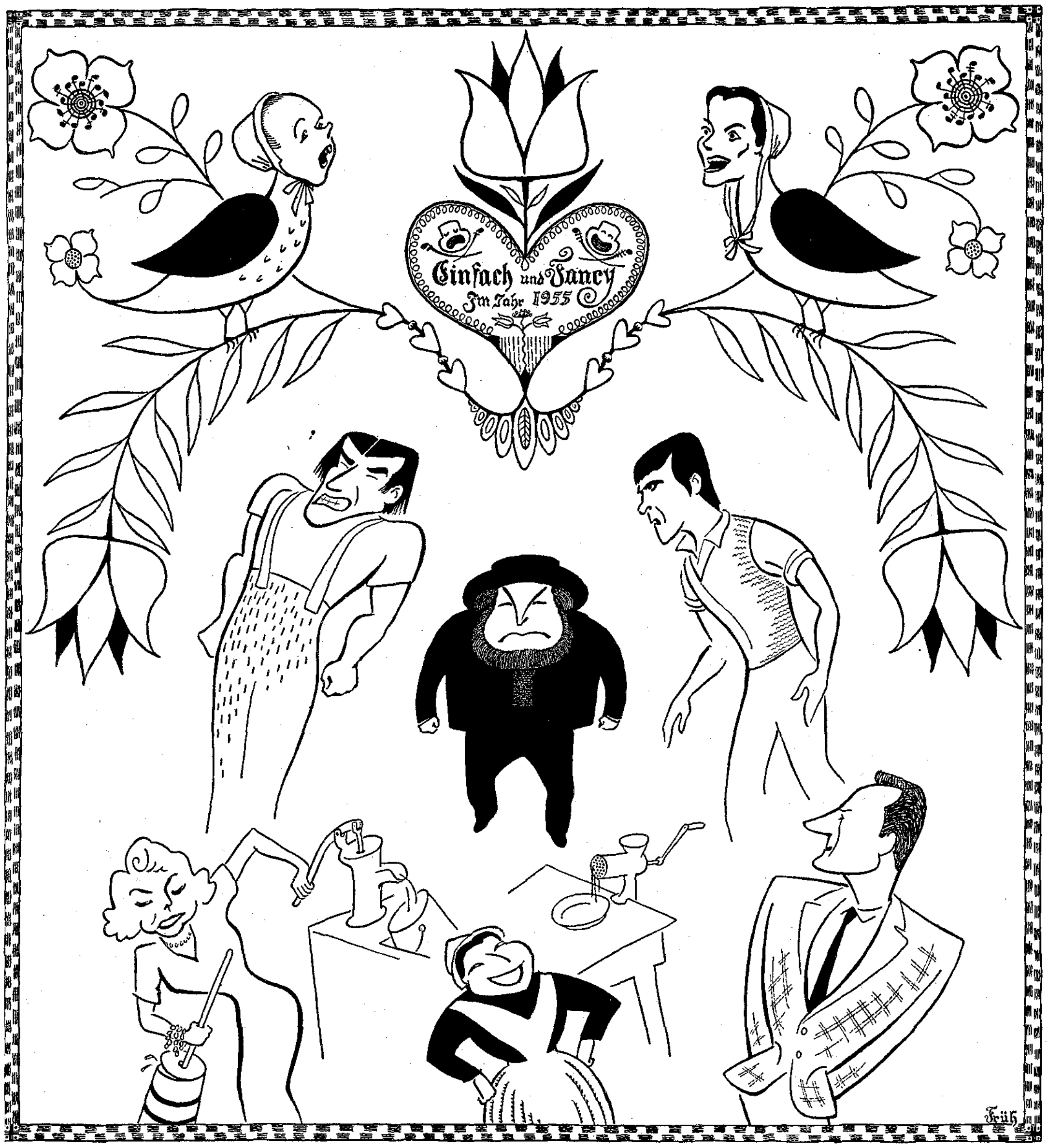
THE THEATRE

JUST AN OLD-FASHIONED JOURDAN

QUITE early in the first act of "Tonight in Samarkand," at the Morosco, Louis Jourdan, who represents a circus crystal-gazer, takes a fairly deep breath and gets off on that somewhat overworked legend about the merchant who meets Death at a Baghdad bazaar. You are probably familiar with this irony, which has decorated a good many works of fiction, so I will content myself with saying that it points out that fate is often met in the very place we go to escape it. M. Jourdan delivers this speech with some awe, and with the kind of abundance of gesture that used to accompany the address to Yorick's skull in the bad old days of Shakespearean repertory, but it still has something of the air of literary costume, or junk, jewelry. In general, I'm afraid, the same comment may be applied to the play. The authors, Jacques Deval and Lorenzo Semple, Jr., have shown some ingenuity and occasionally achieved a portentous mood in their story of a beautiful tiger-tamer who, being forewarned, twice escapes her fatal rendezvous, but keeps it in the end in the guaranteed sanctuary to which she has fled; the scene and costume designers—Ben Edwards and Frank Spencer—have given the production a suitably rococo atmosphere; and the players, with one or two exceptions, make their own contribution in the shape of an acting style of almost supernatural vivacity. Altogether, "Tonight in Samarkand" gives more the impression of being an attempt to recapture something in the theatre's innocent and flowery past than of being a rational ornament to its present state.



"PLAIN AND FANCY"

The very plain figure in the middle of this valentine is Stefan Schnabel, and the others, beginning with the songbird in the upper left-hand corner and continuing clockwise, are Barbara Cook, Gloria Marlowe, David Daniels, Richard Derr, Nancy Andrews, Shirl Conway, and Douglas Fletcher Rodgers. They all appear in the musical about the Amish people at the Mark Hellinger.

The plot employed to illustrate the inevitability of human destiny is competent enough, if a little unwieldy and not particularly inspired. The action begins on the lot of what appears to be a distinctly third-rate circus somewhere in the south of France. The seer, it seems, is in love with the animal-trainer, but she is a lady of rather flighty disposition, and two other suitors are hopefully contending for her hand. Since she not unnaturally wishes to know what the future would hold for her with either of these gentlemen, she persuades her admirer to resort to his crystal ball. The results, shown in the form of visions, are not encouraging. If she marries a handsome juggler affiliated with the show, he will promptly betray her with a plump young woman who assists him in his act; if she accepts an adjacent millionaire, the outcome will be less picturesque (as far as I could gather, he would do no worse than afflict her with the company of his formidably cultivated sister and annoy her animals), but it won't be idyllic, either. In both cases, the affair will terminate with the entrance of a tall, pale girl, of pleasing contour but rather withdrawn and menacing demeanor, who is interested in booking everybody's passage on a vessel that, we are advised, will shortly sink with all passengers aboard. It being clear that neither of these alternatives is desirable, the lady rejects them both and marries the magician. It is apparently one of the drawbacks of clairvoyance that the practitioner is unable to foretell his own future, but the couple take what seem to be foolproof measures to avoid boarding the fatal ship. It would, of course, be unethical critically for me to pursue this matter further, but you can be quite sure that they both go down like rocks. So much for the vanity of mortal aspirations when confronted with the inscrutable will of God. Your chance is very small, my friend—not, in fact, much better than the one enjoyed by this play.

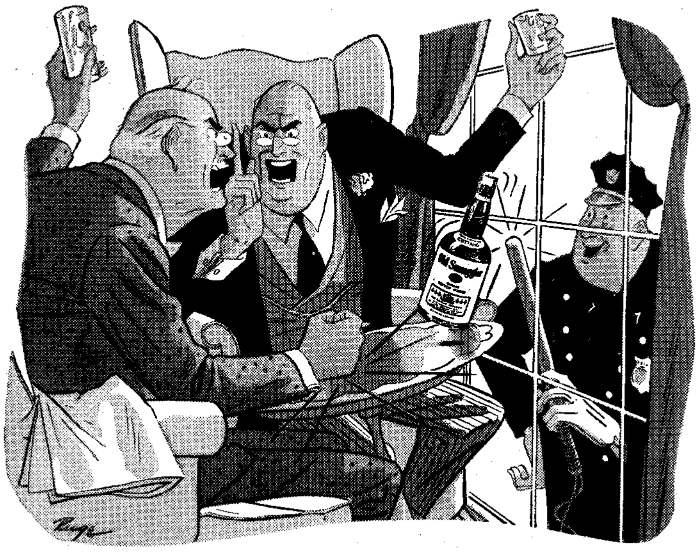
As I have implied, the acting is not subtle. M. Jourdan's behavior, while it might be acceptable in a fortune-teller's booth, is certainly overzealous in the cool, gray confines of the Morosco, and Jan Farrand, as the animal-trainer, though inspiring in long black stockings and the shortest shorts you ever saw, gives some illusion of a reluctantly earthbound Peter Pan. The rest include Alexander Scourby, Theodore Bikel, Halliwell Hobbes, Joyce Lear, Michael Gorrin, and Rosemary Prinz. With the exception of Mr. Bikel, who impersonates a quietly cryptic police inspector very well indeed, they are all resolutely playful, too.
—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF LIFE IN ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA

[*From the Manchester Guardian*]

ADELAIDE, JANUARY 26. England's prospects for the fourth Test, which begins here on Friday, become harder to estimate every day. The equation is not quite that of two sides' varied strengths just set against each other. It is not even these two estimable strengths plus or minus an unknown quantity against each of them to represent the value to each of a wicket the exact behaviour of which will not be clear until the start of the match. It is an equation which must include playing strength as at present computable, the effect of an uncertain wicket on such strength, and, no less important, the effect of both sides' present morale on such strength and any possible effect anticipations about the wicket may have on that morale. It is a tantalisingly impossible equation of the sort which posed in an algebra book has made schoolboys' lives miserable for generations.



"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Tom Lee, Jr.

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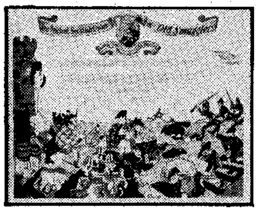

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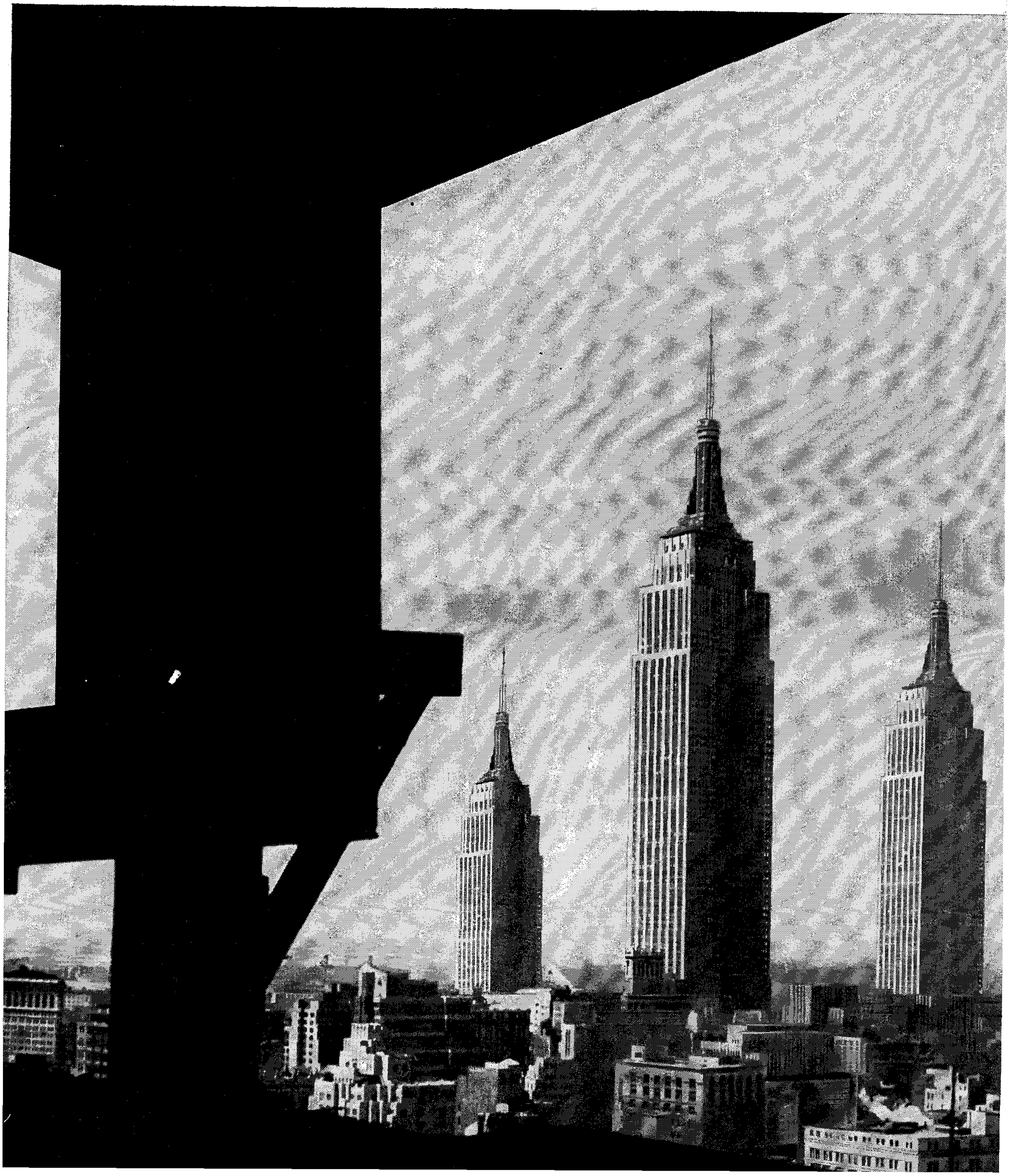

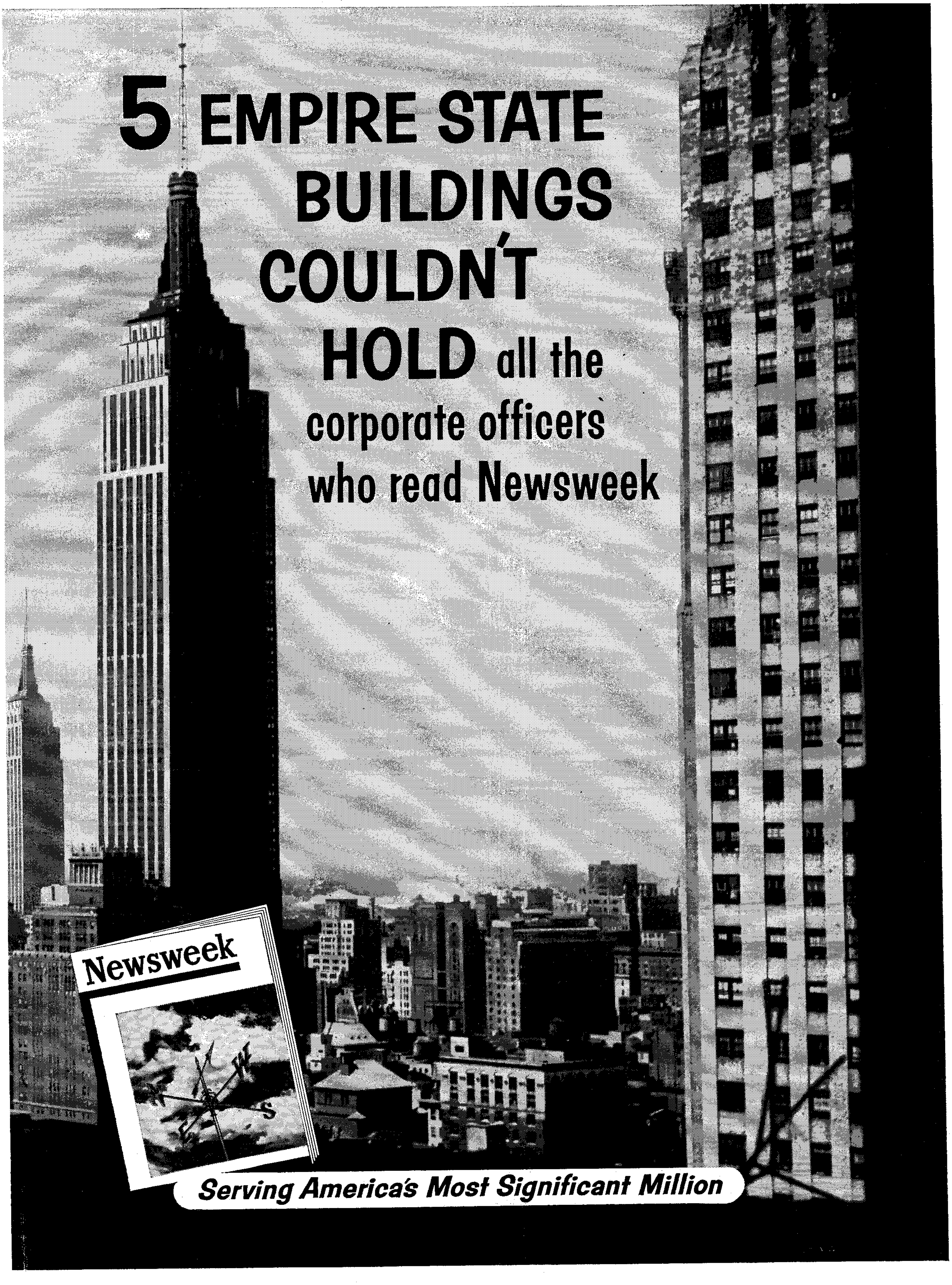
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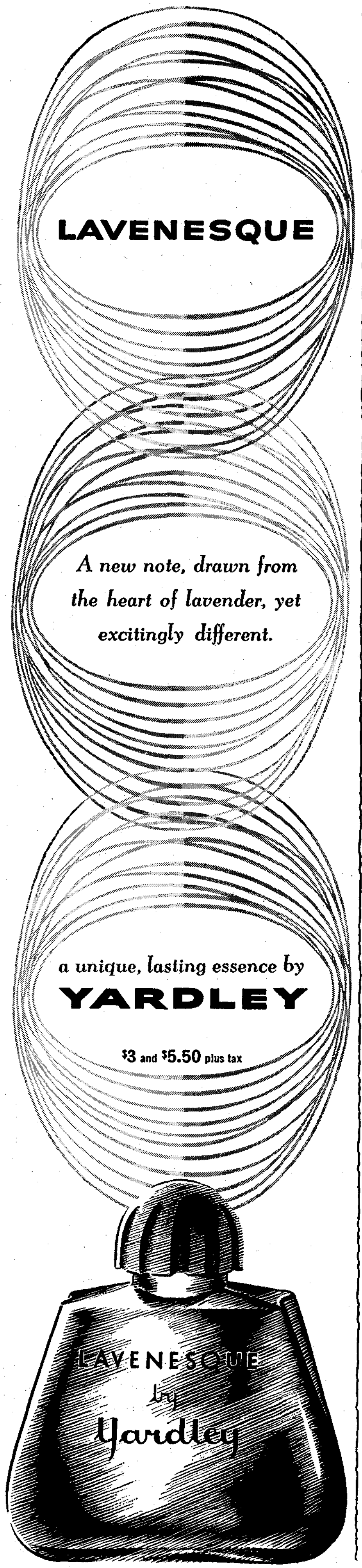
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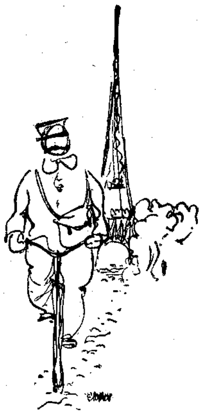
LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 15

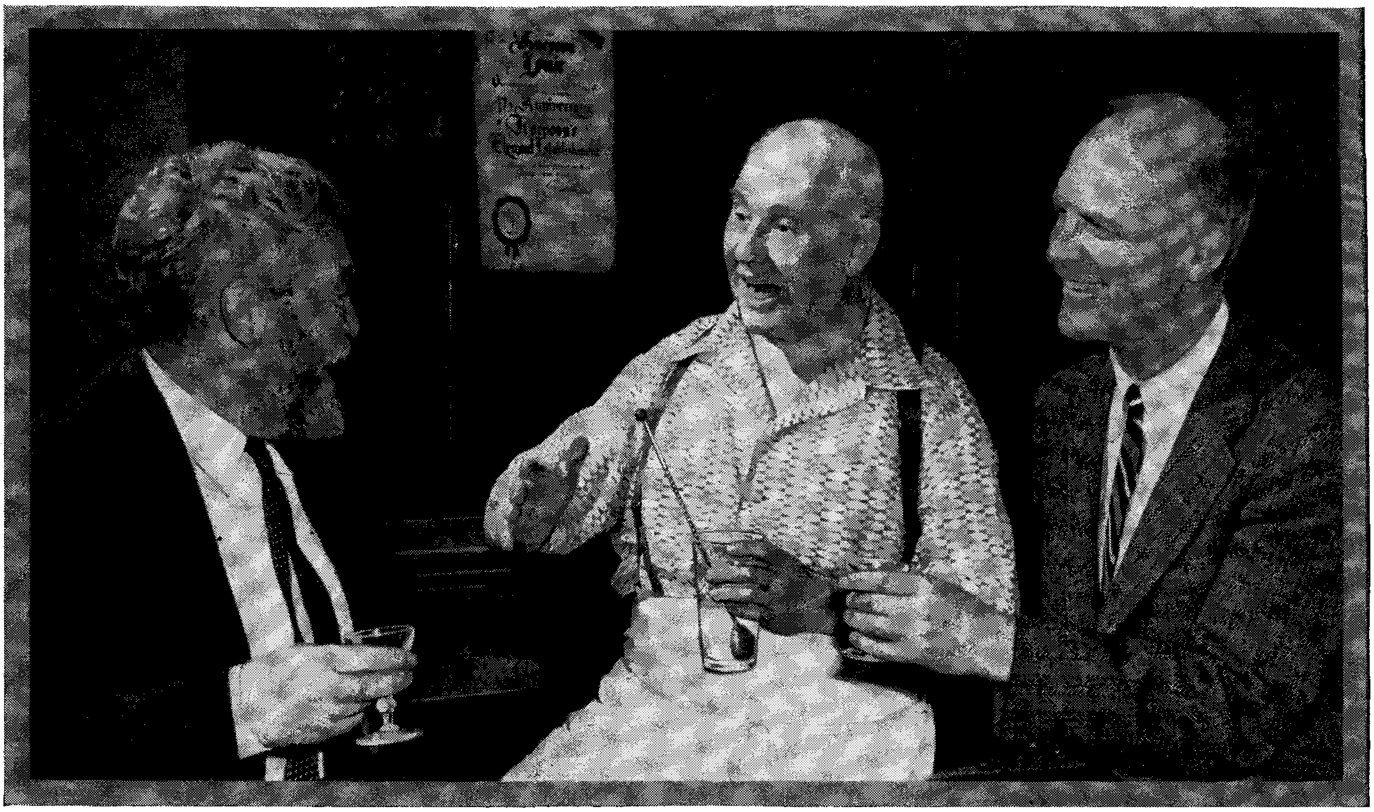


THE sensational news of the demotion from power of Georgi Malenkov on pressure brought by Nikita Khrushchev was obviously as big a surprise to the French Communists who run the official Party paper, *L'Humanité*, as it was to everybody else here. Just the day before, *Humanité* had printed with gusto the interview Khrushchev gave young William Randolph Hearst, in which the Russian denied certain Western press reports of conflict between him and Malenkov. And the paper even included (as other Paris papers did not) the supposedly funny story at the expense of the capitalist press that Khrushchev ended the interview with: "Those writers mistake their desires for realities. They remind me of the tale of the professor who blindfolded his students' eyes, made each in turn smell a glass containing some liquid, and asked them to identify the odor. Each student replied differently, because each one of them thought he smelled whatever he wished to smell. They had all sniffed from the same glass, and had all smelled the same liquid. It was black ink." By the next day, *Humanité* must have felt blindfolded itself, but one could still recognize the smell of the right ink in its headlines. Malenkov's name was run in smallish, insignificant letters, while Nikolai Bulganin's was stretched out in big banner type. In the accompanying news announcement, Pierre Courtade, the paper's chief editorialist, managed to include one face-saving paragraph, which said, "Of course, the spectacle offered by a Premier publicly admitting before his country's Parliament that his presence at the head of the government does not measure up to the exigencies of the situation is an incomprehensible sight for bourgeois politicians, who never ask themselves whether their capacities are high enough for their functions."

Right now, the bourgeois politicians here are straining their capacities in an effort to scratch together a government to replace that of Mendès-France, which they overthrew. During that violent, deafening half hour of shouting and banging desk tops at four in the morning, when a majority of the deputies tried to prevent Mendès-France, just voted out of office, from speaking from the tribune, one of the oddest figures on the scene was the Assembly's Secretary-General, the only official who was perfectly calm. A familiar slender silhouette on the rostrum, with a distinguished shock of blue-gray hair, he is known to few Assembly visitors by his name, which is Emile Blamont. His duties demand discretion and a strong spine. He is the nonpolitical permanent authority on parliamentary procedure. During decisive debates, he sits with his back to the deputies, uncomfortably perched on a red velvet postilion seat that is attached to the rostrum beside the chair of the Assembly President, or speaker, so that he can lean down to talk confidentially into that official's ear if he is consulted or if he thinks that procedure or questions of order are being misinterpreted. In his replies or advice, Blamont must be quick-witted, explicit, and accurate, with an infallible memory for parliamentary and constitutional affairs, and must by his demeanor display great tact (as he did during the hubbub over Mendès-France), since he does not represent the authority of the people, as the deputies do—a responsibility they are very jealous of—but only the authority of the Civil Service, which has appointed him as its functionary, making him a nonpolitical and constant outsider. In his administrative capacity, he has all the other parliamentary nonpolitical functionaries under him, such as the relays of stenographers who take down the debates, and the silver-chained *huissiers* in their long tailcoats. After passing his civil-service examination in 1930, Blamont entered the Assembly organization in a junior role, was in London during the war until General de Gaulle founded his Algiers Assembly, and then became its Secretary-General, there being plenty of new politicians down in North Africa but he being the only functionary who represented continuity with the Paris Parliament. After the Liberation, he took up his present post. He has great admiration for the British House of Commons, and knows his opposite number there, Sir Edward Fellowes, who certainly has never had to remain impersonally calm in the face of any such hurly-burly as attended Mendès-France's fall.

THERE are more magazines aimed at brainy readers' heads published in Paris than in any other capital

Proceedings of The L.M.S.O. or O.S. at HARPOON LOUIE'S in San Francisco



HILARY BELLOC, HARPOON LOUIE AND PAUL NYELAND

Like New York, Chicago and other great cities, San Francisco has its share of characters. One of a long line which included the late beloved Izzy Gomez and Pappa Coppa is Harpoon Louie, proprietor of perhaps the most relaxed and free-wheeling restaurant in San Francisco today.

Its official name is Louis Saddlerock Cafe, at Clay and Battery, but to its aficionados it is "Harpoon Louie's", of course.

Here at their own insistence, patrons often wait on table or serve behind the bar. It is a place where anything can happen and most things do.

Nobody seems to know, or care exactly, just who Harpoon Louie is or where he got his name. (During Gold Rush days it was not considered polite to inquire into a citizen's past. He might pull a gun on you. Discretion is an inherited tradition in San Francisco.)

It is suspected, however, that Harpoon Louie at one time could swarm up the rigging of a windjammer with the best of them, and it is known that his restaurant has been continuously in one location since 1907.

Not long ago The Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society convened at Harpoon Louie's to celebrate his 47th year at the same stand and to announce the establishment of the Society's Certificate of Approval. This honor will carry with it permission to serve the official Martini cocktail discovered by the Society after years of research.

HERE IS THE OFFICIAL MARTINI RECIPE OF THE LOWER MONTGOMERY STREET OLIVE OR ONION SOCIETY:

---

3 PARTS GIN

1 PART CRESTA BLANCA WHITE VERMOUTH

STIR WITH ICE (do not shake).

SERVE IN CHILLED GLASSES

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Jerry Sheridan
Willard Cox

Barney Vogel
Clyde Seavey
Paul Ogden

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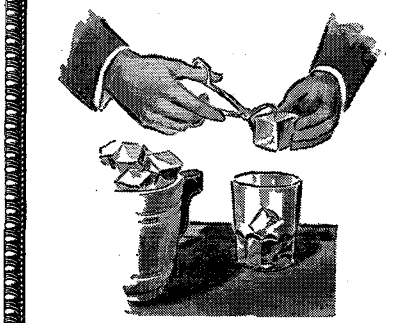
city. Now comes a new one, which hit the mark in its opening number. Called *L'Œil*, it is a monthly art magazine that, for the modest price of two hundred francs, offers the luxury of intelligence, serious information, and magnificent color reproductions. The opening number contains an article by the director of the Fontainebleau Museum, along with hitherto unpublished examples of the enigmatic Fontainebleau school of painting, the first in France to deal socially with nudes. There is a richly illustrated account by Cyril Connolly (in translation) of South German rococo, that convulsed, elegant style of decoration, which is little known by the French today. In addition to short biographies on Léger and Giacometti and an article on how the recent deaths of Matisse and Derain affected the prices of their pictures, there is a remarkable dialogue—apparently taken down last month in a tape recording—between one of the magazine's editors and Henry Kahnweiler, the first Cubist picture merchant, on what Picasso and Braque thought they were doing when they began Cubism. This material, which is far more illuminating than anything Kahnweiler or Apollinaire wrote as an early Cubist authority, constitutes a major modern-art document, no less valuable for being almost fifty years late.

THE Cinémathèque Française, France's leading cinema library, is about to become homeless. Since 1944, it has been showing its invaluable collection of fifty thousand old and modern international films in its pleasant, uncomfortable little quarters in the Avenue de Messine, recently bought by a bank that is intent upon settling there. Because the Cinémathèque is subsidized by the French state as part of the *patrimoine culturel national*, like an art museum, there has been sensible, if belated, talk about housing it in one—the newish Palais de New-York, on the Quai de New-York, which has an unused wing that might indeed make a nice site for the Cinémathèque. The trouble is that the state architects could not get the wing ready for several years, whereas the bank expects to serve its eviction papers on the film society any day now. An up-to-date setting for the Cinémathèque would certainly be a change, though maybe not for the good, from the mysterious magic-lantern atmosphere of its present shabby foyer—a tortuous, black little maze, illuminated by lights that shine through and give form to the images on the strips



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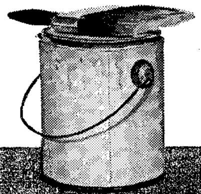
of movie film decorating its walls. Another feature of its décor is a startling, life-size blowup of a white-capped man, dressed in white tights, who has one foot lifted—the anonymous "Walking Man." This and "Flying Birds" are thought by many to be the first true motion pictures; they were taken in 1888 by the French physiologist Etienne Marey with his synthesizing photography gun, which looks vaguely like any gun to kill people or birds with and is also on display in the shadowy foyer. France having led in the invention of what turned out to be the cinema, the incunabula available to the Cinémathèque have made it richer in early documentation than similar institutions in other countries. For one thing, it possesses the first example of today's animated cartoons—lovely little hand-painted pictures of jugglers and top-hatted Amazons, shown on the Paris boulevards in 1892 by means of the rotating praxinoscope, invented by the tragically ill-rewarded artist Emile Reynaud. Other early treasures are the first newsreels, taken by Louis Lumière, father of chronophotography, and showing, among other events from 1895 on, the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and Buffalo Bill in his circus epoch. There is the 1915 horror series, "Les Vampires," starring Musidora, a friend of Colette's, as the temptress (she now works for the Cinémathèque as historical researcher), which led to the movie category of vamps. According to Mme. Mary Meerson, director of the Cinémathèque's archives, most of these incunabula were donated by the families who inherited them; Reynaud's son, for instance, gave the praxinoscope paintings, though Walt Disney wanted to buy them. There is also personal documentation given by Europeans connected with films today, such as film-music manuscripts by Auric, the original script by Cocteau of "Le Sang d'un Poète," and studio items sent by Rossellini and De Sica. No original documentary material has ever been offered by anyone in Hollywood. The Cinémathèque was founded in 1936 by Henri Langlois, who as a boy began collecting film rolls, which he kept in the family bathroom. During the war, he cached his collection in a château near Figeac, and at present most of it is inconveniently stored in a government blockhouse at Saint-Cyr. Among other old silent films being shown in the Avenue de Messine this week is "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," with Rudolph Valentino. The whole Ciné-



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N. S. S.

—or, nothing is simple
in Scotland and
Chivas Regal least of all

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If you are not daunted by that confusion, let us go on. In very ancient times Scotland was inhabited not by Scots but by Picts, who were rather on the tough side, according to the Romans. Gradually a large part of Scotland (then called Caledonia) was occupied by Gaels and Celts (then called Scots) from Ireland (then called Scotia). The Scots brought their name with them, and it stuck.

All that was long ago. During the centuries the Picts and Scots, with some Britons, Angles, and even a few Norsemen, were amalgamated into one patriotic and industrious nation. Many factors contributed to the blending of the Scottish peoples, but it is permissible to guess that one was the universal mellowing influence of the beverage which is Scotland's most famous export today.

Outstanding in grandeur among modern Scottish spirits is 12 year old Chivas Regal. The production of this whisky, like the history of Scotland itself, is far from simple. To create Chivas Regal, the choicest distillations are blended with consummate skill and endless patience to bring forth a uniform product of such mellowness, such noble flavor, that it has been known for generations as "Scotland's Prince of Whiskies."

There is, alas, one penalty of greatness. A whisky like Chivas Regal cannot be produced in sufficient quantity to meet the demands of all who would like to buy it. If your dealer or barman is sometimes out of Chivas Regal, please give him another call, because we are doing everything humanly possible to keep him supplied!

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mathèque may be reduced to silence in the next few weeks.

French reporters' recent courageous mention, in their criminal-trial stories, of the iniquities of injustice they have found, especially in the Instruction and Assizes courts, is now bringing results. The first reaction was an angry letter of protest in *Le Pouvoir Judiciaire*, the magistrates' professional magazine, which was addressed to René Coty, President of the Republic and, as such, also President of the Conseil Supérieur de la Magistrature, pleading for "protection against the attacks of which we are now the object." The letter also stated, quite accurately, "A campaign of unprecedented intensity and violence is now going on in the press and on the radio, aimed at decrying the Republic's judiciary institutions and discrediting the magistrates charged with their functioning." The morning *Figaro* and evening *Monde*, the most influential papers in Paris, and with large subscriptions in the provinces, have both run special articles this week on bench malpractices and needed reforms, arousing enormous reader attention with them. *Le Monde's* series of stories, by Jean Duhamel, headed "La Crise de la Justice Criminelle," are like stern, scholarly essays. The first is devoted to *le système Britannique*. Coldly, he opens by declaring that France "through the ages has oscillated between the two great classic systems: the inquisitional system that seeks a confession, by physical or moral torture, if necessary, and the system of accusation—public, oral, contradictory, without prejudice—which respects mankind." *Figaro's* lengthy series, "Il Faut Réformer Notre Justice," is by its regular court reporter, Pierre Scize—a vigorous country chap who has spent twenty-five years covering justice and injustice everywhere and who writes more emotionally than Duhamel, begging for reform as he might beg for pardon. As soon as France has a government again, the deputies will probably start work on the motes in the magistrates' eyes.

—Genêt

•

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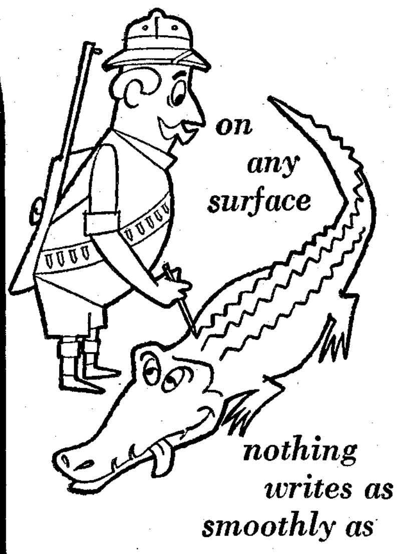
Teach *that* little rover a lesson.



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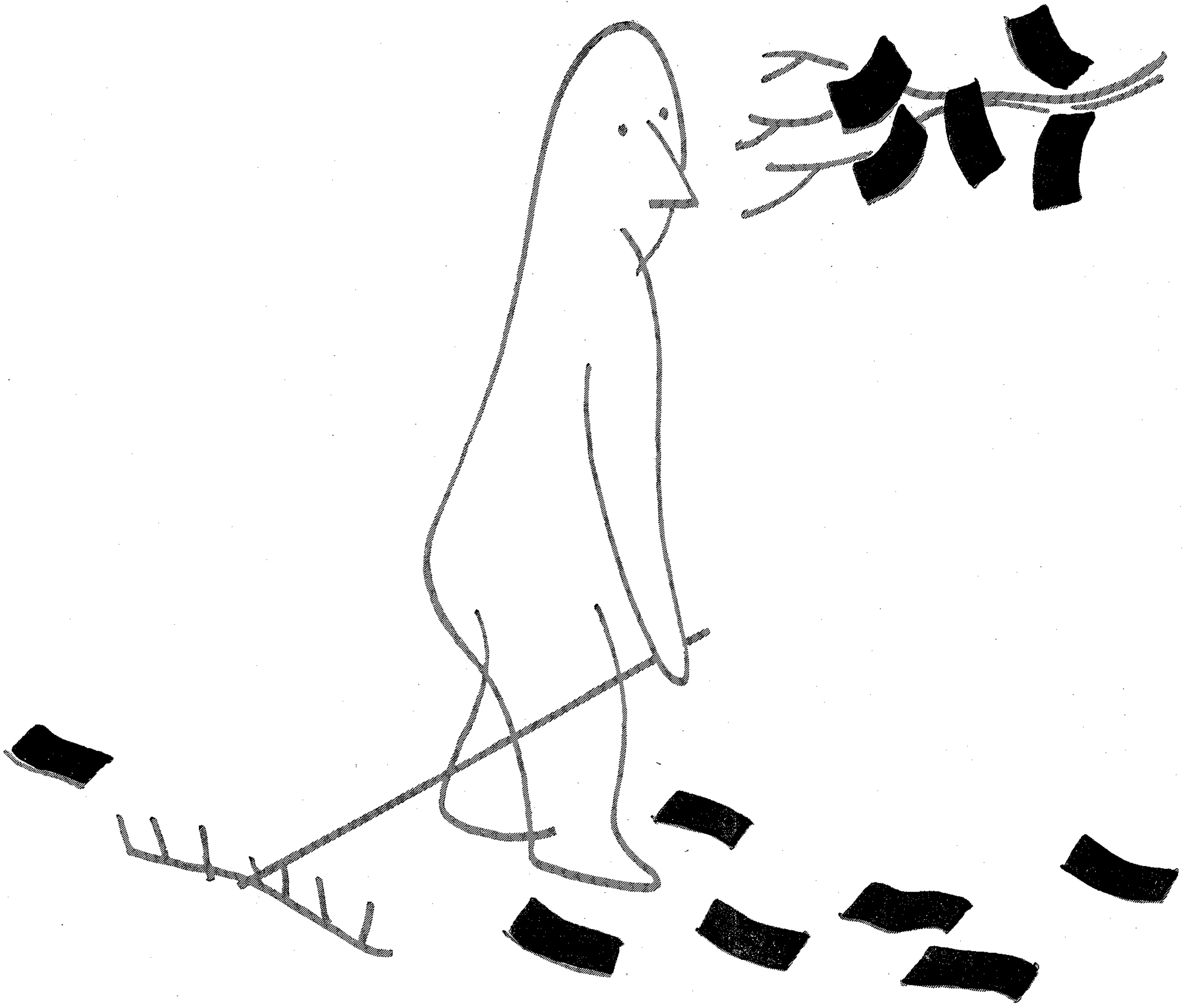

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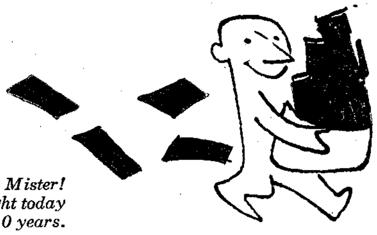

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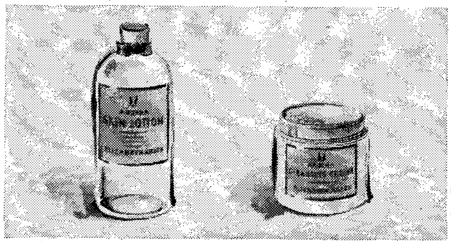

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THE RACE TRACK

Double Feature

TWO of the season's more important races, the Santa Anita Handicap in California and the Flamingo Stakes in Florida, will have horseplayers buzzing this weekend. Almost the easiest task anyone could set himself, I imagine, would be to pick the winner of the Flamingo. With Nashua such an obvious favorite, it would be like shooting fish in a barrel. He was the top two-year-old last season, and he has trained perfectly this winter. Besides, the other three-year-olds at Hialeah seem to be a pretty moderate lot. The Santa Anita Handicap should be a livelier affair. Imbros is going to have plenty of support on the strength of his good try week before last in the San Antonio Handicap, and I have a notion that his stablemate Determine will run better than he did last time out. Rejected is fancied because he won the big pot last year, and Mark-Ye-Well, the winner in 1953, is fancied because he's trained by Ben Jones, who used to pull six-figure purses out of thin air. But if I were backing anybody—which I'm not—it would be Poona II. He has the best of the weights.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, this department was discussing the number of letters a race horse may have in his name (as we said, the number is fourteen, because that's all there's room for on the Jockey Club's filing cards), and this got us to wondering how many cards there are in the Jockey Club's files. Well, the other day Diogenes Checkpoints set out to count them, carrying his abacus up to the registry office, a big room on the ninth floor at 250 Park Avenue. He gave up, however, after a quick look at the rows of boxes lining one wall of the room, and agreed with Mrs. Lillian Brennan, the registrar, whose guess would be better than anyone else's, that there must be at least 350,000 cards in them. That's not such an astounding total, really, for the file was started in 1894, when the Jockey Club was organized. Since then, it has registered all the thoroughbreds foaled in the United States and Canada, and all those imported for racing or for the stud. Also, for years it has been registering the racers bred in Mexico, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii. The cards are three inches by five, just wide enough for the animal's index number, name (typewritten in caps), color, and sex. Below is a place for the animal's pedigree, one for the years it races, and one for its years in the stud. And when it dies, that's set down, too, or is supposed to be. When Man o' War died, in 1947, Sam Riddle didn't report the death of his horse, as is customary. As a matter of fact, nobody has reported it to date. Perhaps it's just a sentimental gesture, or perhaps it's because the registry office takes nothing for granted, but according to the Jockey Club files, Man o' War is still alive.

As you are probably aware, no horse may start in a race on any recognized track in North America—or anywhere else, for that matter—unless it has been registered and named, which means a big job for Mrs. Brennan's office, since more than eight thousand thoroughbreds are foaled on this continent every year, and hundreds more are imported from abroad and have to be registered here, too. (If an immigrant's name is long-winded, as is sometimes the case, the registrar just has to abbreviate and hope for the best.) All this entails a vast amount of paperwork and checking, and keeps Mrs. Brennan and her staff of ten assistants busy the year round. An application for registering a thoroughbred foal is almost as formidable—and, if you aren't in the horse business, as complicated a document—as an income-tax form. Just to give you a rough idea, the color of a foal may be bay, brown, black, chestnut, dun, gray, or roan. Sounds simple enough, doesn't it? But bay varies from light yellowish tan to a dark shade you might call brown. And brown is sometimes difficult to tell from black or dark bay. The best way to settle the question is to look at the color of the hairs on the animal's muzzle. Iron-gray foals are sometimes scarcely distinguishable from black, and as for chestnuts, their color varies from dark liver color (Equipoise had a coat like that) to a light, watery yellow. Between these are copper shades and brilliant red gold—Man o' War's color. Oh, well, the bookkeeping never was as much fun as the running.

—AUDAX MINOR

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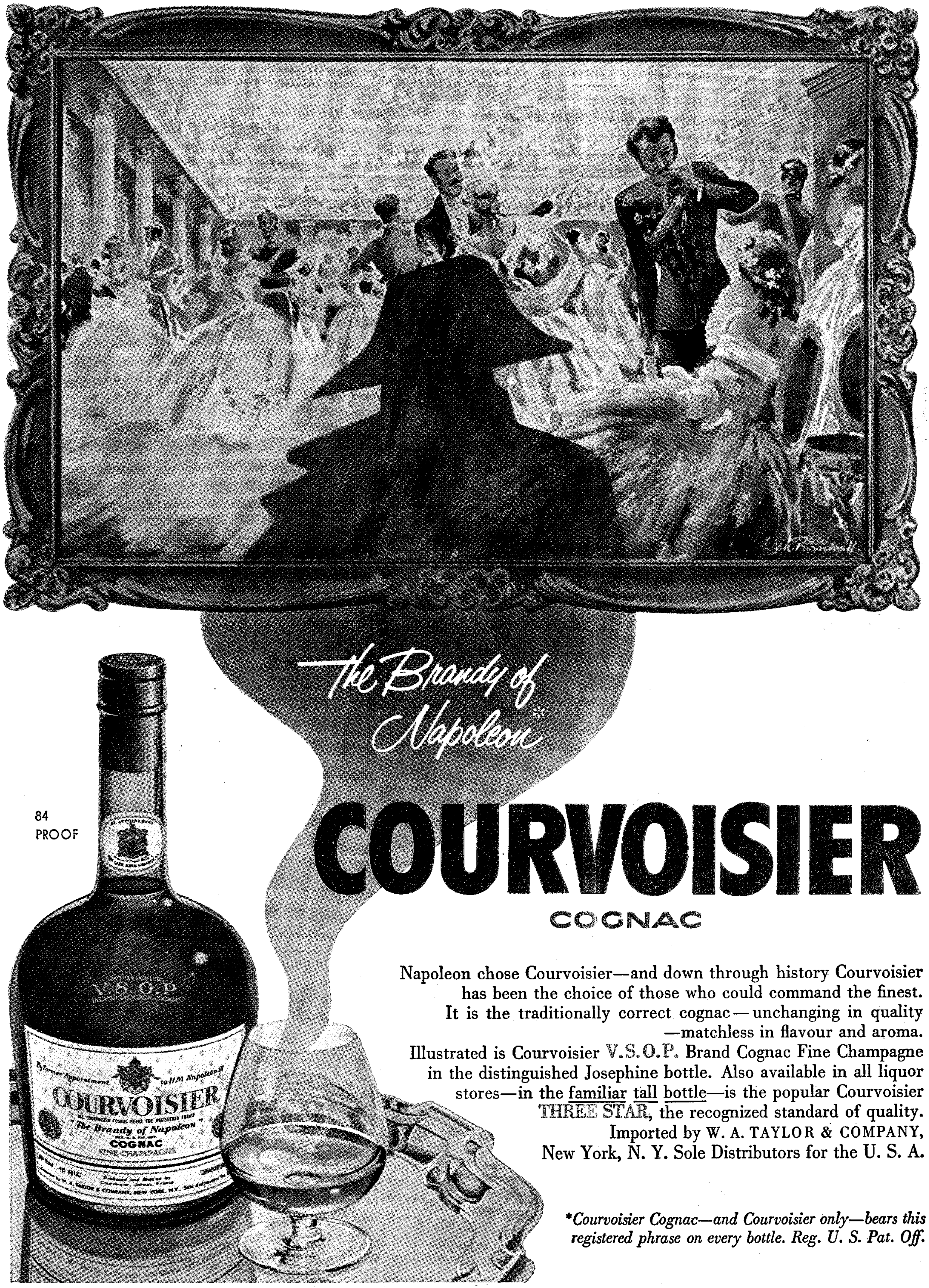
BONN, GERMANY, Feb. 10 (AP)—The Economic Committee of the Bundestag last night approved the Paris treaties ankle and branded one on the seat of her panties. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

That Bundestag—always clowning!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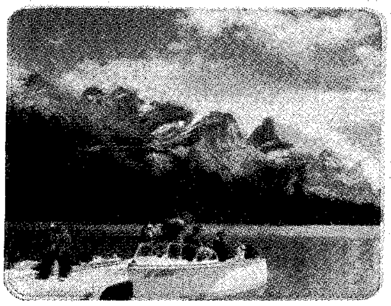

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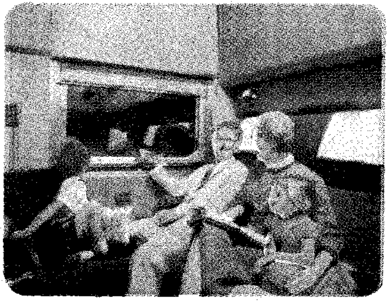

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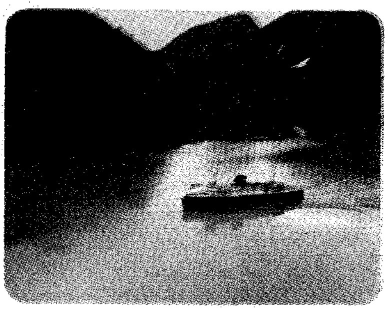

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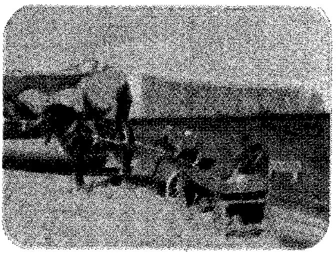

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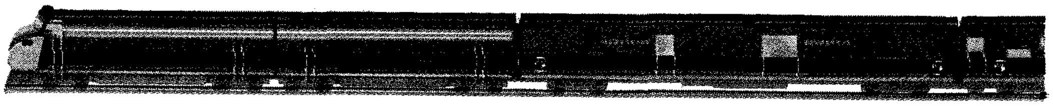

THE WAYWARD PRESS

W. R., JR., IN THE U.S.S.R.

WHEN I read in the *Journal-American* of January 25th the headline "W.R. HEARST FLYING TO MOSCOW" (the headline inexplicably omitted the "Jr."), I was less astonished than I might have been if one of my research operatives had not recently supplied me with a copy of an editorial that appeared on March 1, 1918, in the New York *American*, which was the chosen vehicle for the editorial thought of William Randolph Hearst, Sr. The editorial, signed by the Chief himself, appeared under an eight-column head:

IN SELF-DEFENSE
WE SHOULD HASTEN
TO AID AND HEARTEN RUSSIA'S
REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT

Like many of the elder Hearst's manifestoes on important topics, it took the form of a letter:

THE BREAKERS,
PALM BEACH, FLA.
FEBRUARY 26

To the Editor of the New York *American:*

I think our whole cause is likely to be injured by any delay in recognizing and supporting the Bolsheviki Government in Russia.

What are the Bolsheviki?

They are the representatives of the most democratic Government in Europe.

Why are we in this war?

We are in it for democracy.

Then, for heaven's sake, why not recognize a democratic government? We recognize the IMPERIAL Government of Russia, but when Russia secures a DEMOCRATIC Government we have so far not recognized it. Does this not seem to discredit our professions of a war for democracy? If the Imperial militaristic Government of Russia should be restored, would we hesitate to recognize that? The Bolsheviki are fighting against imperialism and militarism in Russia as well as in Germany. Are we, who are in a war against militarism and imperialism, not going to help the Bolsheviki make their fight and, indeed, make OUR fight?

We must not lose the ideals of the war, we must not lose the opportunities of the war, because if we do we will lose the war—at least as far as our American objects are concerned.... Russia must be saved from Germany. [The Russian armies, having expunged their officers, were in full retreat.] Russia must be preserved for democracy. The one cannot be done without the other, and neither one can be accomplished without recognizing and aiding in every possible way the democratic Government of Russia. We have waited so long that it may be too late to save the situation, but let us not wait a day longer. Let us recognize the truest democracy in Europe, the truest democracy in the world today. Then we can fight an inspiring fight for democracy with some truth, some sincerity, and some conviction.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

This clarion call by the elder Hearst expressed no momentary infatuation. On November 19, 1933, more than fifteen years after the Chief's lively expression of devotion, Arthur Brisbane's column "Today," on the first page of the *American*, which was still the chosen instrument for the transmission of the Master's thought, carried the head:

THREE CHEERS FOR ROOSEVELT.
RUSSIA RECOGNIZED AT LAST.
SHE NEEDS COPPER, STEEL.
HARD BLOW FOR DEPRESSION.

Brisbane, patterning himself after his boss, had a circuit of residences from Montauk Point, on Long Island, to the Mojave Desert, in California, from which he would dateline his syndicated fulminations. This one was datelined Miami, and read:

At last this country decides to "recognize" and deal with Russia. The public will exclaim: "Thank heaven, that's over."

Russia is more than twice as big as the United States. Its population is by forty millions greater than ours, and all at work, by the way; its wealth and natural resources may prove, under a government for the people and not for Czars, Grand Dukes, and Monte Carlo's gambling tables, to be even greater than our own. Financiers foolishly lent money to Russia, particularly to the comic-opera Kerensky. [Alexander Kerensky, currently in residence here, later became a favorite Hearst consultant.] Now they weep because Russia won't pay. It should be remembered that Lenin, who is to Russia what George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are to the United States, saw his brother die under the knout, an unpleasant Russian lash, by order of the Czar. [This was an original Brisbane legend, which he had used in several previous editorials. Lenin's elder brother was indeed executed, but not by the knout, and Lenin was not a witness.] He would not feel like paying the Czar's debts, and Lenin's devoted disciple, Stalin, who set aside the whole calendar of Russian saints to put the embalmed body of Lenin in their place, will not pay the Czar's debts.... The truth is that our "Best Minds," up to their necks in a depression of their own making, have been afraid that Russia's experiments would succeed and put dangerous notions in American minds. That is why those best minds have not wanted Russia recognized.... President Roosevelt is to be congratulated. Everyone hopes that he will enjoy and profit by his visit to Warm Springs, Georgia, and come back with another idea as good as Russian recognition.

When I read the story about W. R., Jr.'s, departure, I did not immediately assume that the affair between San Simeon and the Kremlin was being resumed with its old ardor, but I was disappointed by some of the omissions from the retinue the publisher was taking with him to the other side of the Iron Curtain. As reported in the dispatch, it included neither Westbrook Pegler nor Fulton Lewis, Jr., nor George Sokolsky nor any of the other accredited Hearst experts at putting the public on its guard against Red wiles. Young Hearst was not even taking along Cholly Knickerbocker, his "Smart Set" columnist, whose father was a White Russian to interpret for him. I had no fear, naturally, that Mr. Hearst was

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doing a bunk, in the manner of Burgess and MacLean, the Foreign Office chaps, or Dr. John, the West German F.B.I. chief. I must confess, however, to having harbored a certain concern lest the Soviets retain him forcibly, to do for Russian journalism what captive scientists are said to have done for Russian research. The vision of *Pravda* blossoming out with Russian Peglers, Cholly Knickerbockers, Louella Parsonses, and Dorothy Kilgallens, all draped around displays of Russian cheesecake, was not an inviting one.

According to the dispatch, which was from the Hearst-owned International News Service, Mr. Hearst was accompanied on his departure from Berlin by Frank Conniff, a *Journal-American* columnist and Mr. Hearst's editorial assistant, and Kingsbury Smith, European General Manager of I.N.S.

> Before boarding the plane [the dispatch continued], Mr. Hearst said he hoped to observe as much of Russian daily life as possible "under prevailing conditions in Moscow." "It is a strictly journalistic trip," he added. "Every reporter should get as close as possible to the source of news on a big story, and I applied for a Russian visa with that purpose in mind."

To this was appended an editor's note:

> David Sentner, chief of the Hearst Newspapers' Washington Bureau, said Soviet visas for Mr. Hearst and his party came through within a matter of days, despite the well-known and long-standing editorial opposition of the Hearst Newspapers to Communism. "The Russians were fully aware of the long anti-Communist fight of the Hearst Newspapers when they granted the visas," Sentner said. "There were no illusions about that. We were told the Communists regarded Mr. Hearst's father as their No. 1 American critic of the past generation."

Mr. Sentner apparently hadn't looked back in the files as far as he might have.

Once Mr. Hearst had disappeared behind the Iron Curtain, I had a couple of anxious days, but on Saturday, January 29th, the *Journal-American* carried the news that he had arrived safely, and had scored an important scoop.

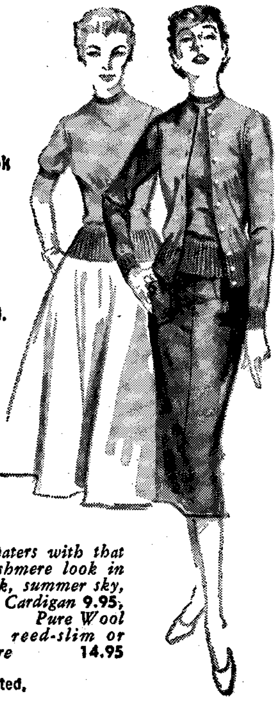
MOLOTOV TELLS W. R. HEARST, JR.:
RUSSIANS "MIGHT" SEEK
RED CHINA CEASE-FIRE

a modest layout of 108-point type across the top of the front page said. Below it was a subhead:

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
GIVEN TO PUBLISHER

The story of the interview was written not by Mr. Hearst but by Kingsbury Smith. It went, in part:

> We inquired whether the Soviet Government would be prepared to ask the Chinese Government that question [if the latter would refrain from interfering with



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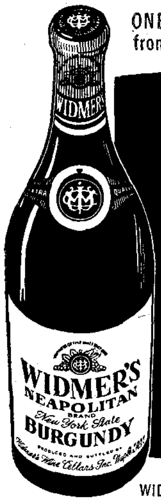

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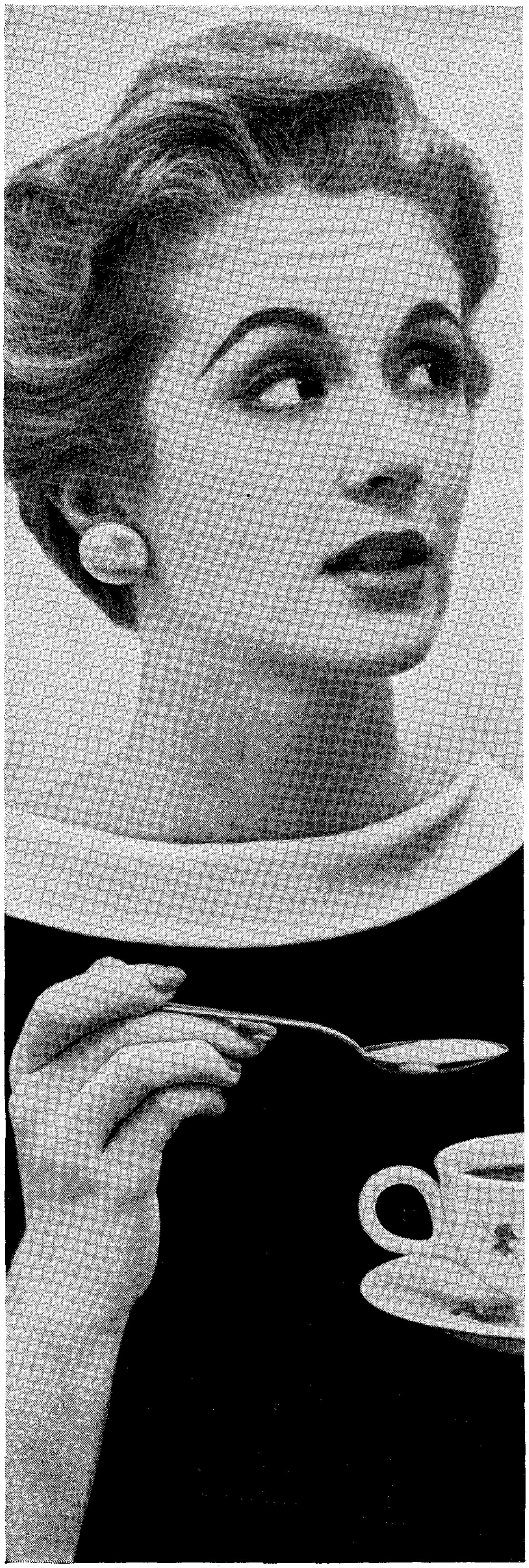

200 ☐ 100 ☐ 50 ☐ 18 ☐

Some guess as high as 600, but
the right answer is only
18 calories in a level teaspoonful

If you are counting calories,
this fact is even more important—

Sugar can help you cut down on
the number of calories you eat

Research findings show how raising your blood sugar level helps keep your appetite—and weight—under control

People who go on diets are usually surprised to find out that there are only 18 calories in a teaspoonful of sugar.

That's the number of calories an average adult uses up in about 7½ minutes of normal activity!

But this is just one of the reasons why most people are able to enjoy sugar and still maintain the weight they want.

Sugar raises the blood sugar level faster than does any other food. And the blood sugar level is part of the healthy body's own weight control system.

Helps regulate appetite

Research scientists, looking for the reason why some people overeat (and get fat), found a relationship between the blood sugar level and the size of the appetite.

When your blood sugar level is *low*, your appetite is bigger. You just naturally tend to eat more. Sometimes *too much*.

When it is elevated, appetite is smaller. You are more quickly satisfied on smaller portions. You find it much easier to say "no thanks" to the extra helpings that lead to extra pounds.

These studies also showed that substances which have no effect on the blood sugar level (such as non-caloric artificial sweeteners) were not effective in reducing the number of total calories actually eaten.

Any help from them is mostly in the mind instead of in the waistline.

More realistic approach to dieting

Overcoming that hollow, always hungry feeling is one of the hardest parts of dieting. That's why many of the newer diets now include sugar in foods and beverages to help keep appetites satisfied on less food.

These diets often start a meal with a sweetened fruit juice or fruit cup to help bring your appetite down to size. They allow a light snack or refreshing beverage in mid-morning and late afternoon to help keep hunger from *building up*.

They permit simple desserts because they make a small meal so much more satisfying.

So isn't it good to know that sugar helps to "count your calories" for you?

All facts in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

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the evacuation of the Tachen Islands]. Molotov, gazing intently at us, said:

"Is the Government of the United States asking us to do that?"

Hearst quickly answered:

"We are not speaking for the American Government in any way. We are simply journalists."

Molotov then said: "I am taking note of that."

This, according to Smith, constituted "implied willingness to consider a request to ask the Chinese Communist Government to agree to a cease-fire permitting withdrawal of the Chinese Nationalist forces from Tachen and other offshore islands." It also constituted the only visible basis for the eight-column, 108-point headline.

The *Journal-American* is an evening paper six days a week and a morning paper on Sundays. The edition of Sunday, January 30th, reprinted the Kingsbury Smith story with insignificant changes, and added Mr. Hearst's first dispatch of his own from Moscow. This appeared in the department called "Editor's Report," which is a regular feature of the weekend *Journal-American*, just as Mrs. Dorothy Schiff's column, "Dear Reader," is a regular feature of the weekend *Post*. Mr. Hearst and Mrs. Schiff both favor a chatty, friendly style, like Princess Margaret talking to an old Tobagan woman selling papaya juice.

Moscow: Sitting here in my room at the National Hotel, looking out across the snow-bordered square at the somber spires rising from the walls of the Kremlin [Mr. Hearst began], my mind goes back to that day less than a month ago when this trip first took concrete form. As these lines are written, huge red stars atop the many towers of the Kremlin blink luminously in the gloom of a gray winter's day. Buses and cars and people jostle through the broad square, ignoring the slush that now is the sole reminder of last night's picturesque snowfall. . . . For many months I had been toying with the thought of visiting Russia . . . but I was pretty sure such a trip could not be arranged for the son of William Randolph Hearst and for other reasons that must be obvious to readers of the Hearst Newspapers.

I suppose he hadn't been back in the files of the *American* any farther than Mr. Sentner.

A whole week elapsed before the leader of the Hearst expedition reported to his public again, but, knowing that the explorers were on friendly terms with the natives, I was no longer anxious. On Sunday, February 6th, Mr. Hearst's "Editor's Report" started off in the same setting as it had the week before:

As usual [he wrote], a light snow is falling outside as I write here in our hotel sitting-room office, assembling my notes and reviewing impressions stirred by a

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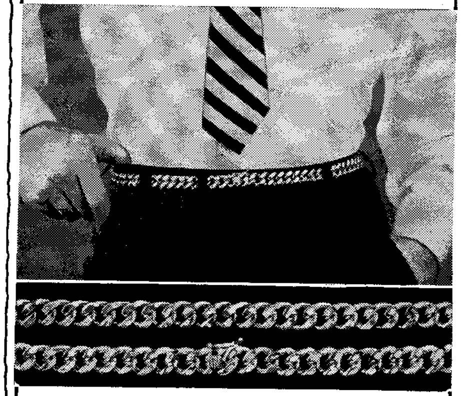

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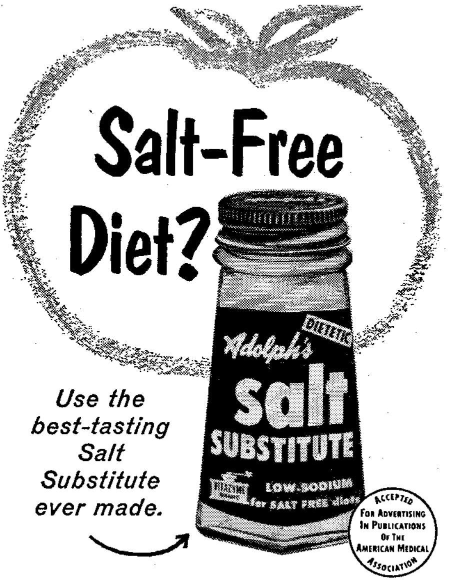

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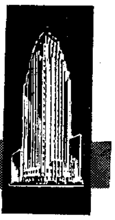

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> second week in the USSR. . . . A fleet of snowplows will presently deploy in the square facing the Kremlin and whip around with ballet-like precision through the patches of accumulated snow. They'll stop and go and back and turn for several hours and finally clear the stuff away, sometimes only minutes before the next snowstorm begins. We've witnessed this operation at least ten times since our arrival a week ago last Tuesday, and thus far the plows won each round. [This was subversive news to let trickle through to New York, where in the previous week a three-inch snowfall had tied traffic in a knot, but worse was to follow.] While most of our travels have been on the surface, we made the usual two-hour tour of the famed, clean, and ornate Moscow subway system.

I wondered if he was bringing back with him a candidate for Chairman of our Transit Authority.

Separated from the travelogue by a blank space and three asterisks was a postscript:

> About an hour after I had phoned this report to London, we received a call to appear at the offices of Nikita Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party. At this very minute, Joe (Kingsbury) Smith and Frank Conniff are hammering together the news account of our almost three-hour talk, which at times became more of a give-and-take exchange of views than an interview in the formal sense.
>
> Up close, Khrushchev gives the impression of being a very forceful character, but his assertive Communist dogmatism is occasionally tempered by flashes of irony. . . . Some of our exchanges had become rather pointed, but at the conclusion of our meeting, Khrushchev congratulated me on the way I had stood up with the American position. Then his shrewd eyes twinkled.
>
> "If you're ever called before the McCarthy committee," he said, "I'll be glad to testify and say how ably you defended your country." While I don't think my country needed any defense, I let it go at that. It isn't every day you meet a Communist with a sense of humor. Certainly not in America!

The Khrushchev news account that the boys had been hammering together while Mr. Hearst turned out his personal impressions did not look particularly startling. The story was headed

> NO. 2 LEADER TELLS W. R. HEARST, JR.:
> RUSSIA'S VIEWS ON PEACE

and announced that Khrushchev had said he was in favor of it. It was not until the next day's *Journal-American* that Smith and Conniff—having dug back among their notes of the interview, I suppose—turned up an additional item of conversation upon which the copyreaders could base a newsy head:

> KHRUSHCHEV TELLS W. R. HEARST, JR.:
> SOVIET SHUNS WAR,
> DENIES MALENKOV
> AND HE MAY SPLIT

"Khrushchev described as 'wishful *thinking*' reports which have appeared

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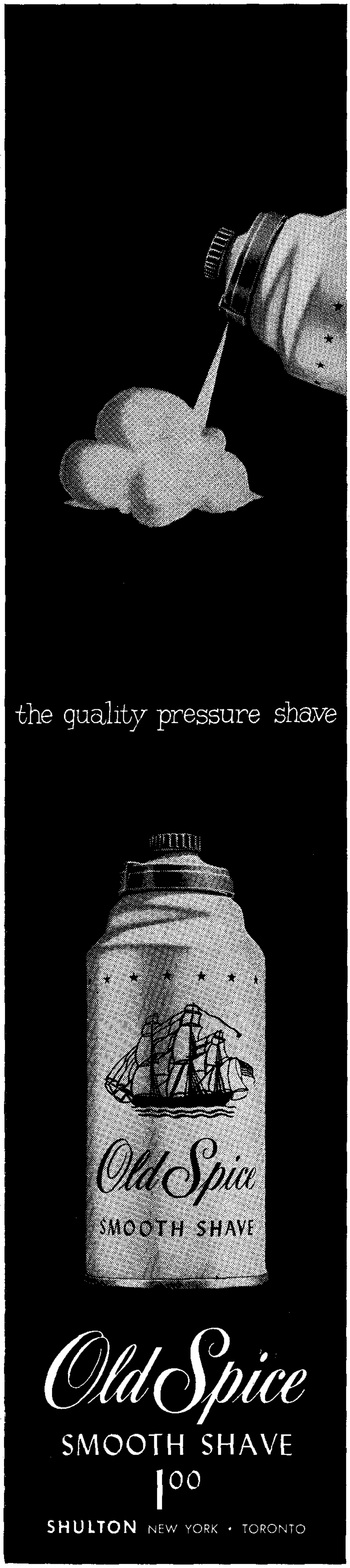
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in the Western press indicating a struggle for power might be developing between him and Malenkov," Smith and Conniff remembered.

When I saw the next day's newspaper headlines announcing Malenkov's resignation, apparently at Khrushchev's request, I felt that the Hearst papers had been double-crossed. It was rubbing it in, I thought, when the *Daily Worker*, at a great saving in cable tolls, on February 9th ran almost the full text of Khrushchev's interview with Hearst, taken straight from the *Journal-American*. In an interpretive article headed "BEHIND THE SOVIET GOV'T CHANGES," Joseph Clark, one of the *Worker's* chief augurs, used the same Khrushchev-to-Hearst material to refute various capitalist errors. While not even Senator McCarthy has so far called the *Journal-American* a fellow-traveller of the *Daily Worker*, the *Worker* of February 9th looked suspiciously like a late edition of the *Journal-American*.

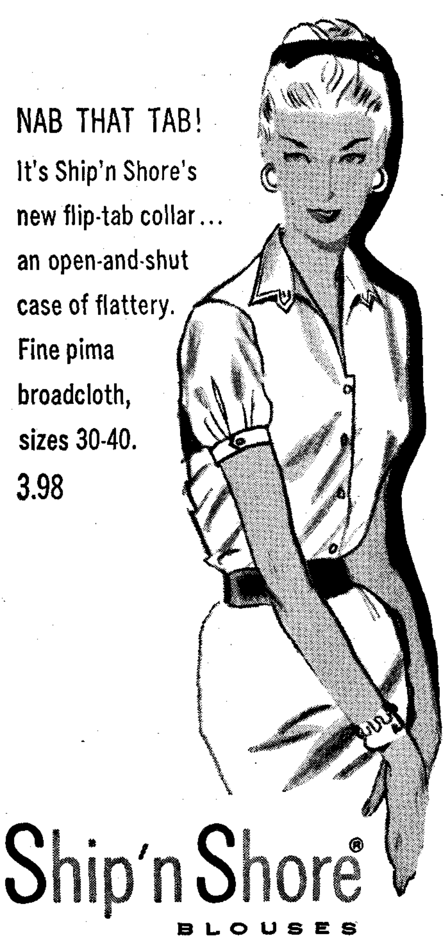
Mr. Hearst himself took his disillusionment in good part.

ENVOYS CAUGHT BY SURPRISE:
HEARST

a headline in his other New York paper, the *Mirror*, declared on Wednesday, February 9th. "William Randolph Hearst, Jr., declared Tuesday in a transoceanic phone interview from Moscow that the sudden shift in Soviet leadership came as a complete surprise to foreign diplomats there," the story went on. " 'There wasn't the slightest inkling that so momentous a move was in the works,' declared Hearst, chairman of the editorial board of the Hearst Newspapers." In the U.S.S.R., however, the events reported on February 8th were not thought to have detracted from the value of the February 5th interview. A headline printed in the *Journal-American* on Friday, February 11th, proudly informed Hearst readers:

PRESS STRESSES KHRUSHCHEV STORY:
SOVIET PLAYS UP
HEARST INTERVIEW

The story below it, by Charles H. Klensch, began, "Soviet morning newspapers today displayed prominently Communist Party Secretary Khrushchev's recent long interview with American publisher William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and I.N.S. European General Manager Kingsbury Smith." The interview, Klensch explained, was not published in Russia until after Malenkov's resignation. But then, he added, "*Pravda*, the Communist Party organ, made the February 5th interview its lead story. Four of *Pravda's* six columns on page one and two full columns inside were devoted to Khrushchev's interview statements. . . . The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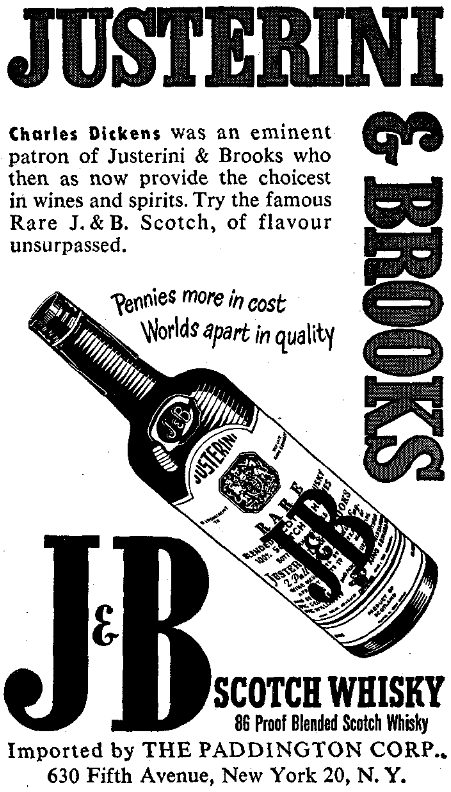
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Soviet radio also broadcast the interview repeatedly throughout the nation and to foreign countries."

NON-HEARST papers, which hadn't had headquarters task forces in Moscow, took the news of Malenkov's demotion calmly, I thought, compared to the manner in which they reacted to Stalin's death in March, 1953, and to Beria's deletion in July of the same year. An Associated Press Russian expert named Tom Whitney reviewed the situation in the *Mirror* and other A.P. member papers, "The struggle among Stalin's heirs for Stalin's power has entered its critical, and perhaps its final stage. Just a little bit more and Nikita Khrushchev—boss of the Soviet Communist Party—will be the new Stalin," he wrote. "But," he hedged, "a miss is as good as a mile, as two previous contenders, Lavrenti Beria and ex-Premier Malenkov, have found out."

In the *Herald Tribune*, Joseph Newman reported, "Responsible people in Great Britain frankly admit that no Western officials or diplomats, not even those stationed in Moscow, have claimed any genuine information which might explain the latest Kremlin explosion. Consequently, officials as well as laymen must resort to guesswork as to what happened, and only events will demonstrate which guesses and guessers are better than others."

Joseph P. Lash, in the *Post*, quoted a daring assumption from a high source: "President Eisenhower said today the newest shakeup in the Soviet leadership reflected internal dissatisfaction in Russia."

Nobody appeared willing to buy Bulganin, the newly chosen Premier; it is a first principle of Russian experting that whoever appears to be on top isn't. In other areas, however, the gazers into the crystal balls appeared to be suffering from extreme eyestrain. "Diplomats leaned to the theory that the new lineup represents an uneasy compromise between the Party and the Red Army," Lash halfheartedly speculated. "They saw as much significance in the increased role and power of Marshal Zhukov as in the emergence of First Secretary Nikita S. Khrushchev as the Party's dominant personality. . . . A second note of caution that could be detected in today's analyses of Moscow developments was against premature conclusions that Khrushchev's dominant role represented a return to a one-man dictatorship of the Stalinist type."

IN the days following the Malenkov news, confusion appeared to be at its most confused in the pages of the

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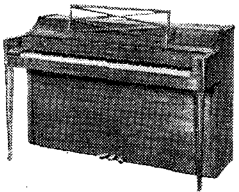

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Journal-American, where before the journey of W. R., Jr., to the Kremlin to see for himself you could always get a prompt and positive evaluation. On Sunday, February 13th, the eight-column streamer on the front page read:

"PEACE POLICY" IS UNCHANGED,
BULGANIN TELLS W. R. HEARST

This, Marshal Bulganin said, was "despite the sharp attacks on America made at meetings of the Supreme Soviet [Parliament] this week." (The sharpest attack had been made by him.) Hearst, in "Editor's Report," told how he and Smith and Conniff had been in Leningrad, about to take off in a plane for Helsinki, when Marshal Bulganin snatched them back to Moscow to plant the kind word with them. On the editorial page, the lead-off piece said, in part, "With his interview in today's Hearst Newspapers with Marshal Nikolai A. Bulganin, the new Russian Premier, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., has accomplished a journalistic grand slam. . . . We in this organization are tremendously proud of the feat of Mr. Hearst and his party."

The confusion was not lessened by a quotation from the assembled works of the elder Hearst (the *Journal-American* runs one daily, along with a portrait of the 1918 Russophile, in the upper left-hand corner of the editorial page), which read, "Any permanent international alliance means a complete departure from the tried and proven policy of the United States for one hundred and fifty years," while in the right-hand corner was a quotation from Saint Mark—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (A text is suggested by a different minister every day.) In the center of the page was a layout of pictures of four Hearst interviewees—Khrushchev, Molotov, Zhukov, and Bulganin. (He also interviewed Stalin's daughter, Svetlana, but she didn't make it.) The head over the layout was

PEACE TALK, WAR TALK—
WHICH DO THEY MEAN?

and the caption below read

"Peaceful coexistence—easing of international tensions—better relations with the U.S."—all of this has been expressed by leaders of Russia's new regime in exclusive interviews with William Randolph Hearst, Jr., chairman of the editorial board of the Hearst Newspapers. At the same time, war talk, signs of a tougher Soviet policy, came from the Kremlin. What does it mean? Is it propaganda for home consumption? Or is Russia still aiming at world conquest by military force?

It wasn't until I got over on the opposite page that I could be sure what

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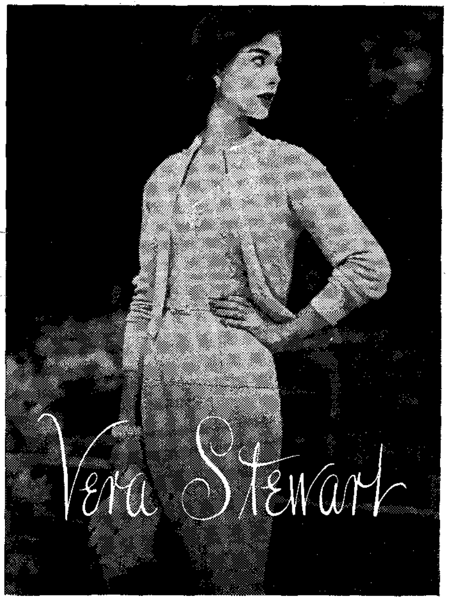

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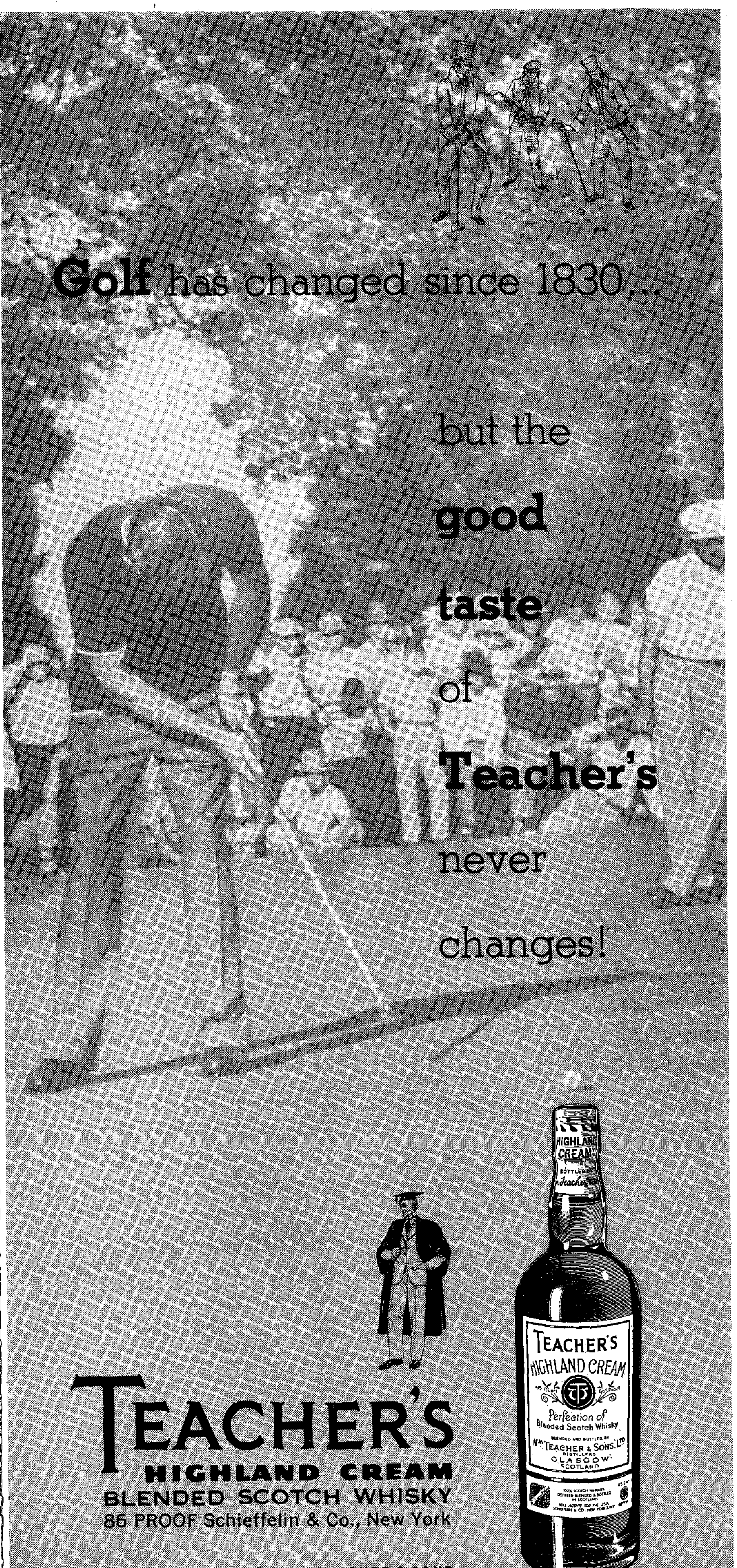
paper I was reading. "BACK TO STALINISM," the top line said, over a picture of Russian infantry marching with rifles at the ready. This, I learned from a subhead, was Sokolsky's analysis, and as I read on, I knew I had firm ground under me again. "What do the changes in Russia portend?" the piece began. "After all, there has been little change, says columnist George Sokolsky, noted expert on Russian affairs." The weekday Sokolsky, who writes in the first person, is impressive, but the Sunday, third-person Sokolsky is even more portentous, if that is conceivable. "It looks big in Western eyes, like Clement Attlee taking the government from Winston Churchill or Eisenhower defeating Stevenson after the elimination of Truman. Nothing of the sort has happened, Sokolsky points out," pointed out Sokolsky. "There has merely been a shift back to Stalinism after an attempt to reduce Stalin to a temporary figure on the stage of history."

Stalin, Sokolsky quoted Sokolsky as expounding, was succeeded by the triumvirate of Malenkov, Beria, and Molotov. Beria was killed, Molotov reduced to a mouthpiece. But Malenkov, too, was weak. Power fell to Khrushchev. "What it means, Sokolsky notes," noted Sokolsky, "is that the Soviet world has returned to Stalinism, to the permanent revolution, to the doctrine of the conquest of the entire human race, by whatever means are available in each particular area, by Marxism. It means that the interval of peaceful coexistence is now a slogan, not a reality. . . . It is therefore to be anticipated that Khrushchev will raise the issue of the rearming of West Germany. He will threaten France on this subject. He will threaten the United States. He will conduct a violent propaganda on the subject throughout Europe. At a recent conference at Prague, Khrushchev used the most violent language on this subject. . . . For the United States this spells trouble—lots of trouble, Sokolsky warns," warned Sokolsky, and, reading, I felt the old familiar tingle at the base of my spine, the sort that Sokolsky can induce as well as any writer since the Brothers Grimm, and they outnumbered him. "Khrushchev, as the Party boss, can prevent any other Army general—even Voroshilov, who is the President, or Bulganin, who is Premier—from interfering with his plans. His plans are for world mastery, for the abolition of race, religion, nationality, private property on a universal scale. The ghost of Stalin rides again."

It sounded to me more like the ghost of last year's *Journal-American* editorial policy. —A. J. LIEBLING



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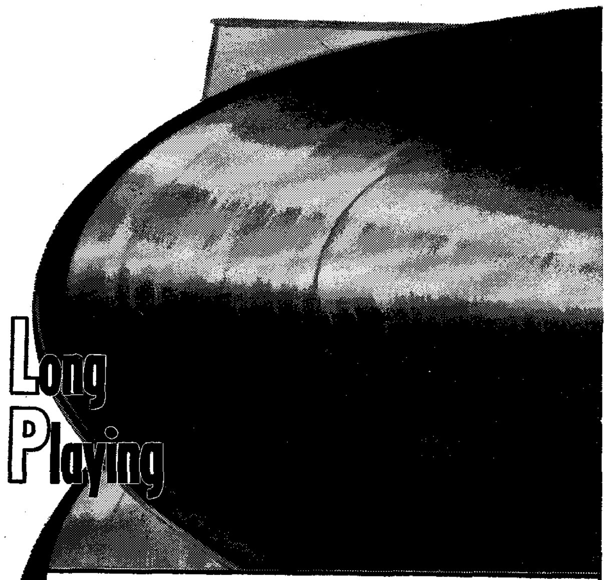

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THE ART GALLERIES

Interim Report

AS you may have noticed, there has been a run on the younger Europeans lately, and the trend continues into this week, with such offerings on the schedule as a Georges Dayez exhibition at the Galerie Moderne and a group collection of five other French painters, most of them only moderately well known here, at the Fine Arts. I should point out, perhaps, that the term "younger artists" applies only relatively, for a good many of the men—Dayez, for instance—are well into their forties. But they are young in the newness of their reputations here, at least, and they are young, too—or some of them are—in the extent of their careers as practicing artists, since to several of them the war was a serious interruption. Certainly they are young in contrast with that durable group of famous *vénérables*—Braque, Picasso, Rouault, and, until just a few months ago, Matisse—who have dominated French art, as we know it here, for so long a time. Like Edward VII, coming to the throne after the long reign of Victoria, they are exceedingly late in achieving eminence, but they seem to be making it at last—and, I suppose one should add, high time, too.

In the case of Dayez, we are confronted with an almost total newcomer, for, despite the fact that he has built up a considerable reputation abroad, he has been seen in this country only in a couple of group shows, and then not too conclusively. The present affair, his first one-man exhibition here, reveals him as a painter of far more than the average amount of authority, with a sound, if occasionally a bit rigid, structural sense and a nice gift for richly modulated, if rather sombre, color. His style is part abstract and part representational, most of the time smoothly blended, and such influences as he betrays—Lhote, perhaps (who was one of his teachers, it appears), with some touches of the later phases of Braque—are so well absorbed that I mention them here only to indicate the temper and quality of his painting. The work in the current showing consists principally of landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes; few figures appear, and it was my impression that his method of modified abstraction works to his disadvantage when they do, for it results—as in "La Pianiste"—in a curious stiffness and awkwardness when applied to the softnesses and sinuosities of the human body. He is more at home with the inanimate, where that slight rigidity of his design I mentioned earlier often helps to strengthen his compositions. I liked especially his still-life called "Poisson et Huîtres," with its charmingly handled cut-glass carafe animating the picture; the gray, airy "Falaises à Varengeville," and "Yport," both paintings of the sea and shore; and the small and attractive "Varengeville."

THREE of the five painters in the Fine Arts collection—Bernard Lorjou, Bernard Buffet, and Claude Venard—have been seen before in this country, though not very frequently, and the remaining two, Paul Bercot and Alexandre Garbell, are, so far as I know, absolutely new to us here. I liked Bercot's work least. To be sure, he has a pleasant feeling for color, and though he paints in a fairly high key, he controls it effectively. But the design seems consistently blocky and arbitrary, the influence too palpably van Gogh, and of his four paintings I liked only—and then moderately—his "Arbres en Vent," where the effort to catch the wind's action gives a lightness that is lacking in the others. Garbell, who clings more to the strict Fauvist tradition, is at once more fluent and more subtle, and a number of his canvases, done in little spots and flakes of color and mainly with the seaside as their motif (see his "Le Phare" and "La Plage Noire et Jaune"), have a kind of jaunty cheerfulness about them that I found delightful; Buffet, painting in a more sharply outlined, angular design, and with a darker palette, has two still-lifes, "Le Pistolet" and "Fleurs et Chevalet," that are thoroughly successful.

The stars of the show, though, I thought, were Lorjou and Venard—the first with a series of big, solidly constructed, more or less Expressionist canvases that include a boldly red, truly massive-looking "Le Buffet Rouge" and a smaller, but almost equally striking, butcher-shop still-life called "Le Gigot," and Venard with, among others, a brilliantly executed still-life, "Le Poisson au Pain," so sharply drawn and so luminous in color that it looks almost like stained glass, and a large, grayish-toned "Notre Dame de Paris," showing the cathedral's front, that is almost a masterpiece of planning and organization.

It's an attractive show altogether, full of contrasts and yet with a certain homogeneity—of purpose rather than style—that is oddly stimulating and maybe illuminating as well. One has the feeling, at any rate, that a few common characteristics begin to emerge, defining what might be called the "French style" of the present, and on the basis of what is unquestionably insufficient evidence I shall issue a report on it. There are aspects of the style that are certainly discouraging—most notably, perhaps, the feeling that one gets of caution. Techniques are high, and the textures impeccable, but behind the traditional façade of French painterly excellence there is still—to my mind, at least—a certain deadness, as if a spirit of real adventurousness that would truly animate the works is lacking. There is, too, an impression of return—or, conversely, and yet more or less identically, of retreat—almost constantly before one. Thus, everyone is either returning to some one of the past traditions (as Garbell to the Fauves and Lorjou to the Expressionists), or, as in the cases of Dayez and Venard, retreating from the forthright abstractionism of Picasso, Braque, Gris, and so on, to something modified, more understandable—in a word, one might almost say, safer. It is, I think, this combination of caution and its obviously related feeling of circling, circling back in search of surer ground that is the chief weakness of French art today—or this segment of it, anyway—and it mars what is otherwise solid and carefully thought-out painting.

I can't help thinking, in this connection, of a story that someone—Derain, I believe it was—told of Picasso. It was when they were both young and painting somewhere in the countryside outside Paris, and already experimenting with the techniques and stylistic approaches that were later to develop into the Cubist method. Derain, though, had a certain difficulty getting away from the conventional mannerism, and he was working laboriously at a picture of a house in the fields when Picasso came up and stood a moment looking over his shoulder. Then Picasso burst out, "What's it to you, that house, anyway, André? You don't own it, do you? *Fous-la en l'air!*" It seems to me that a touch of that "Blow it up! Toss it in the air!" attitude is needed in any painting if it's ever to be truly great.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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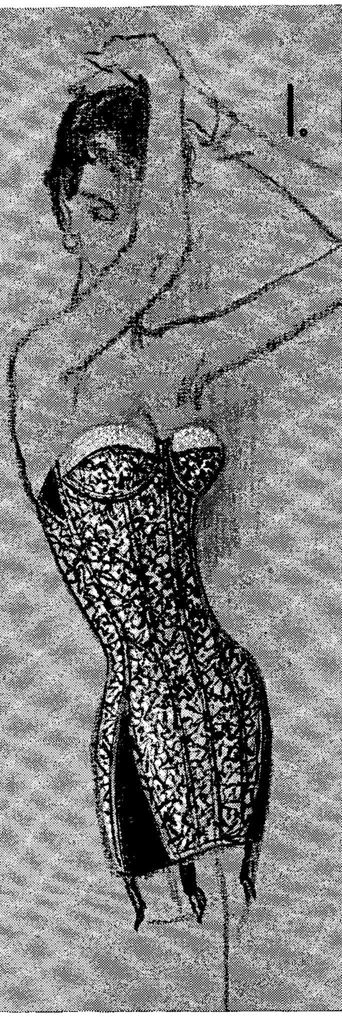

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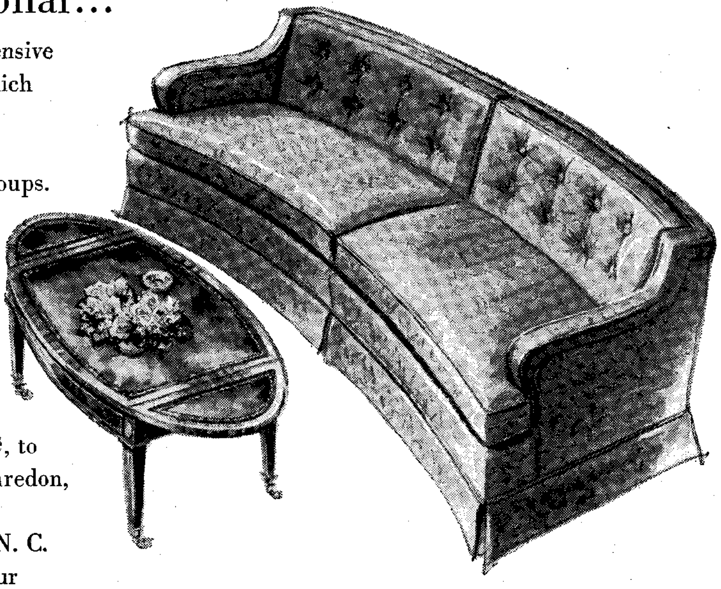

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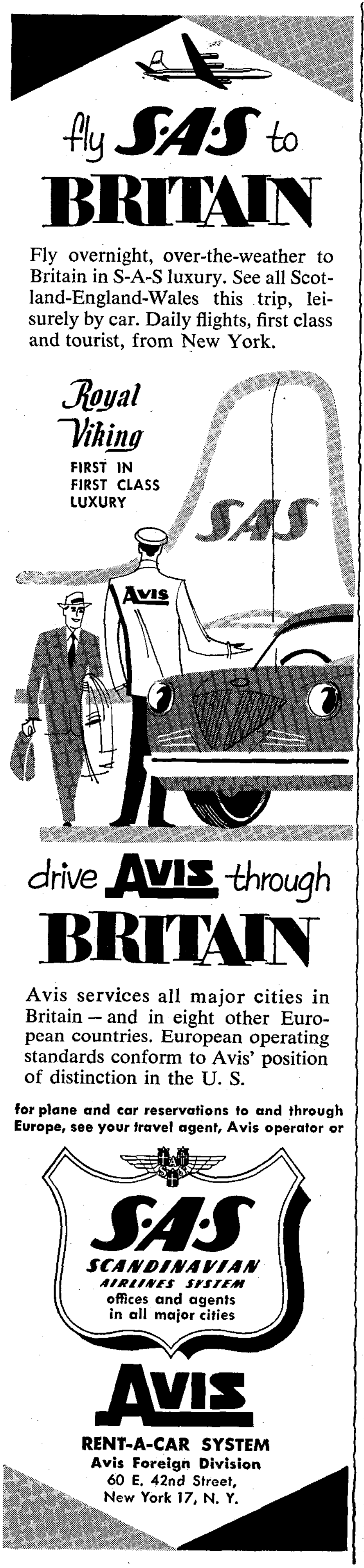
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A MILD ATTACK OF LOCUSTS

THE rains that year were good; they were coming nicely just as the crops needed them—or so Margaret gathered when the men said they were not too bad. She never had an opinion of her own on matters like the weather, because even to know about a simple thing like the weather needs experience, which Margaret, born and brought up in Johannesburg, had not got. The men were her husband, Richard, and old Stephen, Richard's father, who was a farmer from way back, and these two might argue for hours over whether the rains were ruinous or just ordinarily exasperating. Margaret had been on the farm for three years now. She still did not understand why they did not go bankrupt altogether, when the men never had a good word for the weather, or the soil, or the government. But she was getting to learn the language. Farmers' language. And she noticed that for all Richard's and Stephen's complaints, they did not go bankrupt. Nor did they get very rich; they jogged along, doing comfortably.

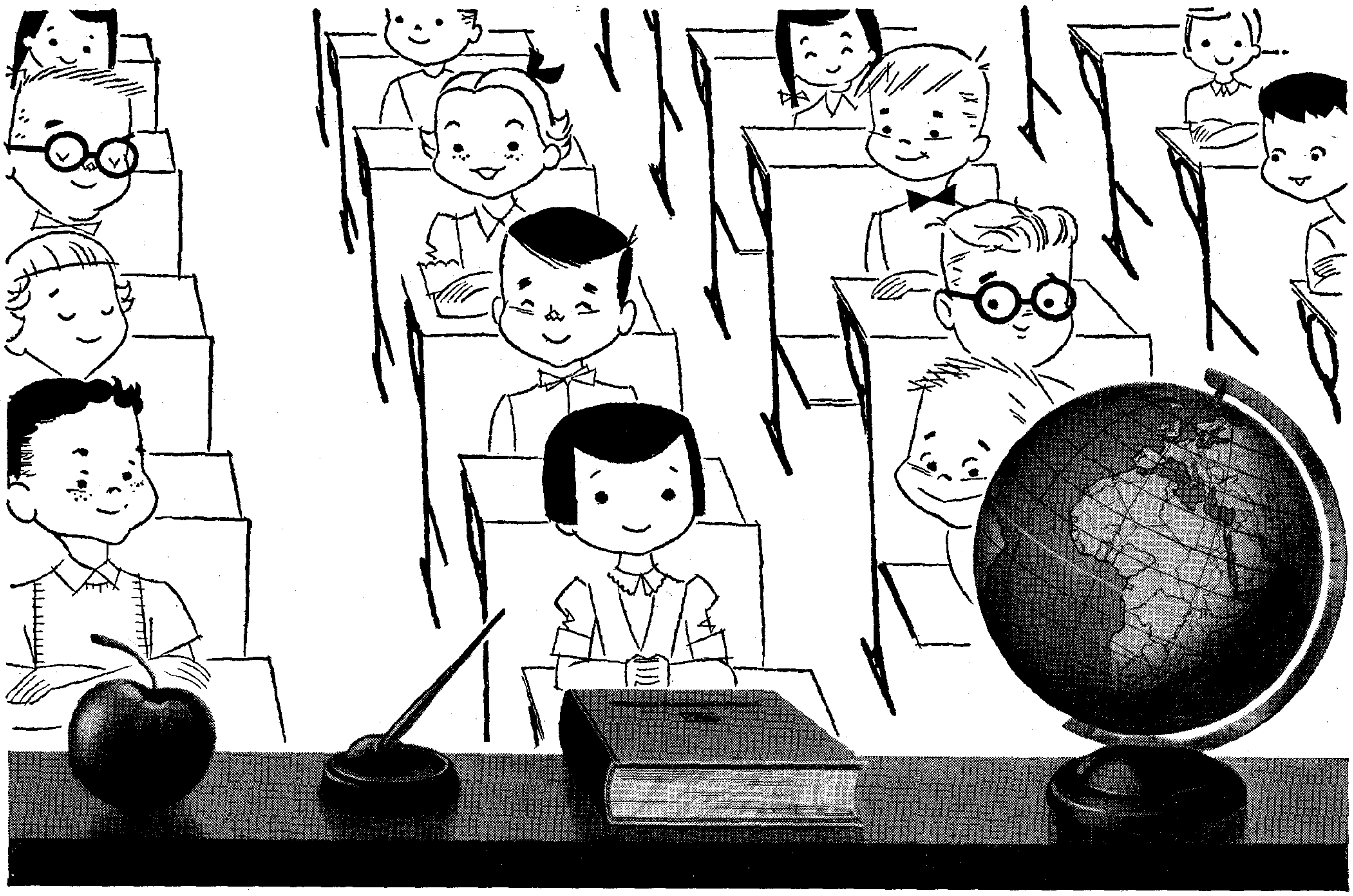
Their crop was maize. Their farm was three thousand acres on the ridges that rise up toward the Zambezi escarpment—high, dry, wind-swept country, cold and dusty in winter, but now, in the wet months, steamy with the heat that rose in wet, soft waves off miles of green foliage. Beautiful it was, with the sky on fair days like blue and brilliant halls of air, and the bright-green folds and hollows of country beneath, and the mountains lying sharp and bare twenty miles off, beyond the rivers. The sky made her eyes ache; she was not used to it. One does not look so much at the sky in the city. So that evening, when Richard said, "The government is sending out warnings that locusts are expected, coming down from the breeding grounds up north," her instinct was to look about her at the trees. Insects, swarms of them—horrible! But Richard and the old man had raised their eyes and were looking up over the nearest mountaintop. "We haven't had locusts in seven years," one said, and the other, "They go in cycles, locusts do." And then: "There goes our crop for this season!"

But they went on with the work of the farm just as usual, until one day, when they were coming up the road to the homestead for the midday break, old Stephen stopped, raised his finger, and pointed. "Look, look!" he shouted. "There they are!"

Margaret heard him and she ran out to join them, looking at the hills. Out came the servants from the kitchen. They all stood and gazed. Over the rocky levels of the mountain was a streak of rust-colored air. Locusts. There they came.

At once, Richard shouted at the cookboy. Old Stephen yelled at the houseboy. The cookboy ran to beat the rusty plowshare, hanging from a tree branch, that was used to summon the laborers at moments of crisis. The houseboy ran off to the store to collect tin cans—any old bits of metal. The farm was ringing with the clamor of the gong, and the laborers came pouring out of the compound, pointing at the hills and shouting excitedly. Soon they had all come up to the house, and Richard and old Stephen were giving them orders: Hurry, hurry, hurry.

And off they ran again, the two white men with them, and in a few minutes Margaret could see the smoke of fires rising from all around the farmlands. When the government warnings came, piles of wood and grass had been prepared in every cultivated field. There were seven patches of bared, cultivated soil, where the new mealies were just showing, making a film of bright green over the rich dark red, and around each patch now drifted up thick clouds of smoke. The men were throwing wet leaves onto the fires to make the smoke acrid and black. Margaret was watching the hills. Now there was a long, low cloud advancing, rust-colored still, swelling forward and out as she looked. The telephone was ringing—neighbors to say, Quick, quick, here come the locusts! Old Smith had already had his crop eaten to the ground. Quick, get your fires started! For, of course, while every farmer hoped the locusts would overlook his farm and go on to the next, it was only fair to warn the others; one must play fair. Everywhere, fifty miles over the countryside, the smoke was rising from a myriad of fires. Margaret answered the telephone calls and, between them, stood watching the locusts. The air was darkening—a strange



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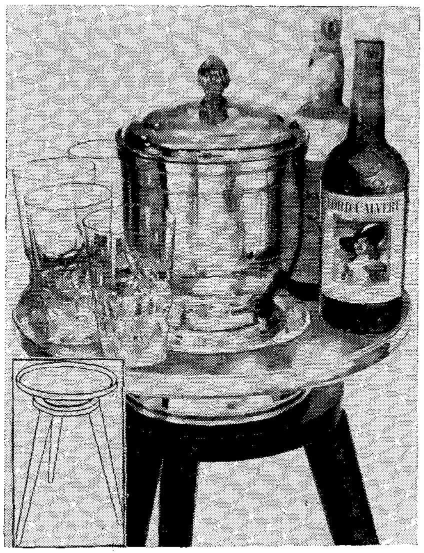
darkness, for the sun was blazing. It was like the darkness of a veldt fire, when the air gets thick with smoke and the sunlight comes down distorted—a thick, hot orange. It was oppressive, too, with the heaviness of a storm. The locusts were coming fast. Now half the sky was darkened. Behind the reddish veils in front, which were the advance guard of the swarm, the main swarm showed in dense black clouds, reaching almost to the sun itself.

Margaret was wondering what she could do to help. She did not know. Then up came old Stephen from the lands. "We're finished, Margaret, finished!" he said. "Those beggars can eat every leaf and blade off the farm in half an hour! But it's only early afternoon. If we can make enough smoke, make enough noise till the sun goes down, they'll settle somewhere else, perhaps." And then: "Get the kettle going. It's thirsty work, this."

SO Margaret went to the kitchen and stoked up the fire and boiled the water. Now on the tin roof of the kitchen she could hear the thuds and bangs of falling locusts, or a scratching slither as one skidded down the tin slope. Here were the first of them. From down on the lands came the beating and banging and clanging of a hundred petrol tins and bits of metal. Stephen impatiently waited while Margaret filled one petrol tin with tea—hot, sweet, and orange-colored—and another with water. In the meantime, he told her about how, twenty years back, he had been eaten out, made bankrupt by the locust armies. And then, still talking, he lifted the heavy petrol cans, one in each hand, holding them by the wooden pieces set cornerwise across the tops, and jogged off down to the road to the thirsty laborers.

By now, the locusts were falling like hail on the roof of the kitchen. It sounded like a heavy storm. Margaret looked out and saw the air dark with a crisscross of the insects, and she set her teeth and ran out into it; what the men could do, she could. Overhead, the air was thick—locusts everywhere. The locusts were flopping against her, and she brushed them off—heavy red-brown creatures, looking at her with their beady, old men's eyes while they clung to her with their hard, serrated legs. She held her breath with disgust and ran through the door into the house again. There it was even more like being in a heavy storm. The iron roof was reverberating, and the clamor of beaten iron from the lands was like thun-



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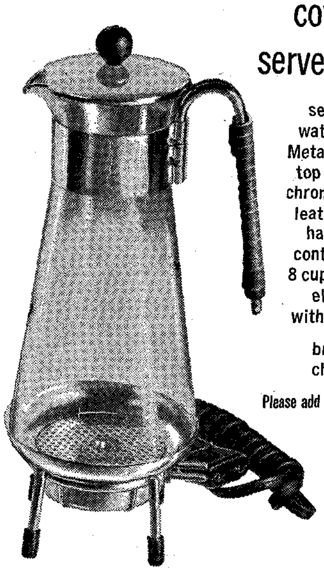

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der. When she looked out, all the trees were queer and still, clotted with insects, their boughs weighted to the ground. The earth seemed to be moving, with locusts crawling everywhere; she could not see the lands at all, so thick was the swarm. Toward the mountains, it was like looking into driving rain; even as she watched, the sun was blotted out with a fresh onrush of the insects. It was a half night, a perverted blackness. Then came a sharp crack from the bush—a branch had snapped off. Then another. A tree down the slope leaned over slowly and settled heavily to the ground. Through the hail of insects, a man came running. More tea, more water were needed. Margaret supplied them. She kept the fires stoked and filled tins with liquid, and then it was four in the afternoon and the locusts had been pouring across overhead for a couple of hours.

Up came old Stephen again—crunching locusts underfoot with every step, locusts clinging all over him—cursing and swearing, banging with his old hat at the air. At the doorway, he stopped briefly, hastily pulling at the clinging insects and throwing them off, and then he plunged into the locust-free living room.

"All the crops finished. Nothing left," he said.

But the gongs were still beating, the men still shouting, and Margaret asked, "Why do you go on with it, then?"

"The main swarm isn't settling. They are heavy with eggs. They are looking for a place to settle and lay. If we can stop the main body settling on our farm, that's everything. If they get a chance to lay their eggs, we are going to have everything eaten flat with hoppers later on." He picked a stray locust off his shirt and split it down with his thumbnail; it was clotted inside with eggs. "Imagine that multiplied by millions. You ever seen a hopper swarm on the march? No? Well, you're lucky."

Margaret thought an adult swarm was bad enough. Outside, the light on the earth was now a pale, thin yellow darkened with moving shadow; the clouds of moving insects alternately thickened and lightened, like driving rain. Old Stephen said, "They've got the wind behind them. That's something."

"Is it very bad?" asked Margaret fearfully, and the old man said emphatically, "We're finished. This swarm may pass over, but once they've started, they'll be coming down from the north one after another. And then there are

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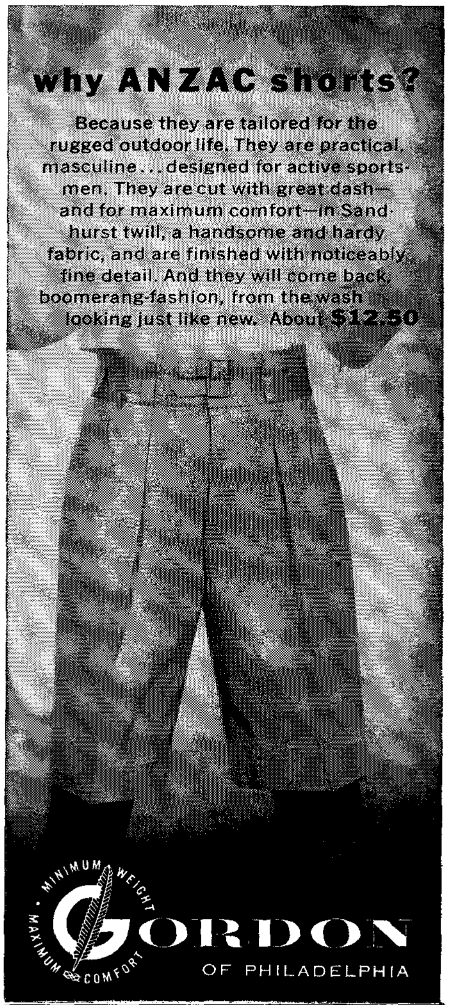
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the hoppers. It might go on for three or four years."

Margaret sat down helplessly and thought, Well, if it's the end, it's the end. What now? We'll all three have to go back to town. But at this she took a quick look at Stephen, the old man who had farmed forty years in this country and been bankrupt twice before, and she knew nothing would make him go and become a clerk in the city. Her heart ached for him; he looked so tired, the worry lines deep from nose to mouth. Poor old man. He lifted up a locust that had got itself somehow into his pocket, and held it in the air by one leg. "You've got the strength of a steel spring in those legs of yours," he told the locust good-humoredly. Then, although for the last three hours he had been fighting locusts, squashing locusts, yelling at locusts, and sweeping them in great mounds into the fires to burn, he nevertheless took this one to the door and carefully threw it out to join its fellows, as if he would rather not harm a hair of its head. This comforted Margaret; all at once, she felt irrationally cheered. She remembered it was not the first time in the past three years the men had announced their final and irremediable ruin.

"Get me a drink, lass," Stephen then said, and she set a bottle of whiskey by him.

In the meantime, thought Margaret, her husband was out in the pelting storm of insects, banging the gong, feeding the fires with leaves, while the insects clung all over him. She shuddered. "How can you bear to let them touch you?" she asked Stephen. He looked at her disapprovingly. She felt suitably humble, just as she had when Richard brought her to the farm after their marriage and Stephen first took a good look at her city self—hair waved and golden, nails red and pointed. Now she was a proper farmer's wife, in sensible shoes and a solid skirt. She might even get to letting locusts settle on her, in time.

Having tossed down a couple of whiskeys, old Stephen went back into the battle, wading now through glistening brown waves of locusts.

Five o'clock. The sun would set in an hour. Then the swarm would settle. It was as thick as ever overhead. The trees were ragged mounds of glistening brown.

Margaret began to cry. It was all so hopeless. If it wasn't a bad season, it was locusts; if it wasn't locusts, it was army worms or veldt fires. Always

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something. The rustling of the locust armies was like a big forest in a storm. The ground was invisible in a sleek brown surging tide; it was like being drowned in locusts, submerged by the loathsome brown flood. It seemed as if the roof might sink in under the weight of them, as if the door might give in under their pressure and these rooms fill with them—and it was getting so dark. Through the window, she looked up at the sky. The air was thinner; gaps of blue showed in the dark moving clouds. The blue spaces were cold and thin; the sun must be setting. Through the fog of insects, she saw figures approaching. First old Stephen, marching bravely along, then her husband, drawn and haggard with weariness, and behind them the servants. All of them were crawling with insects. The sound of the gongs had stopped. Margaret could hear nothing but the ceaseless rustle of myriads of wings.

The two men slapped off the insects and came in.

"Well," said Richard, kissing her on the cheek, "the main swarm has gone over."

"For the Lord's sake!" said Margaret angrily, still half crying. "What's here is bad enough, isn't it?" For although the evening air was no longer black and thick but a clear blue, with a pattern of insects whizzing this way and that across it, everything else—trees, buildings, bushes, earth—was gone under the moving brown masses.

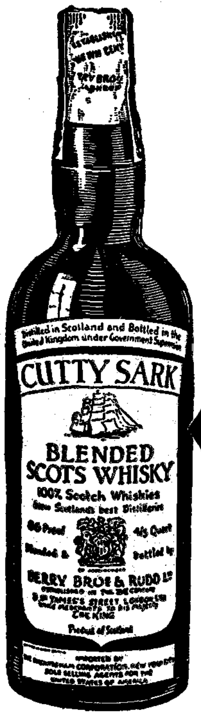
"If it doesn't rain in the night and keep them here," Stephen said, "if it doesn't rain and weight them down with water, they'll be off in the morning at sunrise."

"We're bound to have some hoppers," said Richard. "But not the main swarm. That's something."

Margaret roused herself, wiped her eyes, pretended she had not been crying, and fetched them some supper, for the servants were too exhausted to move. She sent them off to the compound to rest.

She served the supper and sat listening. There was not one maize plant left, she heard. Not one. They would get the planting machines out the moment the locusts had gone. They must start all over again.

What was the use of that, Margaret wondered, if the whole farm was going to be crawling with hoppers? But she listened while they discussed the new government pamphlet that told how to defeat the hoppers. You must have men out all the time, patrolling the farm, to watch for movement in the



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grass. When you find a patch of hoppers—small, lively black things, like crickets—then you dig trenches around the patch or spray them with poison from pumps supplied by the government. The government wanted every farmer to coöperate in a world plan for eliminating this plague forever. You must attack locusts at the source—hoppers, in short. The men were talking as if they were planning a war, and Margaret listened, amazed.

IN the night, it was quiet, with no sign of the armies that had settled outside, except that sometimes a branch snapped or a tree could be heard crashing down.

Margaret slept badly, in the bed beside Richard, who was sleeping like the dead. In the morning, she woke to yellow sunshine lying across the bed—clear sunshine, with an occasional blotch of shadow moving over it. She went to the window. Old Stephen was ahead of her. There he stood, outside, gazing down over the bush. And she gazed, astounded—and entranced, much against her will. For it looked as if every tree, every bush, all the earth, were lit with pale flames. The locusts were fanning their wings to free them of the night dews. There was a shimmer of red-tinged gold light everywhere.

She went out to join the old man, stepping carefully among the insects. The two stood and watched. Overhead the sky was blue—blue and clear.

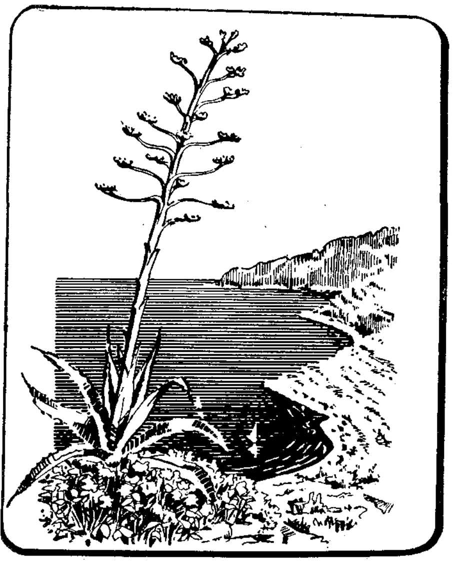
"Pretty," said old Stephen with satisfaction.

Well, thought Margaret, we may be ruined, we may be bankrupt, but not everyone has seen a locust army fanning their wings at dawn.

Over the slopes in the distance, a faint red smear showed in the sky. It thickened and spread. "There they go," said old Stephen. "There goes the main army, off south."

And now, from the trees, from the earth all around them, the locusts were taking wing. They were like small aircraft maneuvering for the takeoff as they tried their wings to see if they were dry enough. Off they went. A reddish-brown steam was rising off the miles of bush, off the farmlands—the earth. Again the sunlight darkened.

And as the clotted branches lifted, the weight on them lightening, there was nothing left but the black spines of branches and tree trunks. No green—nothing. All morning they watched, the three of them—Richard having finally got up—as the brown crust thinned and broke and dissolved, flying up to mass with the main army, now a



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brownish-red smear in the southern sky. The lands, which had been filmed with the green of the new, tender mealie plants, were stark and bare. A devastated landscape—no green, no green anywhere.

By midday, the reddish cloud had gone. Only an occasional locust flopped down. On the ground lay the corpses and the wounded. The African laborers were sweeping them up with branches and collecting them in tins.

"Ever eaten sun-dried locust, Margaret?" asked old Stephen. "That time twenty years ago when I went broke, I lived on mealie meal and dried locusts for three months. They aren't bad at all—rather like smoked fish, if you come to think of it."

But Margaret preferred not even to think of it.

After the midday meal, the men went off to the lands. Everything was to be replanted. With a bit of luck, another swarm would not come travelling down just this way. But they hoped it would rain very soon, to spring some new grass, because the cattle would die otherwise; there was not a blade of grass left on the farm. As for Margaret, she was trying to get used to the idea of three or four years of locusts. Locusts were going to be like the weather from now on—always imminent. She felt like a survivor after a war; if this devastated and mangled countryside was not ruin—well, what then was ruin?

But the men ate their supper with good appetites.

"It could have been worse" was what they said. "It could be much worse."

—Doris Lessing

•

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[*From The New Yorker, January 15th*]

In his Columbia University speech, Mr. Oppenheimer used a phrase that is memorable; he said we live "at the edge of mystery." Curiously enough, there was a small news item, about that time, that beautifully illustrated his words—the announcement that a certain substance in human tears was believed to have an arresting effect on cancer cells. Here is the edge of mystery for you: love, sorrow, beauty causing tears; tears arresting cancer; ergo, love arresting cancer. The fine edge of mystery.

[*From a column headed "Miss Charlotte Goes Shopping" in the Charlotte (N.C.) Observer, January 30th*]

"We live at the edge of mystery" said J. Robert Oppenheimer, noted physicist, in a recent address at Columbia University. A small news item was released about the same time which strangely illustrates this memorable phrase—the announcement that a certain substance in human tears is believed to have an arresting effect on cancer cells. Can it be that love, sorrow, beauty, joy . . . all the human emotions which cause tears to flow so freely may in some mysterious way check the havoc of cancer? Here is indeed the fine edge of mystery.

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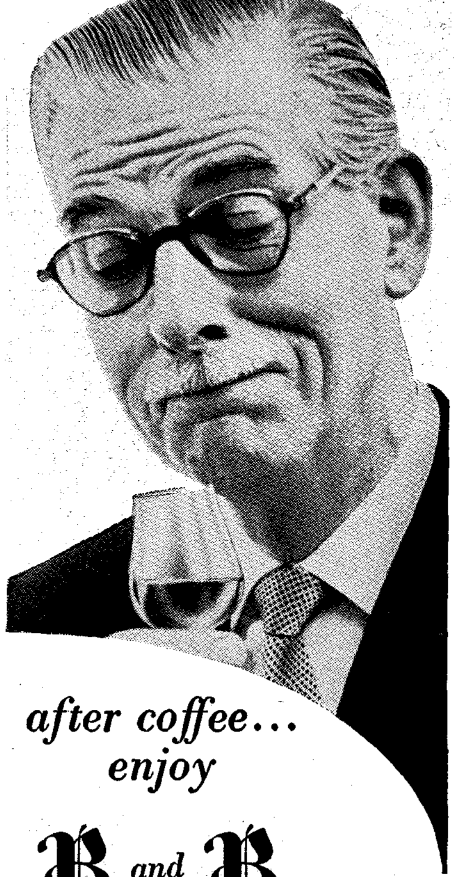

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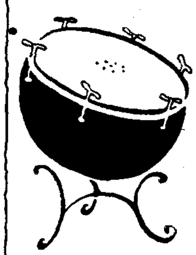
MUSICAL EVENTS

And No Place to Go



I OFTEN wonder whether music has quite as much to do with history as the Teutonic professors of Hegelian dialectic claim. Their notions of historical determinism—which, I understand, are also at least in part responsible for the delights of Marxism—have certainly created a good deal of mischief in the musical field lately. Within my own memory, the late Arnold Schoenberg, a composer of some moderate gifts, marched over the cliff, like the good but unintelligent German soldier whose officer had yelled "*Vorwärts!*," into the meaningless mumbo-jumbo of atonality, and he did so, I am convinced, not because he liked atonality but because he conceived the move to be a fulfillment of his duty to history. Even today I come across people who say, in extenuation of some contemporary composer's perfectly dreadful effusion, "Sure it sounds terrible, but, after all, there is no other direction in which music can *go*." Now, I should like to state as my personal opinion, for what it is worth, that music is not *going* anywhere, and that its qualities as art are to be judged not by their conformity to some imaginary historical process but by the talent and inspiration that individual composers have put into it. The present situation is a little like the one that might obtain in the art of writing if some relentlessly knot-headed pedant, having discovered that Hemingway writes shorter sentences than Henry James did, found in this fact the basis of a great historical trend and decreed that sentences must consequently get shorter and shorter in the interest of art. My analogy is not really so far-fetched. This is, I think, almost exactly what happened to Schoenberg and a whole generation of his followers. In a more widely understood art like literature, this sort of thing would have been laughed out of existence almost before it got started. After all, nobody speaks of "modern" literature in the sense that people have for at least thirty years spoken of "modern" music, or pretends that the technical fundamentals of the art of writing have changed, in any very radical way, since the time of Homer. But to the average listener, music is, unfortunately, a rather mysterious art, with a mathematically complicated technique, and technicians sometimes make cryptic statements about it that cannot always be checked by the nonprofessionals who form its rightful audience. Under the circumstances, it is easy for the professionals to lose touch with the ordinary communicative purposes of their art and reduce it to a sterile demonstration of some theory or other.

If you ask why I have chosen to embark on this rather elaborate and possibly boring lecture about aesthetics, I can only say that I was reminded of the problem while listening to two operatic performances last week. One of them was the American Opera Society's performance of Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" at Town Hall on Tuesday night; the other was Wednesday evening's performance of Puccini's "Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera House. The former composition is, of course, one of the oldest works that can be considered part of the current standard repertoire, and the latter, written about a century and a quarter later, is one of the more recent universally popular operas. There are, obviously, considerable differences between the two works, not the least of which is in the quality of their music, Gluck's being altogether magnificent and Puccini's merely deft and effective. "Iphigénie en Tauride" has the purity and formality of the best eighteenth-century opera, and "Tosca" the brutal realism and highly charged sexuality characteristic of much of the Italian opera that was written at the close of the nineteenth; from these facts, I suppose, the professors of history can draw appropriate conclusions. But despite the long lapse of time that occurred between the composition of these two operas, I can discover only a few superficial technical differences between the respective approaches of Gluck and Puccini, and I prefer to attribute these differences to the personal temperament and style of the two composers rather than to some dreary theory of musical evolution. Puccini, a sensible Italian who probably never even heard of Hegel, used the same general palette of consonance and dissonance and showed the same regard for haunting and singable melody that Gluck did, and if his "Tosca" is not the musical masterpiece that the Gluck opera is, the reason is to be found, I think, not in the technique but in the fact that Gluck was the greater genius.

"Iphigénie en Tauride," in a modest concert performance under the baton of Arnold U. Gamson, turned out, in fact, to be one of the more worth-while musical offerings of the current season, and in listening to it I wondered why it is so seldom tackled by our large opera companies. It has a great deal more dramatic interest than the same composer's more popular "Orfeo ed Euridice," which I understand is shortly to be revived by the Metropolitan, and its impassioned classical melodies are as great as any that have been written. The quality of the singing on Tuesday night was not always as spectacular as it might have been, and the French enunciation of some of the cast was a little ragged. But the essentials of the drama were, on the whole, convincingly conveyed, and so were the essentials of the music. The finest performance of the evening, to my mind, was that of Leopold Simoneau, who evidently knows his French and sang the role of Pylade with elegance. I also enjoyed the sensitive Iphigénie of Lucine Amara, the brooding Oreste of Hugh Thompson, and the dignified and ponderous Thoas of Chester Watson.

The performance accorded "Tosca" was another matter. The production was a last-minute substitute for "Aïda," which had been hastily withdrawn because of the illness of Renata Tebaldi, the scheduled Aïda, and it had had practically no rehearsal. As a result, smoothness and polish were hardly to be expected. And though the experience of the leading singers kept things going remarkably well, the dramatic side of the spectacle occasionally verged on uncontrolled hysteria. The most notable event of the evening was Zinka Milanov's first New York appearance as Tosca. I am sorry that it had to occur under such trying conditions. Miss Milanov, nevertheless, sang quite beautifully, and she acted with at least the passionate sincerity that she has brought to other roles in the past. George London, as usual, succeeded in making Scarpia into an imposing figure, and Giuseppe Campora sang suitably enough as Cavaradossi.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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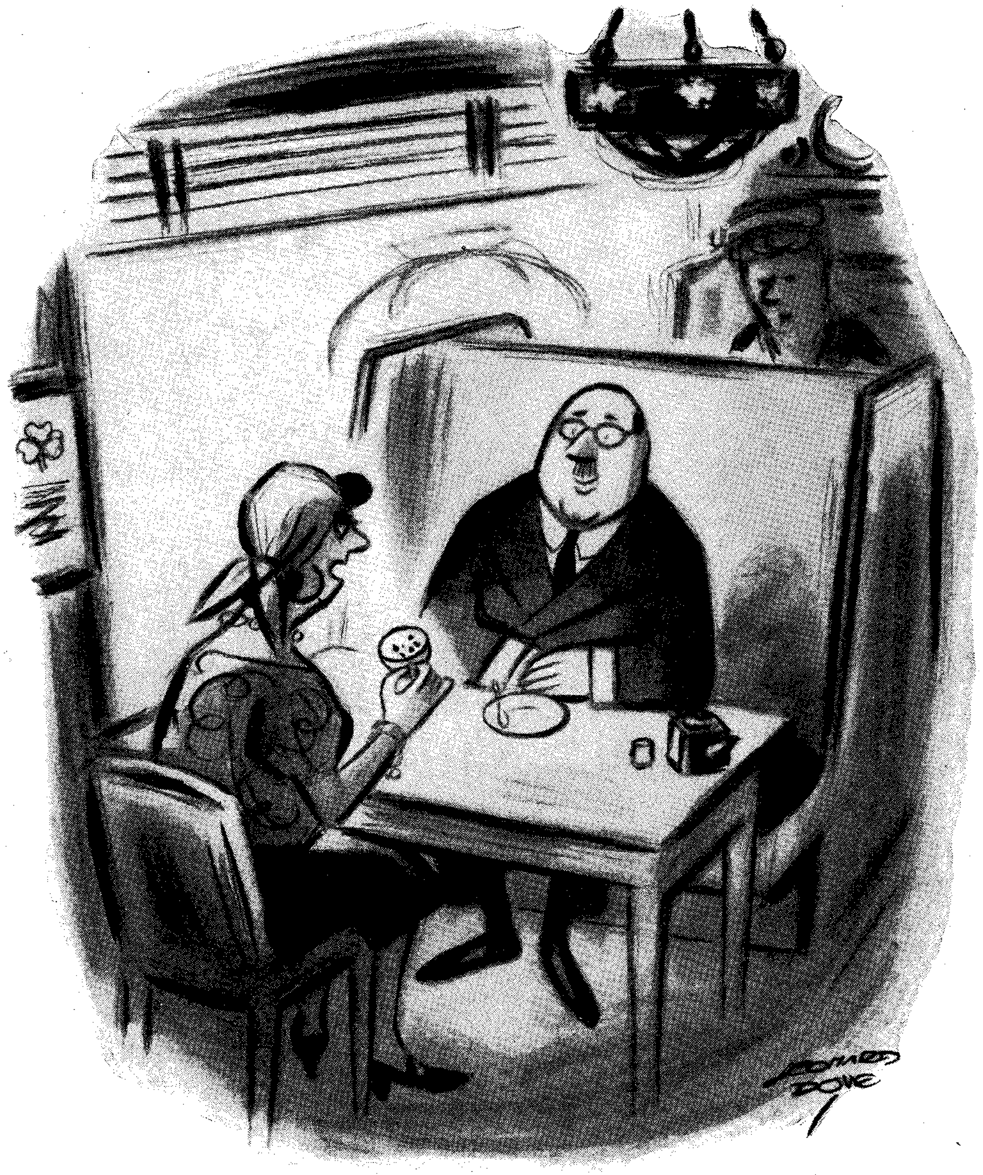
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 17

IN his speech before the Foreign Policy Association last night, the Secretary of State did not give an altogether clear answer to the question of whether we are determined to hold Quemoy and the Matsus at all costs. He did, however, say that the administration has not yielded to the suggestion to abandon them. This is about what everyone had expected him to say, and this is about what everyone, including people who think it would be folly to be drawn into a war over these indefensible outposts, would have wished him to say, once he had decided to discuss the matter at all. He might have said nothing about Quemoy and the Matsus, in which case the situation would be precisely what it is now, but if he had said either much more or much less than he did, he would have invited a Communist attack on the islands. His one alternative might have been an attempt at a truly candid exposition of this vexed situation and the way it is being dealt with here. Had he chosen that alternative, he would certainly have confused the Communists. He might also have confused his listeners, and even himself.

It is at this moment a thoroughly mixed-up situation, and one reason Mr. Dulles could not have made a categorical statement, even if he had been so undiplomatic as to wish to do so, is that the administration itself has not settled upon a course. Or, at least, that is the appearance of things here at this juncture. One gets the impression that the only orders given the Seventh Fleet in regard to Quemoy and the Matsus are orders to check with Washington before doing anything drastic. One gets the further impression that the President is one member of the administration who is determined not to go to war over the offshore islands if he can find any possible way of avoiding it. His area of choice is being narrowed, however, not only by the Chinese Communists, who have the primary power of decision at this stage, but by the pressures on him here. There is, and for some time has been, a split in the administration that can be roughly described by saying that on the one hand there is a White House faction favoring a minimum of commitment in the Far East and a Pentagon-Capitol Hill faction favoring a maximum of commitment. This may do some injustice to the true delicacy of the situation, but by and large it is recognized that the President wants out and the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Senator Knowland want in. It may turn out that these differing points of view will have no bearing on what happens in the Formosa Strait in the coming weeks, for there is little doubt that if the Communists should launch an attack on Quemoy and the Matsus that was clearly preparatory for their promised assault on Formosa, we would be at war. The differing points of view would have extreme relevancy, though, in the event of an attack that was judged by our Intelligence people to be an operation of limited scope, intended to assure Peiping's security and not to destroy Formosa's. They would also be relevant in the event of a Communist offer to bargain for control of the offshore islands in return for a promise to abstain from an armed attack on Formosa and the Pescadores. That the President is open to such a proposition was shown in his call for a negotiated cease-fire, which quite obviously could not be arranged unless there was a surrender of the islands within artillery range of the mainland. Senator Knowland and Admiral Radford are opposed to any such deal.

The feeling here is that unless Peiping resolves the whole issue by making good on its threats to clobber the offshore islands at an early date, this conflict will continue but will be settled before too long in a fairly clear-cut victory for the President. It is pointed out that although he does not wield the power of his office as forcefully as some of his predecessors, in this struggle he has won every contest so far. If Admiral Radford, who is becoming almost wistful in his repeated suggestion of a blockade of China, had



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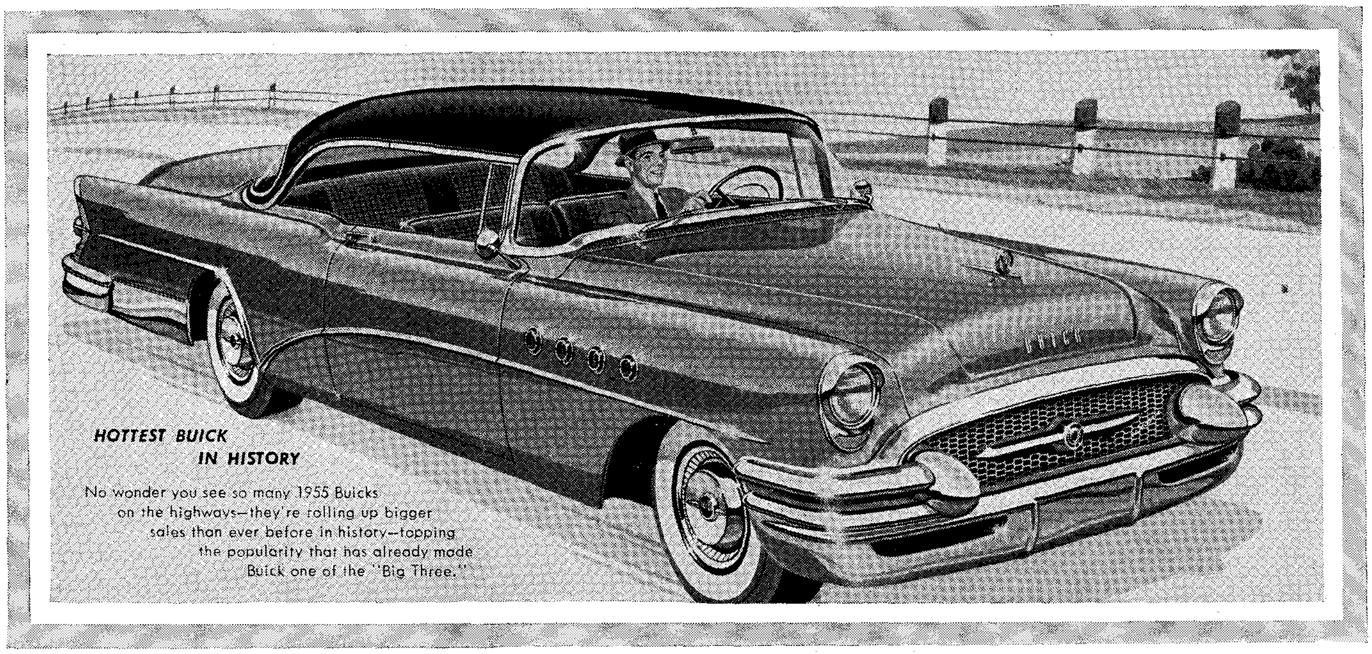

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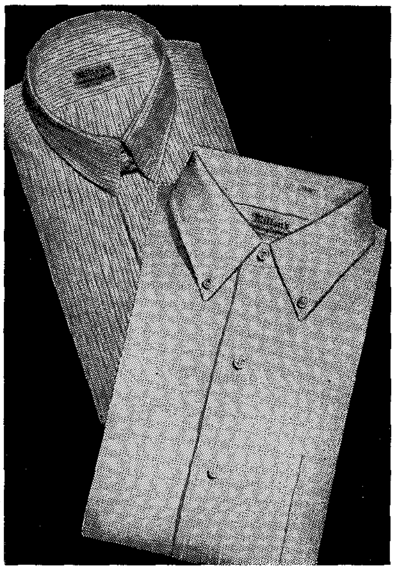

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had the upper hand in the last few months, it is of course possible that no one would now be concerned with weighing the prospects for peace. But in almost every case the President has pursued the exact opposite of the course recommended by the Joint Chiefs, and there is no reason to suppose that he has any different plans for the future. His independence of his military advisers has been in many ways remarkable, and quite a few people feel that he has been able to get away with it only because he is a military man himself. A civilian President who was told by his Joint Chiefs of Staff that the nation's security required a certain course of action would have to either take their advice or get himself a new set of Joint Chiefs. President Eisenhower has no need to do one thing or the other. He knows that he is at least the peer of any of his Joint Chiefs as a strategist, and if he should be disturbed by the possibility that his views are colored by his political background, he can recall the fact that the backgrounds of the present Joint Chiefs are no more innocent of politics than his. These men were more or less foisted upon him by Senators Knowland and Taft, because Senators Knowland and Taft felt that the country would benefit from having military leadership that rejected the Europe-first views of the group headed by the President's old associate General Bradley.

It is perhaps even more remarkable that the President has won most of his battles over Asian policy with Senator Knowland, for while a civilian President tends to be awed by generals, a military President tends to be awed by Senators. Nevertheless, Mr. Eisenhower has usually had the better of the argument with the Congressional leader of his Party. There is clear evidence of this in the events of the last month. Senator Knowland did his part in seeking Congressional approval of Public Law 4—the joint resolution on the defense of Formosa—and of the Mutual Defense Treaty with the Republic of China, but he did it with an unconcealed distaste for the only provisions in those documents that represented any sort of change from existing policy. These were the request for a negotiated cease-fire in Public Law 4 and what has been called the "re-leashing" section of the treaty—Article I, in which the Nationalist Chinese signatories pledge themselves to refrain "from the threat or use of force in any manner inconsistent with the purposes of the United Nations." If anything, Senator Knowland's objections to these provisions went deeper than Senator Morse's objections to everything else in the documents, but Senator Knowland had been maneuvered by the White House into a position that forced him to accept them, in order to get a reaffirmation of principles that would have been adhered to in any circumstances—the defense of Formosa and continued military aid to Chiang. The prevailing view here, then, is that if the President weathers this crisis, he will be pretty firmly in control of policy in his own administration. Provided the Communists have the good sense not to press their attacks in the Formosa Strait, the case of Admiral Radford and Senator Knowland will be greatly weakened.

EVEN if the peace is preserved there are bound to be difficulties growing out of the events of the past month. It is almost universally acknowledged here that Public Law 4 and the Mutual Defense Treaty have created fully as many problems as they have solved. Many people, including a large bipartisan group of the senators who voted for it, feel that Public Law 4 will haunt the executive branch of government for many years to come. For what the President did in requesting Congress to approve in advance a course of action for which he already had full authority under the Constitution was to act as if the Bricker amendment, which was narrowly defeated in the last Congress and might be narrowly passed in this one, were so sound in principle that its provisions should be honored even without its being enacted into law. The President, of course, opposes the Bricker amendment in practice, and it was not because he endorses it in theory that he asked Congress to allow him to do what he had a full right—even an obligation—to do under existing law, and what, in fact, he had been doing all along. He wanted, for one thing, to impress Peiping with the degree of unity behind American policy, and for such a purpose a Congressional resolution is effective; he also wanted, it may be assumed, to share with Congress the responsibility for the large risks that were being run. "Eisenhower is passing the buck," Senator Morse said at one point, and no one, even among the administration's supporters, took issue with him. The President was doubtless mindful of the reproach that met President Truman's failure to consult Congress before ordering air and sea support for the Republic of Korea in June of 1950. With the Communist armies slicing down the peninsula, President Truman did not have time to ask Congress to approve his action (it is unlikely that he would have done so even if there had been time), and there will be crises in the future when President Eisenhower and those who follow him will not be able to sit back and wait for the Senate, with all its pride in its tradition of unlimited debate, to grind out a resolution. But any future President who neglects to ask Congress's leave in a matter of this sort will be accused of ignoring the admirable precedent set by Mr. Eisenhower in 1955.

It is ironic that the President's surrender of executive power in this case is one that Congress, normally eager for whatever it can get, would just as soon not have received. For although the President seemed to be taking Congress into partnership in the making of foreign policy, the really important thing he was after was its approval of a particular piece of military strategy. He wanted Congress to approve the Seventh Fleet's participation in the evacuation of the Tachens; he wanted it to join with him in making the threat to break up troop and aircraft concentrations on the mainland; and he wanted it to underwrite his scheme for containing Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa and the Pescadores. (This last was not part of the resolution, but it was implied in the section calling for a cease-fire to be negotiated by the United Nations.) While Congress has always treasured its right to conduct post-mortems over military decisions and to raise general hell over military blunders, it has never revealed any wish to be an accessory before the fact. It has—since the Civil War, at any rate—been altogether content to have the chain of military command come to an end at the White House, and there is no doubt that if there had been any quiet and passably ethical way of rejecting the President's generous offer of a share in the determination of strategy in the Formosa Strait and the East China Sea, Congress would have made a grab at it. But once the President had told the country what he planned to ask of Congress, there was no way out. Congress has now been made a party to strategic decisions, and this, too, is a precedent that many people here expect will reverberate down through the years.

The Mutual Defense Treaty also broke new ground. Though the majority of observers, like the majority of senators, felt that more could be said for it than against it, there was widespread agreement with Senator Morse's

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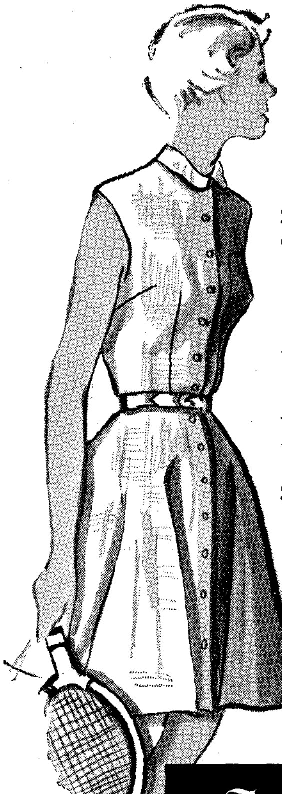

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view that it is a most peculiar document and one that we may very well live to regret ever having negotiated. During the floor debate, the proponents of ratification made no reply to Senator Morse's contention that what was under discussion was not really a treaty at all. "I do not believe the document before us meets the legal tests of a treaty," he said. "It is not a treaty with a sovereign power." In law, as he pointed out, a treaty is defined as a compact between two or more sovereign and independent nations. The Chinese signatories to this agreement represent no sovereignty whatever; they have no title to Formosa, which was wrested from Japan, after fifty years of possession, by the United States and now has the status, if it can be called that, of a *de-facto* American protectorate whose fate will some day be decided by the United Nations. The Nationalists are merely guests there. Chiang Kai-shek has scarcely any better claim to the island than General de Gaulle had to the United Kingdom when he was using it as a base of operations during the war. Mr. Dulles affirmed that this was also the State Department's view of the matter, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was so alarmed by the prospect of the Nationalist rulers' acquiring illusions of sovereignty from the treaty that in its report it incorporated the statement "It is the understanding of the Senate that nothing in the present treaty shall be construed as affecting or modifying the legal status or sovereignty of the territories referred to in Article VI." Article VI provides that "the terms 'territorial' and 'territories' shall mean in respect of the Republic of China, Taiwan [Formosa] and the Pescadores." Formosa and the Pescadores are geographical realities, but in the American understanding they are no part of the Republic of China, which is not a place but an idea. The Republic of China does not mean the Chinese mainland; one of the main purposes of the treaty is to prevent the Nationalist armies from touching off a war by attempting to return to the mainland. It is true that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's expression of "the understanding of the Senate" is not part of the treaty proper—as many people feel it should have been—and thus may have no legal meaning. It is also true that the Nationalists are arguing that a resumption of the Chinese civil war on the mainland would not be a use of force "inconsistent with the purposes of the United Nations." Nevertheless, the American point of view, as expressed by both the Secretary of State and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is that the Nationalists have no title to Formosa, where they reside, and no business attempting to force a restoration of their authority on the mainland. In fact, the only territories to which no one here disputes their legal claim are the offshore islands like the Tachens, which we have urged them to evacuate.

"How can you sign a treaty with a government without recognizing that it has a habitation as well as a name?" Herbert Elliston, a distinguished critic of American diplomacy, wrote in the Washington *Post & Times-Herald* the other day. No one has dealt with this question. (In fact, the advocates of the treaty left almost all questions unanswered—doubtless because they knew from the start that they had the votes. The debate, especially on the administration side, was not on an elevated plane; a fair sample of what passed for argument and fact was the suggestion made at one point by Senator Goldwater, of Arizona, that "we might start with a consideration of the massive land-attack theory of Genghis Khan and its subsequent improvement by Alexander the Great.") The answer to Mr. Elliston's question seems to be that we have entered not into a treaty, which the Supreme Court has held to be "primarily a compact between independent nations," but into a military alliance of the sort that has sometimes been made by this nation and other Western nations with nomadic chieftains. Whatever we have entered into, most people believe that, with things what they are at the moment, the alliance is to our advantage, and that, far from increasing the chances of war in the period directly ahead (as Senator Morse contends), it will decrease them. Not very many found it possible to disagree with Mr. Dulles's statement that "failure to conclude this treaty would have the gravest consequences." But some of the con-

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sequences of concluding it also seem grave. Chiang Kai-shek regards the agreement as a recognition of his authority on Formosa and the Pescadores. His state of mind does not alter the realities, but the majority of people here think that his reading of this particular document is an entirely legitimate one, and that if the issue were to be tested in international law, the language of the agreement would be said to uphold his point of view more strongly than that of the Senate. And the importance of this, as was pointed out in the memorandum prepared by Benjamin Cohen, former counsellor of the State Department, and circulated without endorsement by the Democratic National Committee, is that whatever strengthens Chiang's case necessarily strengthens that of the Communists. If Formosa is legally part of the Republic of China, and if the Republic is legally superseded by the People's Republic, then Formosa is legally part of the People's Republic. If the defense of Formosa is a defense of Chinese territory, then an attack on Formosa by the Communists would not, as the Cohen memorandum puts it, be "international aggression on their part but civil war, in which the right and purpose of other nations forcibly to intervene would be open to serious doubt and question." The memorandum adds, "What we recognize as territories of Chiang's China other countries, including our allies [who] recognize Mao's China, may feel compelled to recognize as territories of Mao's China."

There is another bit of distasteful logic that follows from the alliance. The State Department has signed what most people concede to be an advantageous contract with Chiang Kai-shek, the one Nationalist leader in whom the Department has confidence. Chiang, however, is sixty-eight years old and not in the best of health. It is expected that when he dies, the struggle for the succession will be as intense and as difficult to interpret as the struggle now going on in the Soviet Union. It is more than likely that the United States will not wish to be bound as closely to the victor or victors in that conflict as it has been bound to Chiang, and this is unquestionably the reason the State Department wrote into the agreement a provision, in some ways insulting, that makes the document subject to termination on a year's notice. (Twenty years is the normal period for which we obligate ourselves by treaty.) The Chinese signatories are surely not unaware of the apprehensions that caused us to insist on this provision, but

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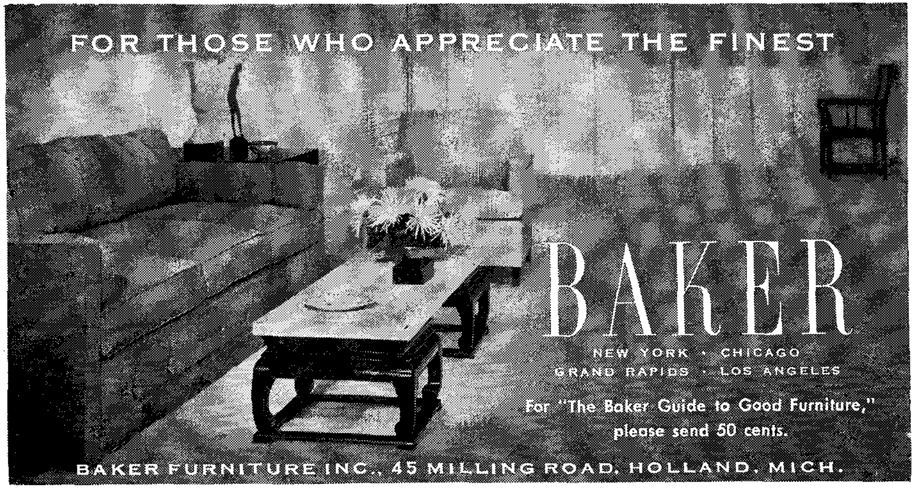
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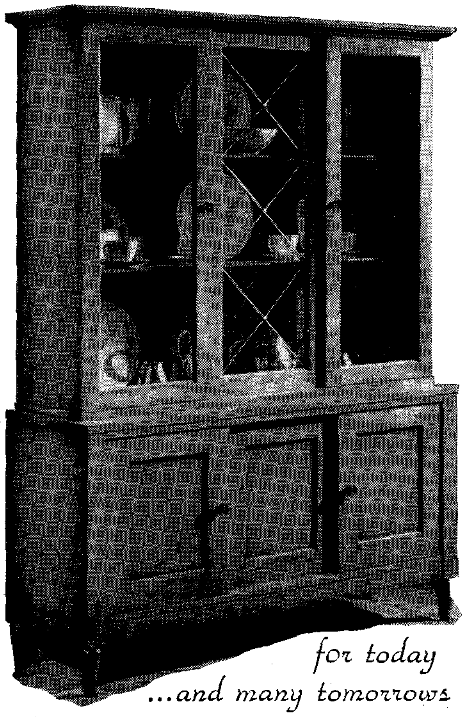

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they would be derelict in their duty if they did not claim that despite the provision we are morally bound to defend not only Chiang Kai-shek but his heirs and successors in the government he now heads. It is, indeed, their duty to recall and emphasize the high-flown sentiments of the treaty preamble, which speaks of the "mutual pride" in "the relationship which brought [these] two peoples together in a common bond of sympathy," and to ask where the United States acquired the right to negotiate an understanding with a single leader or faction. Mr. Elliston, in his comment on the lack of clarity in respect to the status of Formosa and the Pescadores, quoted the British historian A. J. P. Taylor, who recently observed that "diplomacy is an art which, despite its subtlety, depends on the rigid accuracy of all who practice it." Of the treaty as a whole, Mr. Elliston wrote that it "comes perilously close to the disingenuous. It is wrong in every sense of the word if the parties to a transaction are not at one over the meaning of it."

IT cannot be said that the Atomic Energy Commission's report on the perils of thermonuclear warfare has greatly increased anyone's anxiety here. It added a few details to the common fund of knowledge about the effects of the H-bomb, but what it said was no more alarming, and certainly no more eloquent, than what has already been said by a number of other authorities, among them the President himself. The Commission's statement, however, as well as certain recent pronouncements on the same subject by the Foreign Ministers of the Soviet Union and Communist China, has brought the subject of atomic disarmament to the fore again, and no doubt there will be fairly frequent discussions of this topic between now and the forthcoming disarmament conference in London.

It seems to be the consensus among American scientists that true disarmament is already a lost cause. The hydrogen bomb wraps up into a fairly small package, apparently, and is the source of no radiations that can be detected with equipment now in existence. Since it would be a simple matter to conceal a supply of bombs that could destroy all human life, no plan for control that rests on a system of inspection is feasible. Nor, according to the experts, is it likely that any system of inspection ever will become feasible. This gloomy intelligence has increased interest in the proposal to seek an international moratorium on

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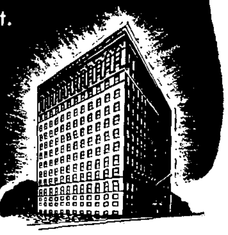

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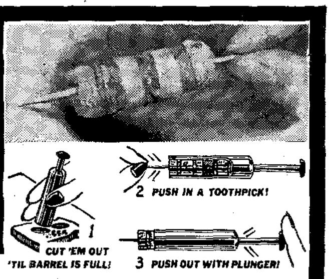

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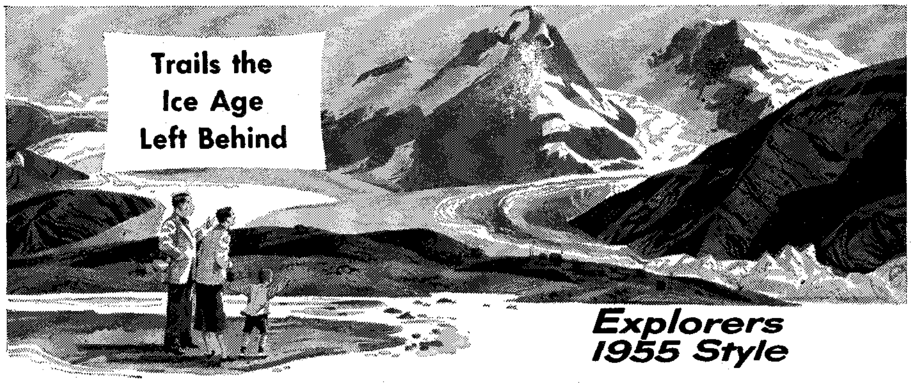
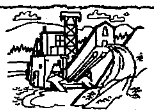
experimental detonations of hydrogen bombs. Such a moratorium was suggested last fall by David R. Inglis, of the Argonne National Laboratory, and proposed informally to the President and the Secretary of State by Pierre Mendès-France during his Premiership. It also has the backing of the Asian Prime Ministers who met at the Colombo Plan conference in Jakarta last December, though they suggested it not because they thought it would be a substitute for disarmament but because so many of them, representing nations in areas adjacent to the Pacific proving grounds, don't like to have hydrogen bombs, experimental or otherwise, going off in their neighborhood. Until recently, the idea was not thought about much one way or the other in this community, but during the last few days it has been discussed in many quarters, thanks largely to an appraisal of its merits and demerits published as an editorial in the *Post & Times-Herald* on February 11th. As this newspaper sees it, there is almost nothing to be said against the plan except that it might, in the now unlikely event that the Russians accepted it, be mistaken for atomic disarmament and thereby create a false sense of well-being. Militarily and technologically, we would be risking nothing except, perhaps, the disclosure of "hitherto secret details of [our] own detection system." It is doubtful whether many details of our detection system are in fact secret.

On the principle of nothing ventured nothing gained, the low element of risk in the moratorium scheme may itself be damning. The *Post & Times-Herald*, however, finds a good many things to be said in its favor. It lists five significant advantages:

> 1. The plan would be a step, even though a small step, away from war. It might at least serve to get the disarmament discussions off dead center.
> 2. Because the ban would be self-enforcing, it would be something that both the Soviet Union and the United States could afford to accept in their own interest. There would be no need for elaborate enforcement machinery or for the sort of detailed inspection system at which the Soviet Union always has balked.
> 3. Although the ban on tests would not prevent nuclear-weapons manufacture, it would tend to curb the development of new nuclear devices.... It might thus permit the techniques of the defense to catch up more closely to those of the offense. Furthermore, the limitation might prevent the mushrooming of hydrogen-weapons manufacture in countries which have not yet tested such weapons.
> 4. The ban would relieve fears about the further accumulation of radioactivity in the atmosphere. It would minimize the





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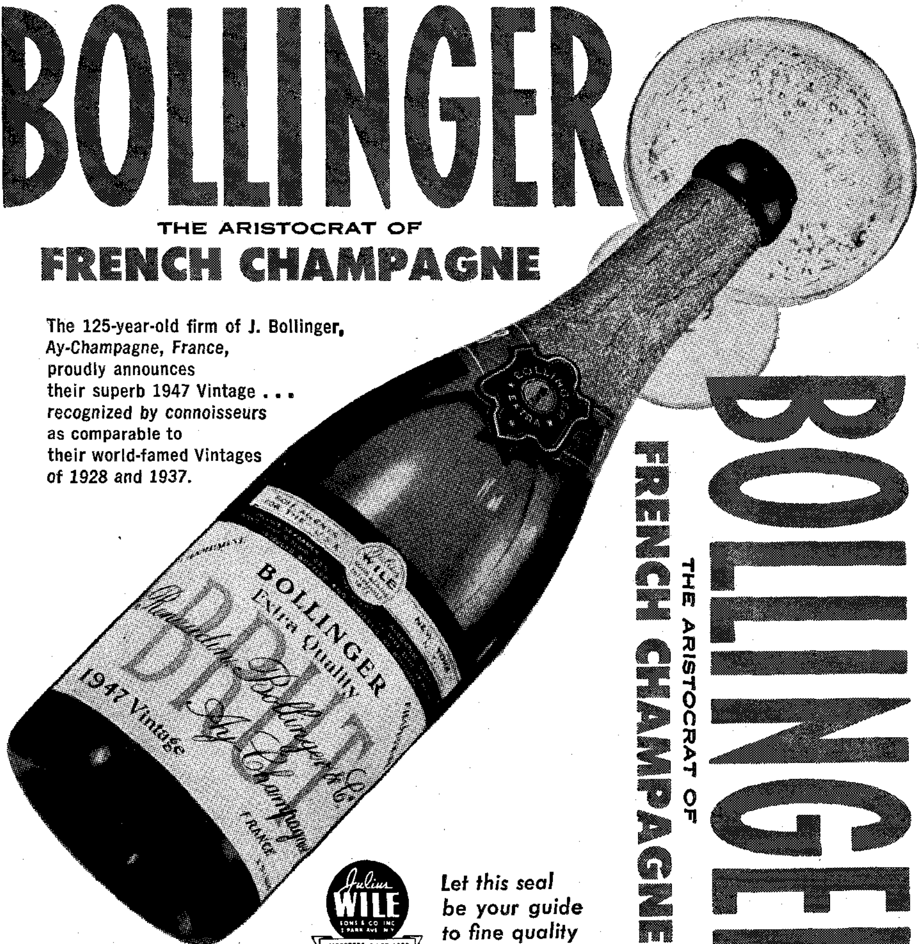

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possibility that indiscriminate experimentation might itself destroy the world.

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The *Post & Times-Herald* urges American sponsorship of the proposal at an early date. "The London disarmament meeting," it says, "would furnish an admirable forum for the expounding of a plan to prohibit further hydrogen-weapons tests. Such a proposal could have an electrifying impact on the SEATO conference beginning in Bangkok on February 23rd. It would furnish a particularly welcome topic for the Afro-Asian conference in Indonesia later this spring. . . . Here is a gamble on which, if the assumptions are correct, we—and world civilization—scarcely could lose." It may be that the assumptions are incorrect, but no one has yet attempted to demonstrate this.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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At six o'clock
The sound of the bells
Calls from a pale rectangle
On the gray mesa—chimes,
Insistent but slow,
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The sun is not yet up;
The animals are still crying
From the tufted sage
And the barren foothills
Where dawn is a wavering thread,
Pink and lemon.

Now, from here and there
Among the mud houses,
Comes the knock and whirl
Of worn motors—the worshippers
Moving out behind flickering
Headlights, silencing
The coyotes and the bells.

—REEVE SPENCER KELLEY

•

Ask anybody walking down Wilshire Boulevard and he'll tell you "Monty Clift? He's a mystery—moody, shy, terrifically talented, true. But a mystery." They don't go much farther. They can't.—*Photoplay.*

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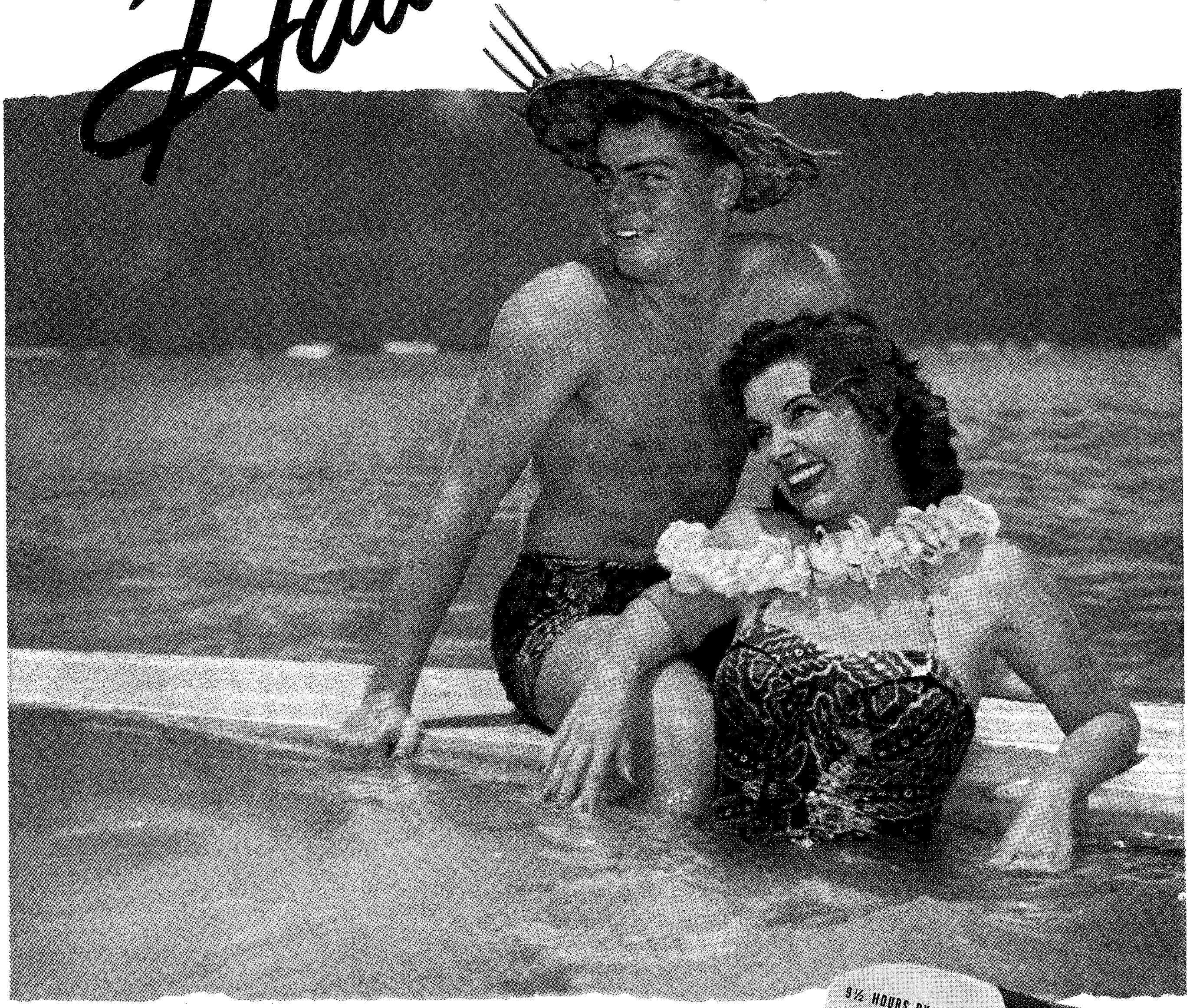

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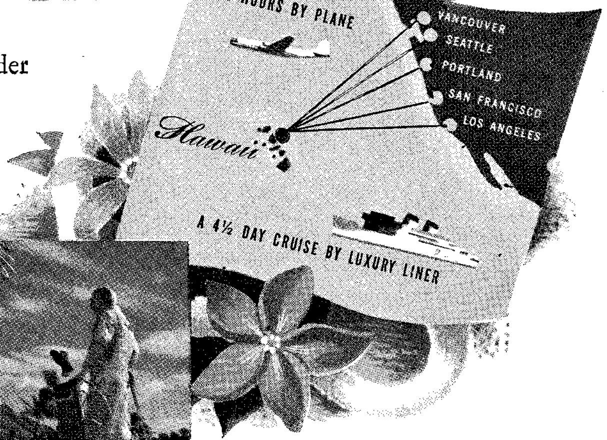
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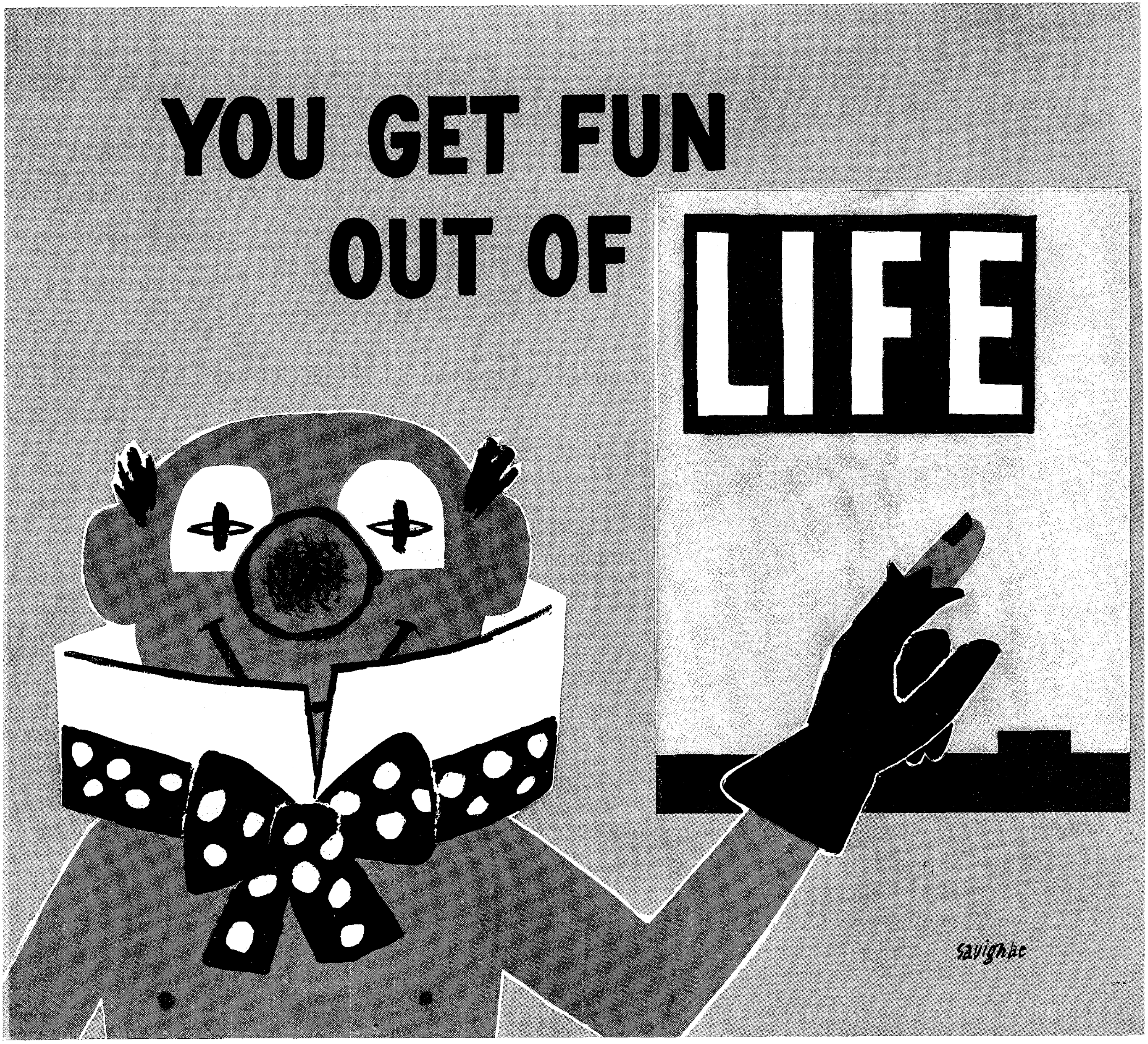
YOU GET FUN
OUT OF
LIFE
Savignac

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Explosive Journey

"FORE ES
JO MC DE
ALSO EDLA
SH N"

THE French film "The Wages of Fear" is designed to scare the wits out of you, and unless your nerves are a lot more steely than mine, it will do precisely that. Oddly enough, the picture gets off to a maundering start, as it introduces us to assorted vagabonds dwelling in squalor in a South American town dominated by an American oil company. Of various nationalities—French, German, Italian, American—these casuals are a disgruntled group, whose chief aim in life is to get out of the hellhole that circumstance has placed them in. The relationships that exist among the drifters are hard to understand, but that may be because the picture, originally two-and-a-half hours long, was heavily cut for its showing here, resulting in a lot of ragged moments. (The excisions, I'm told, were made in order to black out some scenes that represented the United States as an exploiter of South America, as well as some scenes that revealed peculiar manifestations of sex among the characters.) It isn't until the principals are put into a roaring melodramatic situation that the current is turned on, but when it is, the charge is high-voltage.

Out of the crowd of unfortunates bogged down in the oil town, Henri-Georges Clouzot, who wrote and directed the movie, has selected four to serve as men of destiny. This quartet—a young French wastrel, an old French crook, a muscular but tubercular Italian, and a handsome German not long out of a Nazi salt mine—takes on the job of driving a couple of trucks full of nitroglycerin three hundred miles over terrible roads in order to provide ammunition for blowing out an oil-well fire. The pay for the job is two thousand dollars a head, if all goes well, but the reason two trucks are dispatched instead of one is that nobody expects both to make it. The devices M. Clouzot employs to build suspense were old in the movies when I was young, but they are still mightily effective. The trucks moving out into the night with their sirens screaming; the backing and filling around hairpin curves; the broken pipeline and the road awash in a sea of oil; the boulder that must be blown up to clear the road—all these maneuvers are worked out painstakingly, and before M. Clouzot finally brings his explosive journey to an end, he has made heroes of three of his drivers and built up an almost intolerable head of emotional steam.

The acting in "The Wages of Fear" is all above the ordinary. Yves Montand, as the younger of the Frenchmen, makes a believable transition from sycophancy to raw courage, and Charles Vanel, as the older Frenchman, is similarly convincing in changing from a man of strong kidney to a whimpering wreck. In the role of the German, Peter Van Eyck is admirably dashing, and Folco Lulli is persuasive as the last of the drivers, a well-meaning man who is not too bright. Along the line, Vera Clouzot, the director's wife, is introduced—as a beautiful barmaid—but I'm afraid she looks much too sanitary to be a resident of *that* town. Still, once those trucks get rolling, I don't think you'll worry very much about any incidental handicaps the picture may have.

"DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE" is an English film that is pleasant, if a trifle overlong. In describing the progress of four undergraduate medical students (quartets are popular this week) through an institution called St. Swithin's, the picture indulges in all kinds of medical jokes—from the spilling of a skeleton at the foot of a woman reading about murders in a bus to the advice of a surgeon to a young man assisting at an operation for the first time: "Don't forget, if you feel faint, fall backward, not across the patient." There's a nice easy air about the film, and it becomes tedious only when it goes in for such japes as post-football-match riots between students of rival medical schools. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden, and Donald Houston; Mr. More is the liveliest of the lot, in the role of a student who never wants to graduate because his grandmother has left him a thousand pounds a year for his education and not a farthing for anything else. Many lovely ladies decorate the movie, making for plenty of quips about sex and all that. —JOHN McCARTEN

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BOOKS

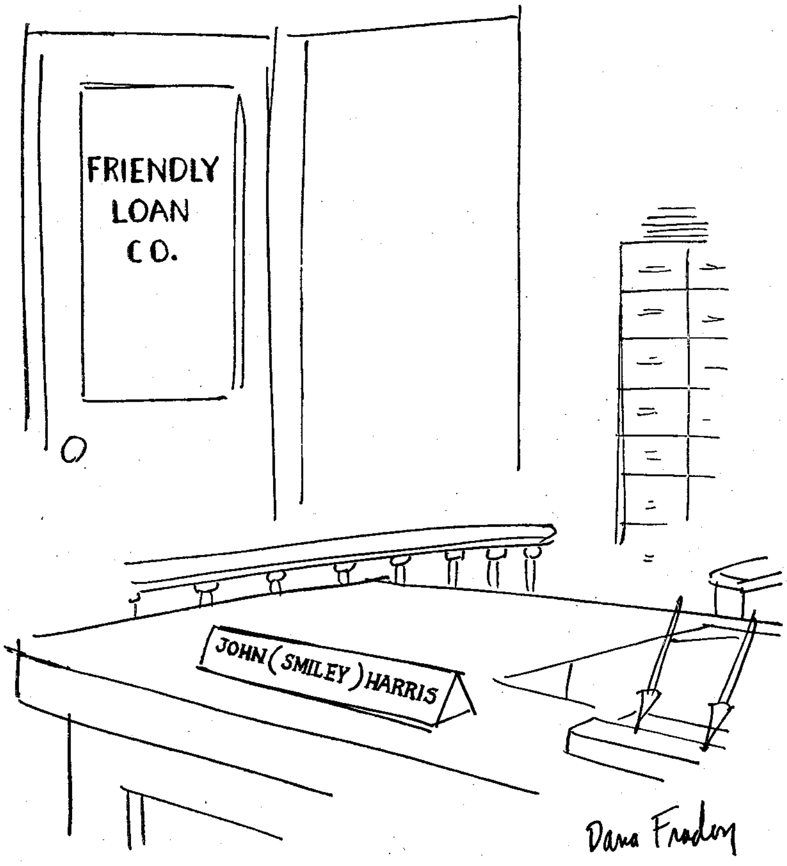
Enigma

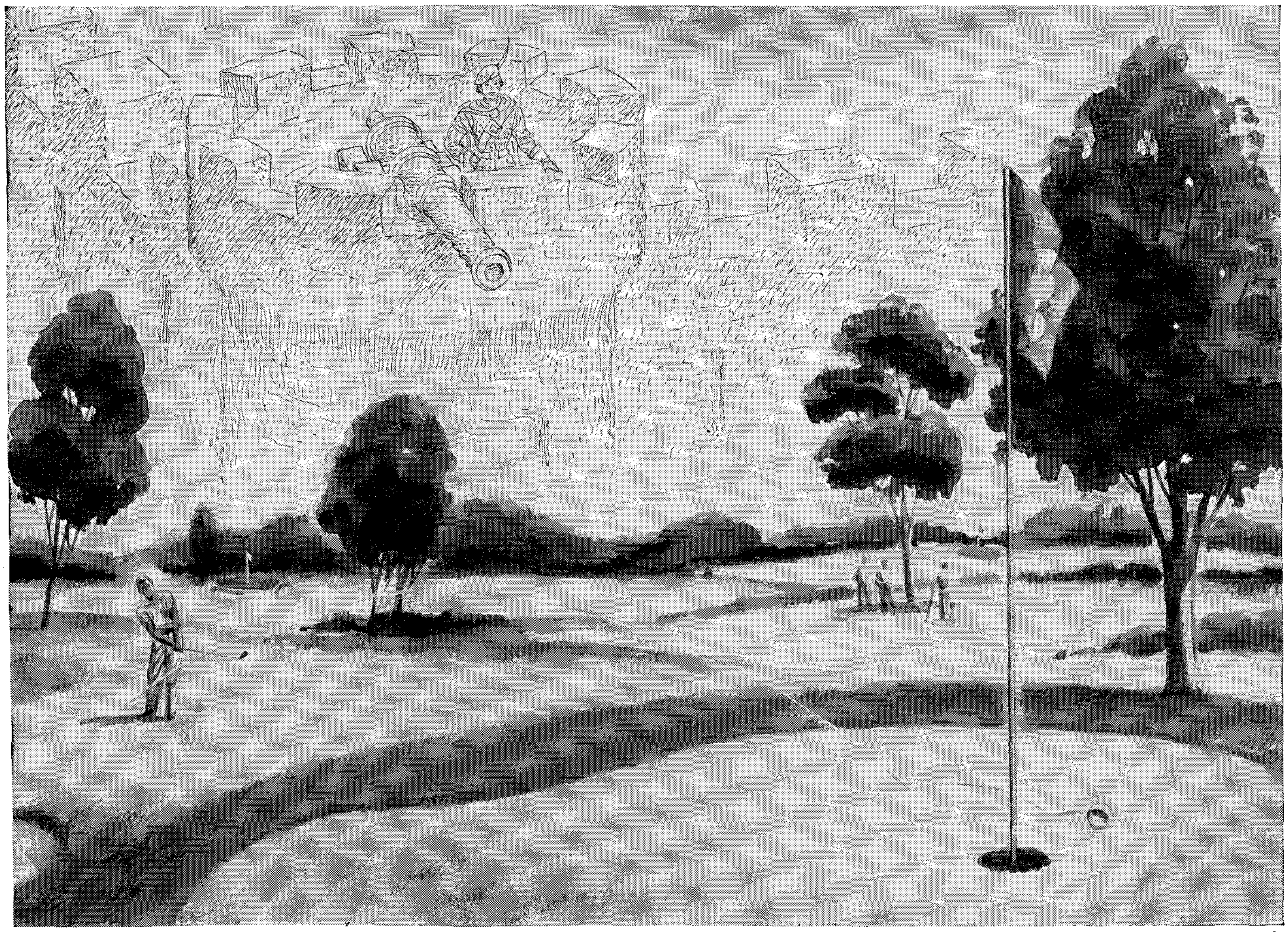
TWO books appearing early in this centenary year of the publication of "Leaves of Grass" cut close to the main facts of Whitman's life and legend and add lustre to the somewhat faded reputation of one of the most remarkable poets of the nineteenth century. Professor Gay Wilson Allen's "The Solitary Singer: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman" (Macmillan) is a workmanlike piece of documentation that scans all the sources, while the series of essays that make up "Leaves of Grass: One Hundred Years After" (Stanford University Press), edited, with an introduction, by Milton Hindus, subjects Whitman the man and poet to the most searching kind of criticism, "new" and otherwise. Taken together, the two books not only place Whitman in relation to his own time but make him fully relevant to ours, without omitting any puzzling and contradictory facts. Professor Allen's straightforward account does not stress Whitman's enigmatic character, but in the Stanford collection Whitman's masks are lifted by several hands. Leslie A. Fiedler, Richard Chase, David Daiches, Middleton Murry, and a number of others show what manner of man it was who, unknown in 1855, at the age of thirty-six, described himself in his first book as both "a kosmos" and "one of the roughs."

Fiedler discusses the shifts in Whitman's reputation since the poet's death. The old man who died in Camden in 1892 became for a time, particularly in the eyes of the young, a tribal bard. After 1918, however, his influence declined; postwar poetry began to move toward technical and emotional restraint at the same time that postwar thought began to take a dim view of man's relation to the universe. To that generation, Whitman's poetry seemed tiresomely exuberant and naïvely full of hope; even D. H. Lawrence, in acknowledging Whitman as one of his masters, accused him of "merging" instead of standing alone; and both Pound and Eliot gave Whitman little credit and no allegiance. (It is ironic to remember that Laforgue, to whom postwar poets *did* render allegiance, had tied Whitman to the beginnings of poetic modernism by his Whitman translations in the eighteen-eighties.) Meanwhile, research was bringing to light Whitman's more paradoxical side—his fibs and his "furtiveness," and evidence, in spite of the poet's repeated avowals of strong masculinity, of his "diffused" and largely feminine sexual nature. The reasons for Whitman's ruses and disguises were not then taken into account, so the American poet whose influence had been so vigorous and so powerful not only in America but in Europe was reduced very nearly to an old crank and an old fraud.

In 1955, the wheel of taste and of opinion has turned to the point where no critic, however academic or "new," can treat Whitman with complete harshness or indifference. The Stanford essays, including the editor's introduction, analyze, for the most part sympathetically, when they do not praise, the poet whose public life, it is now clear, according to Richard Chase, was "an evasion according to plan." Whitman's egotism troubles more than one contributor, but Fiedler is alone in being bothered by the poet's "third-rate mind, sentimental, obtuse, and indolent." Chase, on the other hand, points out Whitman's constant closeness to "unconscious depths," and presents him "brooding with the same sense of mystery on the most sublime and the most vulgar and sordid aspects of life." "The culture of his time," Chase goes on to say, "admired (much more so than our culture does today) the prophet, the orator, the sententious democratic reformer [as well as] rough plebeian masculinity. It would condone oddity of behavior (more so than now) so long as the main requirements were met. Whitman met them. . . . [His poses] and his democratic program (valuable as these are in themselves) were the massive irrelevance and waste required for the indulgence of the essential Whitman—the young comic god and profound elegist."

It is the young Whitman—in shirtsleeves and a rakish felt hat, handsome, dark-bearded, and relaxed—that looks out at us from the engraved frontispiece of the original edition of "Leaves of Grass," printed in Brooklyn in the early summer of 1855. (By the way, the New York Public Library has recently put on a varied show of Whitman material, including several copies of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass." And the Morgan Library is currently exhibiting its copy of the original edition.) This man of thirty-six had given up the role of journalist-dandy: he had been a carpenter, a printer, an editor; he was now launching himself as a poet. He had helped design, setting some of the type himself, this "small quarto," clearly with the book's effective presentation of the poetry well in mind. The





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In 1457, the Parliament of King James II outlawed the playing of "golfe" because the duffers of that period were shooting for pars, birdies, and eagles instead of practicing archery for national defense. Late in the century, the discovery of gunpowder retired the bow and arrow as a weapon and restored golf to the people.

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paper is large, to accommodate the length of the lines, and there are few runovers. The title page, set in large lower-case letters, is well balanced, although the type is hideous. The book's format shows, in every particular, evidence of a firm and even knowledgeable taste doing its best with inferior material, of originality and vigor extending into the book's physical makeup.

The combination in Whitman of sure calculation with a radiant innocence, of complication with simplicity, of self-protective shrewdness with shocking frankness, nowadays links him in the modern reader's mind with Blake, another artisan-artist who went his own way. Whitman enlarged his lyricism, as Leslie Fiedler remarks, into epic proportions; he reported accurately and interpreted fearlessly in a period when it was hard to do either. Throughout his life, he kept to a humble social status in a society where all the temptations were toward rise and respectability; he remained loyal to his difficult family, and died, an old man, "as clean as a scrubbed deal table"—indomitable, "disreputable," and enigmatic to the end. The secret of his poetry, in spite of his army of imitators, died with him. Its pulse and "verve" are inimitable, for it is the first and last American poetry with all the American swagger left in, besides being an example of the enduring kind of art that is based on perfect sincerity, that suppresses nothing, and that means everything it says.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TROUBLEMAKER, by Ann Birstein (Dodd, Mead). Miss Birstein's amusing, appealing, and very human characters are badly betrayed by the thin little domestic story in which she traps them, giving them no opportunity to show the real spirit and strength of which they are capable. Cookie, an eleven-year-old New York girl, tells of her life in a cramped apartment with her two older sisters and her mother and father. Cookie's private problems form the thread of the story and her outlook colors it, but it is her oldest sister, Rachel, who leaves the most lasting impression. Miss Birstein has a clear and forthright style, and the main fault to be found with her work is that she is timid about her talent and limits herself too severely.

FLAMINGO FEATHER, by Laurens van der Post (Morrow). Africa becomes real, alive, and beautiful in Mr. van

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der Post's vivid and sure-handed account of an underground Russian attempt to gain control of one of the most powerful African tribes with the idea of getting the European part of the local population massacred at native hands. The hero of the story, de Beauvilliers, is agreeable, if a trifle solemn about himself and his past, and the rest of the characters are perfectly convincing.

Bertie Wooster Sees It Through, by P. G. Wodehouse (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Wodehouse is as superbly nonsensical as ever in his new chronicle of Bertie Wooster and Jeeves. The story starts in Bertie's admirable flat in London and moves quickly to the country house of Bertie's wealthy Aunt Dahlia, where a good-looking but determined girl and her enraged ex-fiancé provide some of the apparently hopeless complications that turn the plot into a tangle.

Sincerely, Willis Wayde, by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown). Only a craftsman as assured and practiced as Mr. Marquand could provoke and maintain our interest in this hero, Willis Wayde. Wayde, a vulgar, naïve, and ruthless businessman who is alarmingly unconscious of the existence of any manner of living except his own, reaches the pinnacle of success in his chosen sphere and finds himself vaguely bewildered when an accidental encounter with a woman whose family he has betrayed shows him that he has not the approval of the whole world. Wayde's wife, Sylvia, the daughter of a Harvard professor, is slightly more intelligent than he, but she is too passive to make much difference to his story. The roots and the emotional ground of the story lie in Clyde, a manufacturing town north of Boston, and the years described are from 1922 to 1954. A Literary Guild selection.

Once in Aleppo, by Donald R. Barton (Scribner). Mr. Barton places his story in a Middle Eastern country he calls Turaq. His hero, a very young American vice-consul named Craig Ryder, is torn between two married women, one of whom is the beautiful, conscienceless, aristocratic Turaqi wife of a wealthy American businessman, and the other the pretty, straightforward American wife of one of the secretaries of the Embassy. The difference in the characters of these two women symbolizes the varying ideals that keep Turaq in a state of turmoil, and Mr. Barton, whose prose is rich and

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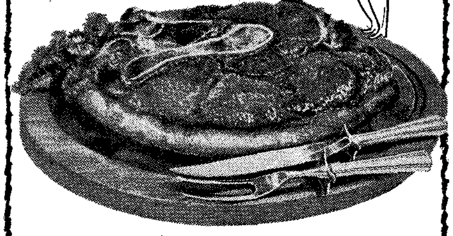

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plummy, writes about it all with apparent authority.

THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE, by Richard Gordon (Harcourt, Brace). The Charlemagne, an English cruise liner sailing from London to Australia, unexpectedly acquires a new captain—a bachelor named Ebbs, who has hitherto sailed only on cargo boats and faces his first passenger list with dread, embarrassment, and determination. Mr. Gordon gets a certain amount of mild comedy out of this situation, and in particular out of a highly original bore named Broster, but his book is not riotously funny.

THE HOUND OF EARTH, by Vance Bourjaily (Scribner). The greater part of this story takes place in the toy department of a big San Francisco department store at Christmastime, but it is in reality the story of a man hunt that starts when a young Army scientist named Pennington disappears from his post after hearing of the bombardment of Hiroshima. Mr. Bourjaily's description of the anguish endured by Pennington when he discovers that he has helped in the creation of the atomic bomb has an uninformed and even crude air about it. The bizarre and feverish aspect of the toy department in the rush season is expertly done, however, and the creatures who work there have a life that is as definite and undeniable as it is unpleasant.

GENERAL

A LOST PARADISE, by Samuel Chotzinoff (Knopf). Mr. Chotzinoff, who has distinguished himself as an accompanist with Heifetz, Zimbalist, and Alma Gluck, as a music critic on the old New York *World* and then on the *Post*, and, currently, as general music director of N.B.C., was born in Russia in 1889, the son of a ragged rabbi. In this book, a memoir of his first sixteen years, he tells of his ghetto childhood, his steerage passage to America (with his parents and nine brothers and sisters) at seven, and his penniless boyhood in a three-room, bug-ridden, no-water flat on the lower East Side. A grim story? Not at all, astonishingly, for Mr. Chotzinoff has the gift of remembering in the round. He recalls the feasts (stuffed fish, sweet-and-sour meat, roast potatoes and gravy, soup, and calf's-foot jelly every Friday night) as well as the weekday fasts, and the delights (soapbox orators, practical jokes, "Treasure Island," and peanut-heaven seats at the Yiddish theatre) as well as the

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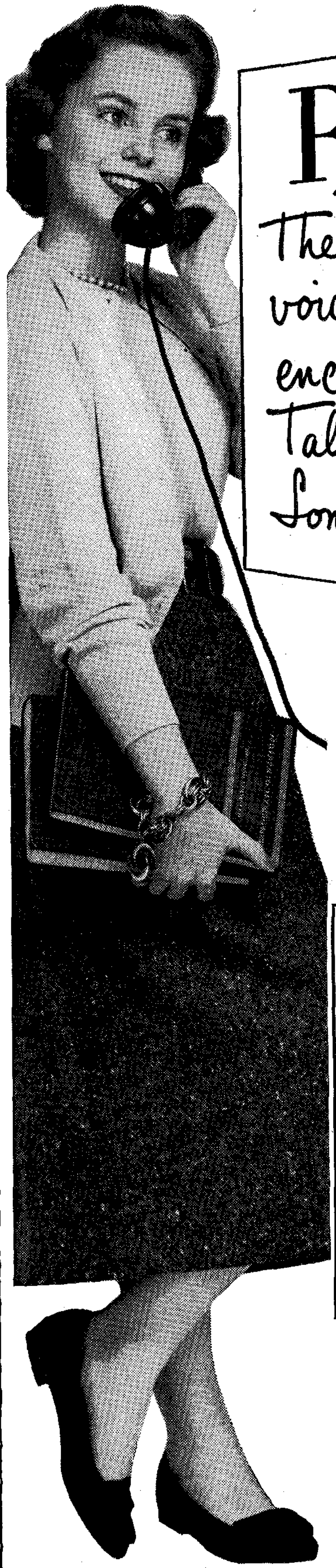
usual denials. The result is an idyll, and an enchantment.

Invitation to an Eastern Feast, by Austin Coates (Harper). Mr. Coates, a British civil servant stationed in Hong Kong, has written an unusual guidebook to the Orient—one that offers no advice on how to get through the customs or visit local ruins, and plenty of advice on how to keep a dhoti, or oversized diaper, from falling off, what to do in Burma when a *nat*, or spirit, appears in your hostess's garden, and how to throw a beer party in a Buddhist monastery in China. Mr. Coates, though devoted to Eastern religions, is eloquent about the "disordered nonsense" of some aspects of them; he is addicted to Eastern foods cooked and eaten native style; and his book concludes, as it should, not with a table of exchange rates but with a Chinese parable concerning a fishpond. Photographs.

Lewis Carroll, by Derek Hudson (Macmillan). This is the first biography of Carroll to appear since his diaries were published, and it also makes use of a great many newly available letters, including the complete correspondence with the Macmillan Company, in which Carroll exhibits such typographical fastidiousness as this: "Fourthly, the comma and full-stop ought to be set lower." Everything is now fully documented, from the young man's miseries at Rugby because he was no good at games to the elderly man's difficulties with the mothers of little girls when he embarked on nude photography, and there are informative sidelights on such matters as why "Alice in Wonderland" was banned in Hunan in 1911 (to have animals speak is degrading to man) and how Carroll advertised his brother's home-made marmalade in the Common Room at Oxford (as tasty, unadulterated, and cheap). Mr. Hudson's estimate of his man seems remarkably just: "He employed a mathematical mind and a logician's precision to crystallize a poetic genius that might not, of itself, have had the force for survival." Drawings and photographs, some by the subject, and an elegant German translation of "Jabberwocky" in an appendix.

Sense of Humour, by Stephen Potter (Holt). An anthology of British humorous writing put together with a substantial introduction and a useful running commentary by the light-handed inventor of "Gamesmanship," "Lifemanship," and other practical philosophies. The selections



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EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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range in length from a couplet to several hundred words, and in kind from the unintentionally funny through the just plain funny to the tragically funny. Among the authors on hand are Chaucer, Shakespeare, Boswell, Shaw, Beerbohm, Dickens, Aldous Huxley, Harold Nicolson, Osbert Sitwell, Osbert Lancaster, Herbert Farjeon, Hesketh Pearson, James Agate, and Graham Greene. Mr. Potter has also included—and for this he deserves our particular gratitude—a generous chunk of George and Weedon Grossmith's strangely neglected delight "The Diary of a Nobody." Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SO MANY STEPS TO DEATH, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). From the outside, the great building in the Moroccan desert looks like an extremely high-class leprosarium, but actually it is the headquarters of some of the greatest of all living scientists, collected there by an unbalanced billionaire who plans to take over the running of the world. It is, of course, one of the most devilish undertakings in history, and if the British Secret Service hadn't persuaded a beautiful and unhappy woman to worm her way into the establishment, God knows where we'd all be today. Miss Christie has written far more plausible and entertaining books, but her ingenuity remains highly commendable.

•

OPEN LETTER TO
A CAR BORROWER

DEAR FRIEND:

Wherever you are, if you are the one who borrowed my Chevrolet touring car and drove it away from the station platform at the B. & O. depot in Aberdeen on December 5—I am sorry you did not ask me if you might have the use of the car; for I never have denied it to anyone who needed it for a worthy purpose.

A number of weeks now have gone by, and I need the car for my work, which is religious and community service activity. I would be most grateful for its return. If you feel that you need it longer, I am willing to work out a schedule with you.

If and when you have finished with it, I would appreciate it if you would return the same to my residence, next door to the white church on Level Road, Webster community, five miles north of Aberdeen. If this is not convenient, I will be glad to pick it up, or arrange to have it picked up, at any spot you designated. May I hear from you?

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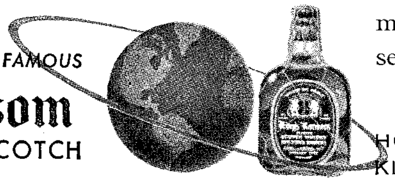

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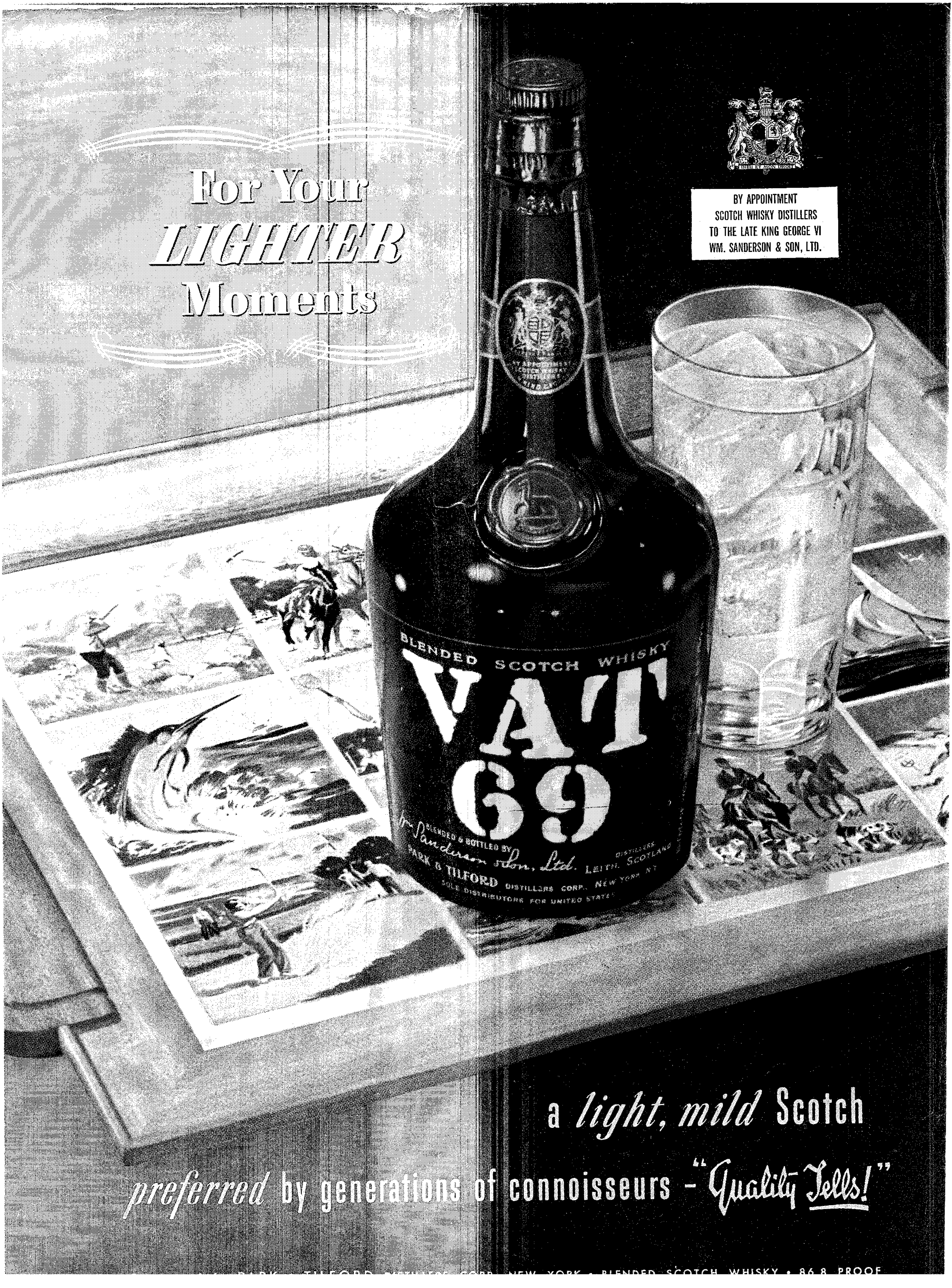
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